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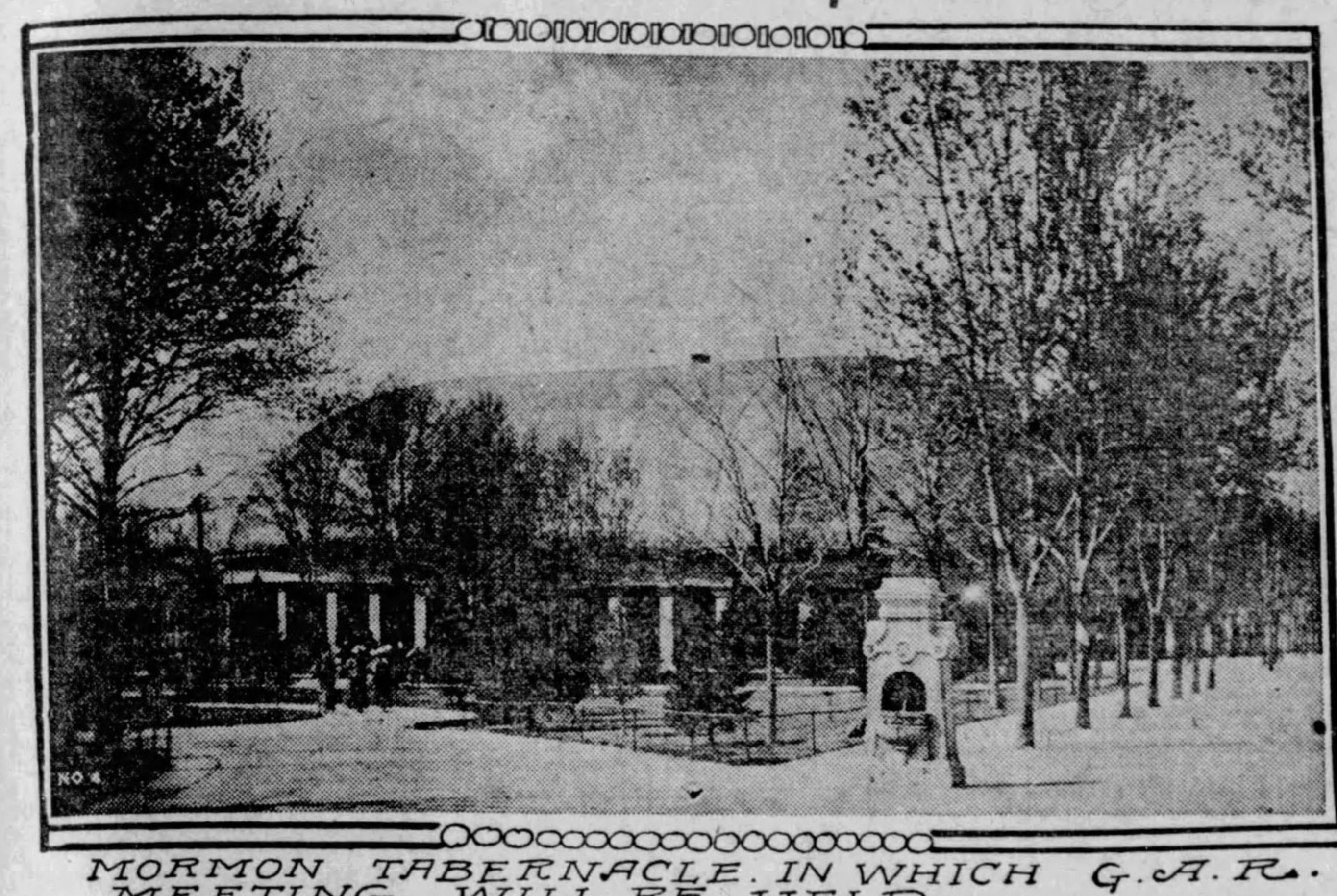
Where the Next G. A. R. Encampment Will Be Held



MORMON TABERNACLE. IN WHICH G.A.R. MEETING WILL BE HELD.

Salt Lake City has been selected as the meeting place for the next reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The city is quaint, beautiful and full of historic interest. It is the capital of Utah, the Zion of the Mormons, the one city in the west to which history, romance and religion beckon the sight-seer.

In 1847 the founders, a handful of pioneers, the Immortals of the Mormon people, ended their memorable pilgrimage through more than a thousand miles of unbroken wilderness and laid in the desert solitudes the foundation of a great intermountain empire. Today it is the center of a vast region filled with wealth and diversified resources and the scene of activity in mining, manufacturing and commercial affairs.

The old and the new are strangely blended in Salt Lake City, the homely architecture of half a century ago standing in the shadow of stately modern structures.

Almost the first thing the visitor does upon reaching Salt Lake is to visit the Temple, which stands within sight and sound of the business center. Work began on the Temple with the first beat of the city's heart and continued unremittingly for forty years. It cost more than $4,000,000, and is one of the notable buildings of the continent. It stands upon an eminence and towers above all surrounding objects, its whole form outlined against the sky long before any other sign of the city can be seen. Its interior is graven with the curious symbols of the Mormon creed, and its loftiest spire is surmounted, fully 215 feet above the earth, by the golden figure of Moroni, the angel who revealed the religion of the Latter Day Saints to Joseph Smith.

The interior of the temple is sacred; none but those of the faith are ever admitted through its iron doors. Within it are celebrated marriage and baptismal rites, and many are the mysteries its granite walls conceal.

The Tabernacle.

Within the high wall that surrounds the temple stands also the great turtle-shaped tabernacle, the general assembly hall of the Saints. This building, in which business meetings of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held, is one of the most curious structures in America. It is an immense auditorium, elliptical in shape, and seats 8,000 people. It is 250 feet long by 150 feet wide and 80 feet in height. Its self-supporting wooden roof rests upon pillars or buttresses of red sandstone, which stand 10 to 12 feet apart in the whole circumference of the building. The pillars support wooden arches 10 feet in thickness and spanning 150 feet. These arches are put together with wooden pins, there being no nails nor iron of any kind used in the framework. This is due to the fact that when the building was constructed, 1865-67, there were no railroads across the plains, and all the manufactured material used in the construction had to be hauled by ox-teams from the Missouri river.

The acoustic properties of this enormous assembly hall are the marvel of builders. At a distance of 200 feet the dropping of a pin can be distinctly heard and a whisper is audible 200 feet away from any standpoint in the building.

In the west end of this building is the great organ, conceded by visiting musicians to be one of the finest instruments in America, if not in the world. It was constructed over thirty years ago entirely by Utah artisans and mostly from native materials. The dimensions of the organ are 30x33 feet, and the front towers have a height of 48 feet. It has 110 stops and accessories, and contains a total of over 5,000 pipes, ranging in length from ¼ inch to 32 feet.

Temple Square.

During the summer season an organ recital is given daily at 12 o'clock noon by Prof John J. McClellan, the Tabernacle organist, and recognized as one of the leading organists of the world.

In the immediate vicinity of Temple square are many interesting features pertaining to the Mormon faith. Opposite the temple stands the tithing yard, where all faithful Saints are supposed to pay every year one-tenth of their earnings and profits to the church. Distant less than a square are the homes of Brigham Young, and nearby is the Eagle gate.

The wisdom of the Grand Army delegation in selecting Salt Lake City for a meeting place will be apparent to every visitor, for not only is the city unique beyond compare, but the routes of travel through the canyons and over the passes of the Colorado Rockies make the journey going and returning the most interesting of any railroad trip in America.

To Mark Site of First Oil Well

To mark the site of the first oil well drilled in the world and to erect a memorial to the man responsible for the opening of the oil industry, the Daughters of the American Revolution are soliciting funds for a monument to Col. Edwin L. Drake, to be located at Titusville, Pa., on Oil creek.

The ladies of Canadohta chapter, D. A. R., have taken the matter in hand and are vigorously striving for a successful campaign for funds. Oil operators in all parts of the country are being requested for contributions to honor the pioneer of the oil business, and already over $5,000 have been received, but the memorial to be erected will cost about $100,000.

Memory Revered.

The idea appeals to all those engaged in any way in the great petroleum industry. Though Colonel Edwin L. Drake was unknown to the Ohio fields, his memory is revered by those who have engaged in the busines long after the pioneer's death. He was a man who originally discovered the wealth that could be taken from the oil rocks, and it was he who sunk the first well for James M. Townsend. It is desired to have the fund completed in time to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of oil in August of next year.

Prior to 1857 the presence of "rock oil" in the earth had been known for a very long time, but how to get it out was a puzzle. The Pennsylvania Rock Oil company was organized in 1856 with a lease on 1,200 acres in Oil creek valley, Pennsylvania. The company did not prosper and the next year all but one member of the company threw up the lease. That man was James Mulford Townsend. Edwin L. Drake was at that time a conductor on the New York & New Haven railroad. Meeting Mr. Townsend in the Tontine hotel in New Haven, the conversation drifted to the seemingly worthless lease on Oil creek. As Drake was recovering from a severe illness and needed recreation, Mr. Townsend proposed that he go to Oil creek, examine the property, perfect the title and report. Drake was furnished with the necessary money, and he made the examination. He reported that the oil, possessing medicinal properties confirmed by the Seneca Indians as a cure for rheumatism, could be collected in paying quantities and sold by the bottle or gallon.

Drake Made Manager.

Upon the strength of the report the Seneca Oil company was organized. Mr. Drake was made manager at $100 per month and given $1,000 to begin operations. Progress was slow. It was at last proposed to drill a well after the manner of the salt wells of central New York. Going through the rock was slow, and several of the stockholders fell out of the venture. Only two stockholders were left, and at last $500 was sent to Drake with the information that if oil had not been found when the money reached him to close up affairs and come back.

On the day before the money arrived the memorable 26th of August, 1859, the augur, down 68 feet, fell through into an oil reservoir, and the oil flowed up to within a few feet of the surface. This was the opening of the great industry in "oil rock," and to commemorate this accomplishment the building of a monument to Col. Drake is proposed on the site of this first well.

Description of Monument.

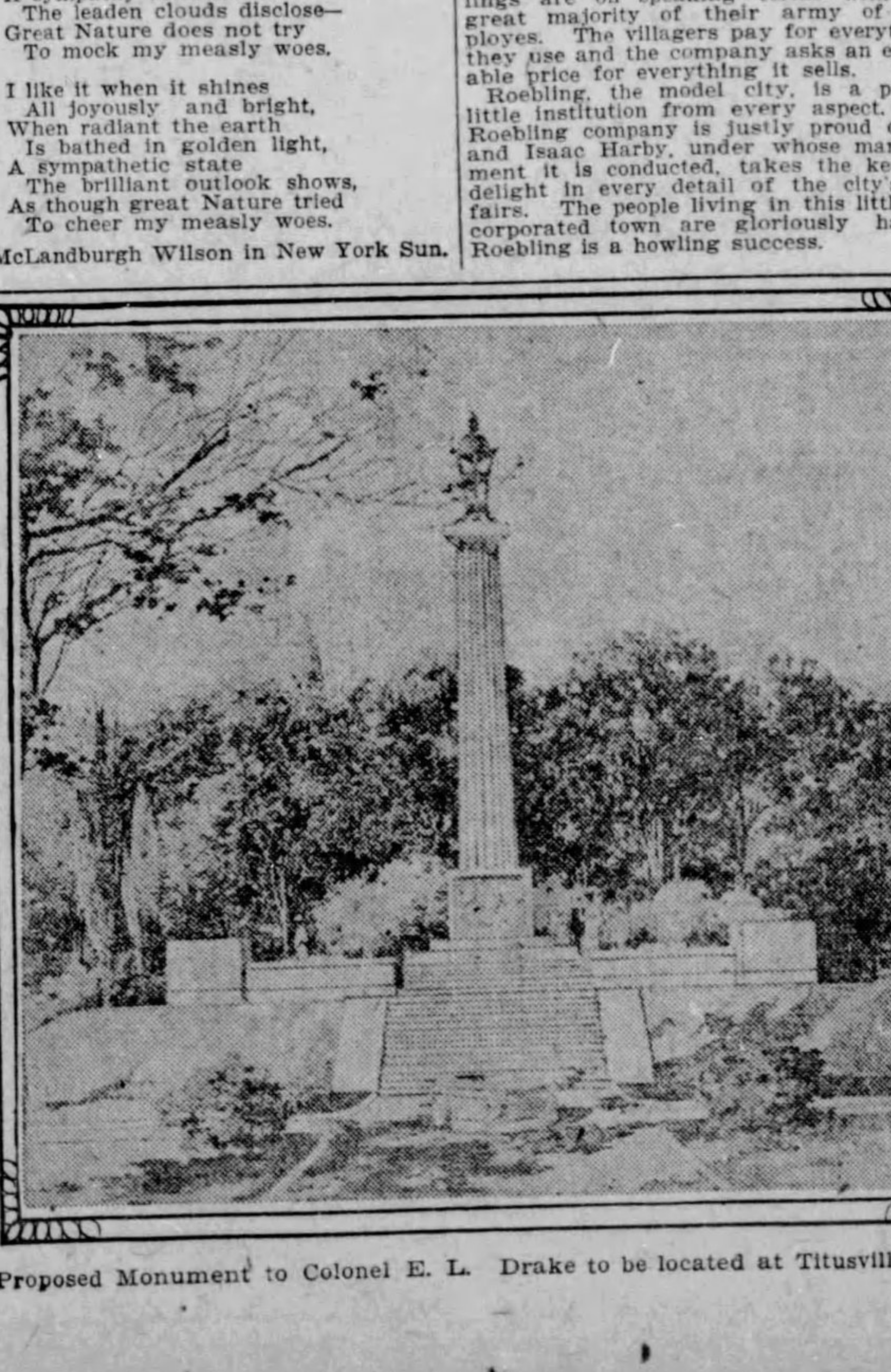
Following is a description of the monument as selected by the Titusville ladies who have taken such a deep interest in the matter: It is to be in the form of a monolithic Doric shaft, bearing aloft a bronze lantern in the form of a globe. The shaft rests upon a single block of stone, upon the four faces of which are bas reliefs, symbolical of the departments of human activity which have been most affected by the discovery of oil—heat, light, power and locomotion. The base rests upon a stylobate of three steps. The stylobate is in the center of a paved area, surrounded by a parapet having at the four corners salient masses, upon the outer surface of which are to be cut inscriptions telling of the history of the discovery of oil by Colonel Drake and of the evolution of the industry. The whole monument is to be raised upon a sodded plateau, and is to be approached upon all four sides by flights of thirteen steps. The dimensions of the monument are as follows: Plateau, 94 feet square; platform of parapet line, 52 feet square; diameter of shaft, 5 feet 6 inches; pedestal, 8 feet square; stylobate, 20 feet square; height of monument, 53 feet; total height of monument and plateau, 61 feet. The location of the old Drake well is on a sightly spot near the line of the Pennsylvania railroad, so that the monument, when completed, can be viewed by all travelers between Pittsburg and Buffalo.

CONSOLATIONS

I like it when it rains
  In solid chunks of wet,
As though the skies would weep
  For every grief and fret.
A sympathy refined
  The leaden clouds disclose—
Great Nature does not try
  To mock my measly woes.

I like it when it shines
  All joyously and bright,
When radiant the earth
  Is bathed in golden light,
A sympathetic state
  The brilliant outlook shows,
As though great Nature tried
  To cheer my measly woes.

—McLandburgh Wilson in New York Sun.



Proposed Monument to Colonel E. L. Drake to be located at Titusville, Pa.

MODEL CITY IN N. J.

Probably the most perfect example of accomplishment in industrial village work may be found in the city of Roebling, N. J., says a writer in American Industries. This is a city founded by the Roebling Manufacturing company, and the operation of its civic institutions is of paramount importance to every industrial enterprise of magnitude in the United States for the simple reason that the Roeblings have found a sloution to the ever-present and menacing problems that bring capital and labor into daily conflict.

It is important to first consider the reasons for the establishment of this industrial village, as the motive of its projectors was far from any idealistic whims or philanthropic ends. This model village is not an attempt to pacify the demands of dissatisfied labor, for the Roeblings have never had to contend with this annoyance to any appreciable extent. The company has never had in mind the founding of a new Utopia in which master and workman shall co-operate for mutual benefit.

The city of Roebling is not an experiment, as it has long since passed the trial stage. It has been a success from the very start, and conditions have improved in all departments with its progress and development.

Its beautiful avenues and streets of 100 feet and more in width, lined with cosy homes wherein dwell the toilers of the steel plant, presents an ideal condition of industrial life that may well be imitated far and wide. The utilitarian phases of Roebling are far more interesting than its ornamental features, as in these, it may be safe to say, lest the successful outcome of a venture of this character. The 313 dwellings are furnished with running water that is supplied from a standpipe located on Fifth avenue, the water being first passed through a filtration plant to insure its purity.

There is absolutely no interference whatsoever in the domestic affairs of this village. The village is conducted and not ruled. The men having charge of running the affairs of the city and looking after the wants of its inhabitants are gentlemen and not tyrants. The Roeblings are on speaking terms with the great majority of their army of employes. The villagers pay for everything they use and the company asks an equitable price for everything it sells.

Roebling, the model city, is a pretty little institution from every aspect. The Roebling company is justly proud of it, and Isaac Harby, under whose management it is conducted, takes the keenest delight in every detail of the city's affairs. The people living in this little incorporated town are gloriously happy. Roebling is a howling success.

The SLAVE of SILENCE

By F. M. WHITE

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CHAPTER VII.

Richford stood there shaking and quivering with passion, and yet not free from the vague terror that Beatrice had noticed all along. Beatrice could not repress a shudder as she looked at that evil, scowling face. To be with that man always, to share his home and his company, seemed to her a most impossible thing. She had lost her father; the future was black and hopeless before her, but she felt a strength and courage now, that she had been a stranger to for a long time. There was hope, too, which is a fine thing when allied with youth and vitality.

She need not live with this man; she had every excuse for not doing so. Beatrice cared very little, for the moment, whether she was married or not. It might possibly be that in the eyes of the law she was this man's wife; the law might compel her to share his home. But now Beatrice had a weapon in her hand and she knew how to use it.

"Give me that telegram," Richford said hoarsely. "Hand it over to me at once."

He advanced in a manner that was distinctly threatening. Certainly he would not have stopped at violence if violence would serve his end. But Beatrice was not afraid.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she said. "You may as well strike me as look at me like that. If you use violence you may obtain possession of the telegram. But I warn you that I shall not yield without a struggle that will arouse the whole hotel. I am not coming with you, and we part here and now. Oh, I am not in the least afraid."

Just at that moment it looked as if the scene of violence would take place. With an oath Richford grasped the girl by the wrist and drew her to him. A blow full in the face would have laid her senseless at his feet, then he could have helped himself to that priceless telegram. But Richford had been in the world long enough to know how to control his temper when it suited him to do so. He forced something in the semblance of a smile to his lips.

"Don't let us discuss this question like two silly children," he said. "You have fairly caught me out. I did go to your father this morning—there was an urgent reason why I should see him. We need not go into that now, for it was purely on matters of business. If you ask me how I got into that room when the door was locked, I will tell you. Before I thought of marrying you and setting up a house of my own, I had that suite of rooms."

"Is all this material to our discussion?" Beatrice asked coldly.

"Yes, I think so. At any rate I never gave up the suite of rooms, and the keys are still in my possession. That is how I got in to see your father without anybody being the wiser. I was going to show him the very telegram which has fallen into your hands. But I found that Sir Charles was dead, and it was a great shock to me. I must have dropped that telegram in my agitation and forgotten it. So far you follow me, do you not?"

"I follow you," Beatrice said bitterly, "I quite understand; I admire your restraint and your cunning. You reasoned it all out in a flash. If you raised the alarm everybody would have known the truth in a few minutes. And, that being so, there would have been no marriage. You took all the risks, and fortune favored the bold as fortune always does. Nothing happened until it was too late, and I was married to you. But there is one thing you failed to reckon upon—that my father is no longer a pawn in the game."

Beatrice was speaking quietly and steadily enough; she felt that the victory was in her hands now. And Richford had never coveted her so passionately as he did at this moment when he realized that she was lost to him forever.

"My father's death leaves me free," the girl went on. "He is dead and nobody can touch him. If he had died yesterday the match would have been broken off, as you know. I was prepared to take my chance. If this vile thing had not happened, then I should have respected my wedding vows and made you as good a wife as I could. I should have hated and loathed it, but I should have become accustomed to it in time. But this vile action of yours makes all the difference. When you and I part after this painful conversation, we part for good. We shall be talked about; there will be a lot of idle gossip, but I care nothing for that. And if you raise a hand, if you try to use the law on your side, I produce that telegram and tell my story."

Again the look of mingled rage and terror came into Richford's eyes.

"You talk like a fool," he said hoarsely. "What can you possibly do to get a living? You are my wife; you can never marry anybody so long as I am alive. You are very pretty, but you have been brought up to be utterly useless."

"I have strength and courage," Beatrice replied, "and they are worth a good deal. I can go into a shop if the worst comes to the wórst. My relatives, the Rashboroughs——"

"Lady Rashborough will turn her back on you if you do this. She will be furious."

"Well, then, I must depend upon myself. But you are not going to say anything—for some reason you are too frightened to say anything."

"And all the wedding presents, the diamonds and the like?" Richford asked feebly.

"The wedding presents will go back to the senders. There is a plain clothes policeman keeping guard over them now—your diamonds are amongst the lot. I will see that they are safely sent to you. And I do not know that I need say any more."

Beatrice had reached the corridor by this time. She was passing Richford with her head in the air. It came to him suddenly that he had lost everything, that he was baffled and beaten. In a sudden spasm of rage he caught the girl by the shoulders in a severe grip. She gave a little moan of pain as she looked around for assistance. It came quite unexpectedly.

At the same moment Mark Ventmore was coming from his room. He took in the situation at a glance. With one bound he was by Richford's side, and he had wrenched his hands away. With a snarl Richford turned upon the man whom he knew to be his successful rival, and aimed a blow at him. Then Mark's fist shot out, and Richford crashed to the ground with a livid red spot on his forehead. Sick and dizzy he scrambled to his feet.

"You are more than a match for me that way," he panted. "But there are other ways, my friend, of wiping that blow out. Look to yourself."

There was a deadly menace in the threat, so that Beatrice shuddered as she watched the retreating figure. She knew perfectly well that that blow would not be forgotten. Mark laughed as he heard, then his face changed and he sighed.

"What does it all mean, Beatrice?" he asked. "For that man to lay hands upon you so soon after you are—but I cannot bring myself to say the word."

"He was not altogether without excuse, Mark," Beatrice said. "We have come to an understanding. Never shall I stay under the same roof with Stephen Richford."

"Well, thank God for that," Mark said fervently. "Something unexpected has happened!"

In a few words Beatrice told the story to which Mark listened with vivid interest. An expression of the deepest disgust came over his face as Beatrice finished her story and handed over the telegram. At the same time the feeling nearest her heart was one of relief.

"It was the act of a scoundrel, darling," he said. "And yet things might have been worse. For instance, you might not have found the telegram. But since you have done so, the game is all in your hands. You are quite right to defy that fellow and refuse to live with him. He dare not oppose you, Beatrice. Thank heaven, I shall be able to think of you as pure and free form contamination. But what are you going to do?"

"I have not thought of that yet," Beatrice said with a faint smile. "For a day or two I shall get the Rashboroughs to give me a home. When my father's affairs come to be settled up there will be a little less than nothing for me to have. Still, I have some jewels which may bring me in a few hundred pounds. But I shall find something to do."

Mark shut his teeth tightly together to keep back the protestations of love that rose to his lips. It was no time to speak of that kind of thing. He felt that he had been tricked out of the only girl for whom he had ever cared, but, thank goodness, he would not have to think of her as dragging out a lengthening chain by the side of Stephen Richford. And Beatrice would find something to do—of that he felt certain.

"I will come and see you in a few days, dearest," he said. "Though you are bound to that man by the cruel sport of chance, you still belong to me. There can be no harm in my helping you. And may God bless and keep you wherever you go, darling."

Mark bent and kissed Beatrice's hand tenderly, and made his way down the stairs. There was nothing now to stay for; Beatrice would go to her friends, and the strange ending of the Richford-Darryll marriage would be food for the scandalmongers for many a day to come. All these thoughts crowded into Mark's mind as he made his way down into the big dining room for luncheon. He was sad and sick at heart, but man must eat, all the same. It did not look as if he could eat here at present, for every table was filled. The last seat had fallen to Richford, who found himself seated opposite to Colonel Berrington.

Richford would far rather have been anywhere else, but there was no help for it.

The colonel bowed coldly to the other's surly nod. Richford belonged to a class that the gallant soldier frankly dested. He expressed no surprise at seeing Richford here; it was natural under the circumstances that Beatrice should keep to her own room. And Berrington had heard nothing of the matter of the telegram.

"Oh, never mind all that rubbish," Richford said testily, as the waiter passed the elaborate menu with its imposing array of dishes. "What's the good of all that foreign cat's meat to an honest Englishman? Give me a steak and plain potatoes and a decanter of brandy."

The brandy came before the steak, and Richford helped himself liberally to the liquid. Berrington was a little astonished. He had more than once heard Richford boast that he was positively a teetoller. He usually held in contempt those who called themselves merely moderate drinkers.

"What a time they keep you here," Richford growled. "If I'd gone to one of those city places I should have got my steak in half the time. Oh, here the fellow comes. Now, then, I——"

Richford paused in his growling, and contemplated the red hot plate on which the steak was displayed with a queer gleam in his eyes and a clicking of the corners of his mouth. Just for the moment it seemed to Berrington as if his vis a vis was going to have a fit of some kind.

"There is salt in the plate," Richford gasped. "Who has taken the liberty of putting——"

He said no more; he seemed to be incapable of further speech. The waiter looked sympathetic; it was no fault of his. And the salt was there, sure enough.

"It certainly is salt," the waiter said. "I did not notice it before. It's a lot of salt, and it is exactly in the shape of a rifle bullet; it's—— When I was in South Africa——"

Berrington's glass clicked as he raised it to his lips. Just for an instant his face was as pale as that of the man opposite him. With a gesture Richford motioned the waiter away. Then he rose unsteadily from the table, and finished the rest of his brandy without any water at all. He crossed the room like a ghost. Directly he had passed the swinging doors Berrington rose and followed. He saw Richford in the distance entering a hansom; he called one himself. Evidently he had no desire for Richford to see him.

"Where shall I drive, sir?" the cabman asked.

"Keep that cab in sight without being seen," Berrington said hastily. "Do your work well, and it will be a sovereign in your pocket. Now drive on."

CHAPTER VIII.

The cabman gave a knowing wink and touched his hat. Berrington lay back inside the hansom abstractedly, smoking a cigaret that he had lighted. His bronzed face was unusually pale and thoughtful; it was evident that he felt himself on no ordinary errand, though the situation appeared to be perfectly prosaic. One does not usually attach a romantic interest to a well-dressed military man in a hansom cab during broad daylight in London. But Berrington could have told otherwise.

"Poor little girl," he muttered to himself. "Sad as her fate is, I did not think it was quite as sad as this. We must do something to save her. What a fortunate thing it is that I have always had a love for the study of underground human nature, and that I should have found out so much that appears only normal to the average eye. That innocent patch of salt in the shape of a bullet, for instance. Thank goodness, I am on my long leave and have plenty of time on my hands. My dear little grey lady, even your affairs must remain in abeyance for the present."

The drive promised to be a long one, for half London seemed to have been traversed before the cabman looked down through the little peephole and asked for instructions, as the hansom in front had stopped.

"The gentleman inside is getting out, sir," he said. "He's stopped at the corner house."

"Go by it at a walk," Berrington commanded, "and see what house our man enters. After that I will tell you exactly what to do, driver. Only be careful as to the right house."

The cab pulled up at length once more, and the house was indicated. Berrington proceeded a little further, and then sent his own driver away rejoicing, a sovereign the richer for his task. Turning up his collar and pulling down his hat, Berrington retraced his steps.

He was enabled to take pretty good stock of the house Richford had entered, and without exciting suspicion, because there were trees on the opposite side of the road and seats beneath them. It was a fairly open part of London, with detached houses on the one side looking onto a kind of park. They were expensive houses, Berrington decided, houses that could not have been less than two hundred and fifty a year. They looked prosperous with their marble steps and conservatories on the right side of the wide doorways; there were good gardens behind and no basements. Berrington could see, too, by the hanging opals in the upper windows that these houses had electric lights.

"This is unusual, very unusual indeed," Berrington muttered to himself as he sat as if tired on one of the seats under the trees. "The gentry who cultivate the doctrine that has for its cult a piece of salt in the shape of a bullet, don't as a rule favor desirable family mansions like these. Still fortune might have favored one of them. No. 100 Audley Place. And No. 100 is the recognized number of the clan. By the way, where am I?"

A passing policeman was in a position to answer the question. Audley Place was somewhat at the back of Wandsworth Common, so that it was really a good way out of town. The policeman was friendly, mainly owing to the fact that he was an old soldier, and that he recognized Berrington as an officer immediately. He was full of information, too.

"Mostly rich city gents live in Audley Place, sir," he said. "There is one colonel, too—Colonel Foley, of the East Shropshire regiment."

"An old college chum and messmate of mine," Berrington said. "I followed Colonel Foley in the command of that very regiment. What house does he live in?"

"That's No. 14, sir," the delighted officer grinned. "Excuse the liberty, sir, but you must be Colonel Berrington, sir. I was with you all through the first Egyptian campaign."

Berrington blessed his own good fortune. Here was the very thing that he wanted.

"We'll fight our battles over again some other day," he said. "I am pretty sure that I shall see a great deal more of you—by the way, what is your name? Macklin. Thank you. Now tell me something as to who lives at No. 100. I am not asking out of idle curiosity."

"I can't tell you the gentleman's name, sir," Macklin replied. "But I can find out. A few good servants, but no men, no ladies so far as I can tell, and the master what you might call a confirmed invalid. Goes about in a bath chair which he hires from a regular keeper of this class of thing. Not a very old gent, but you can't quite tell, seeing that he is muffled up to his eyes. Very pale and feeble he looks."

Berrington muttered something to himself and his eyebrows contracted. Evidently he was a good deal puzzled by what he had heard.

"That is very strange," he said, "very strange indeed. I will not disguise from you, Macklin, that I have a very strong reason for wishing to know everything about No. 100, Audley Place. Keep your eyes open and glean all the information you possibly can. Talk to the servants and try to pump them. And write to me as soon as you have found out anything worth sending. Here is my card. I shall do no good by staying here any longer at present."

The policeman touched his helmet and strode on his way. Berrington strolled along under the friendly shadow of the trees till he had left Audley Place behind him. Once clear of the terrace he called a cab and was whirled back to town again.

Meanwhile, absolutely unconscious of the fact that he was being so closely shadowed, Richford had been driven out Wandsworth way. He did not look in the least like a modern millionaire of good health and enviable prospects as he drove along. His moody face was pale, his lips trembled, his eyes were red and bloodshot with the brandy he had been drinking. The hand that controlled the market so frequently shook strangely as Richford pressed the bell of No. 100 Audley Place. There was no suggestion of tragedy about the neat parlor maid who opened the door.

"Mr. Sartoris desires to see me," Richford said. "He sent me a messenger—a message to the Royal Palace Hotel. Will you please tell him I am here."

The neat parlor maid opened the drawing room door, and ushered Richford in.

It was a big room looking on the street, but there was nothing about it to give the place the least touch of originality. The furniture was neat and substantial, as might have befitted the residence of a prosperous city man, the pictures were by well known artists, the carpet gave to the feet like moss. There was nothing here to cause Richford to turn pale, and his lips to quiver.

He paced up and down the room uneasily, starting at every sound until the maid returned and asked if the gentleman would be good enough to step this way. Richford followed down a passage leading to the back of the house into a room that gave on to a great conservatory. It was a fine room, most exquisitely furnished; flowers were everywhere, the big dome-roofed conservatory was a vast blaze of them. The room was so warm, too, that Richford felt the moisture coming out on his face. By the fire a figure sat huddled up in a great invalid chair.

"So you have come," a thin voice said. "Most excellent Richford, you are here. I was loath to send for you on this auspicious occasion, but it could not be helped."

There was the faintest suggestion of a sneer in the thin voice. Richford crossed the room and took another chair by the side of the invalid. The face of the man who called himself Carl Sartoris was as pale as marble and as drawn as parchment, the forehead was hard and tangled with a mass of fair hair upon it, the lips were a little suggestive of cruelty. It was the dark eyes that gave expression of life and vitality, surprising in so weak a frame. Those eyes held the spectator, they fascinated people by their marvelous vitality.

"What devil's work are you upon now?" Richford growled.

"My dear sir, you must not speak to an invalid like that," Sartoris said. "Do you not know that I am sensitive as to my own beloved flowers? It was my flowers that I asked you to come and see. Since you were here last, the room has been entirely redecorated. It seemed to me to be good that I should share my artistic joy with so congenial a companion."

"Damn your flowers!" Richford burst out passionately. "What a cruel, unfeeling fellow you are! Always the same, and will be the same till the devil comes for you."

"Which sad event you would regard with philosophic equanimity," Sartoris laughed. "So, we will get to business as soon as possible. I see that Sir Charles Darryll is dead. I want to know all about that affair without delay. What did he die of?"

"How should I know? Old age and too much pleasure. And that's all I can tell you. I found him first."

"Oh, indeed. The evening paper says nothing about that."

"For the simple reason that the evening papers don't know everything," Richford growled. "Quite early today I found Sir Charles dead in his bed. I dared not say a word about it, because, as you know, I was going to marry his daughter. But, of course, you all knew about that, too. You see if I had made my little discovery public, Beatrice would have known that death had freed her and her father from certain very unpleasant consequences that you and I wot of, and would have refused to meet me at the altar. So I locked the door and discreetly said nothing, my good Sartoris."

The little man in the invalid chair rolled about horribly and silently.

"Good boy," he said. "You are a credit to your parents and the country you belong to. What next?"

"Why, the wedding, of course. Lord Rashborough, as head of the family, was giving Beatrice away. Sir Charles did not turn up, but nobody wondered, as he had never been known to attend to an appointment in his life. And so we were married."

Once more the little man shook with unholy mirth.

"And the girl knows nothing about it?" he asked. "I suppose you'll tell her some day when she is not quite so loving as she might be? Ho, ho; it is a joke after my own heart."

Richford laughed in his turn, then his face grew dark. He proceeded to tell the rest of the story. The little man in the chair became quieter and quieter, his face more like parchment than ever. His eyes blazed with a curious electric fire.

"So you have lost your wife before you have found her?" he asked. "You fool! you double-dyed fool! If that girl chooses to tell her story, suspicion falls on you. And if anybody makes a fuss and demands an inquest or anything of that kind——"

"They are going to hold an inquest, anyway," Richford said sulkily. "Dr. Andrews was in favor of it from the first, and the family doctor, Oswin, has agreed. The police came around and sealed up that suite of rooms before I left the hotel. But why this fuss?"

"Silence, fool!" came from the chair in a hissing whisper. "Let me have time to think. That senseless act of folly of yours over the telegram bids fair to ruin us all. You will say to yourself when you hear all that I have to tell you. Oh, you idiot!"

"Why?" Richford protested. "How did I know Sir Charles was going to die? And if his death took place in a perfectly natural manner and there was no foul play——"

"Oh, if it did. Perhaps it was wrong on my part not to take you more fully into my confidence. But there is one thing certain. Listen to me, Richford. Whatever happens between now and this time tomorrow there must be no inquest on the body of Sir Charles Darryll!"

The words came with a fierce hissing indrawing of the speaker's breath. He tried to get up from his chair and fell back with a curse of impotence.

"Push me along to the door," he said. "Take me to that little room behind the library where you have been before. I am going to show you something, and I'm going to reveal a plot to you. We shall want all your brutal bulldog courage tonight."

The chair slid along on its cushioned wheels, the door closed with a gentle spring, and, as it did, a female figure emerged from behind a great bank of flowers just inside the conservatory. She crossed on tip-toe to the door and as gently closed it. As the light fell it lit up the pale sad features of the gray lady—the Slave of Silence.

(To Be Continued.)

NOT A FLOWER

"The late Frank P. Sargent, the commissioner of immigration," said a Washington correspondent, "met in his investigations many quaint characters, heard many quaint stories.

"He pointed out to me one day a shabby woman of middle age. She was of Devon, he said. She had immigrated some two or three years before.

"Then, to give me some idea of the standard of cleanliness that prevails among too many of our immigrants, he told me a story about this Devon dame.

"She had a little boy of seven or eight, he said, whom she sent to school day after day in a very unkempt state.

"The teacher, finding that to scold the lad for his untidiness had no effect, wrote to the mother. Her son was not clean, she wrote. His neglected condition was really disgraceful. He had, in fact, a quite unpleasant odor. And so on.

"The next morning the boy, as dirty as ever, handed the teacher this note: "'My son ain't no rose. I send him to school to be learnt, not smelt.'"

Prince Von Buelow

Boston Transcript.

Though Prince Buelow may temporarily suffer from his own chivalric choice in the eclipse of the sovereign whom he has served and who has honored him, there could be no better figurehead or actual leader of a new advance toward real parliamentary government than himself. An "appreciation" of the successor of Bismarck in a late issue of the Nineteenth Century and After contains this remarkable prediction:

"If ever the day should come when the fourth chancellor is driven from office like his great predecessor his enemies will not be gratified, as were those of Bismarck, by a storm of passionate protest; for where the pride of one led to self-vindication the pride of the other would seal his lips from anything sterner than a careless jest."

Prince Buelow is now in his eleventh year of office, from 1897 to 1900 foreign secretary and from that time on chancellor of the empire. His eight years in the latter post have been one long series of trying conflicts—with the Socialists over domestic affairs, with some hostile inside influence at the court on foreign complications, with the "Center" on the colonial question, and always with the extremists of all parties. Meanwhile his personality has been studiously kept in the background, and few people know what manner of man he is himself. Prince Buelow stands at the opposite extreme in this regard from some fellow-actors in the political drama, such as, say, his own sovereign or President Roosevelt. When he gives himself to an interviewer—and few statesmen are so accessible or so frank and courteous in their dealings with the press—the personal note, the private sentiment, have been carefully refused and withheld.

A MILLIONAIRE OF YESTERDAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

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CHAPTER XXIV.

An old man, with his face turned to the sea, was making a weary attempt at digging upon a small potato patch. The blaze of the tropical sun had become lost an hour or so before in a strange, gray mist, rising not from the sea, but from the swamps which lay here and there—brilliant, verdant patches of poison and pestilence. With the mist came a moist, sticky heat, the air was fetid. Trent wiped the perspiration from his forehead and breathed hard. This was an evil moment for him.

Monty turned round at the sound of his approaching footsteps. The two men stood face to face. Trent looked eagerly for some sign of recognition—none came.

"Don't you know me?" Trent said huskily. "I'm Scarlett Trent—we went to Bekwando together, you know. I thought you were dead, Monty, or I wouldn't have left you".

"Eh! What!"

Monty mumbled for a moment or two and was silent. A look of dull disappointment struggled with the vacuity of his face. Trent noticed that his hands were shaking pitifully and his eyes were bloodshot.

"Try and think, Monty," he went on, drawing a step nearer to him. "Don't you remember what a beastly time we had up in the bush—how they kept us day after day in that villainous hut because it was a fetish week, and how after we had got the concessions those confounded niggers followed us! They meant our lives, Monty, and I don't know how you escaped! Come! make an effort and pull yourself together. We're rich men now, both of us. You must come back to England and help me spend a bit."

Monty had recovered a little his power of speech. He leaned over his spade and smiled benignly at his visitor.

"There was a Trentham in the Guards," he said slowly, "the Honorable George Trentham, you know, one of poor Abercrombie's sons, but I thought he was dead. You must dine with me one night at the Travellers'! I've given up eating myself, but I'm always thirsty."

He looked anxiously away towards the town and began to mumble. Trent was in despair. Presently he began again.

"I used to belong to the Guards—always dined there till Jacques left. Afterwards the coking was beastly, and—I can't quite remember where I went then. You see—I think I must be getting old. I don't remember things. Between you and me," he sidled a little closer to Trent, "I think I must have got into a bit of a scrape of some sort—I feel as though there was a blank somewhere. . . ."

Again he became unintelligible. Trent was silent for several minutes. He could not understand that strained, anxious look which crept into Monty's face every time he faced the town. Then he made his last effort.

"Monty, do you remember this?"

Zealously guarded, yet a little worn at the edges and faded, he drew the picture from its case and held it before the old man's blinking eyes. There was a moment of suspense, then a sharp, breathless cry which ended in a wail.

"Take it away," Monty moaned. "I lost it long ago. I don't want to see it! I don't want to think."

"I have come," Trent said, with an unaccustomed gentleness in his tone, "to make you think. I want you to remember that that is a picture of your daughter. You are rich now and there is no reason why you should not come back to her. Don't you understand, Monty?"

It was a gray, white face, shriveled and pinched, weak eyes without depth, a vapid smile in which there was no meaning. Trent, carried away for a moment by an impulse of pity, felt only disappointment at the hopelessness of his task. He would have been honestly glad to have taken the Monty whom he had known back to England, but not this man! For already that brief flash of awakened life seemed to have died away. Monty's head was wagging feebly and he was casting continually little, furtive glances towards the town.

"Please go away," he said. "I don't know you and you give me a pain in my head. Don't you know what it is to feel a buzz, buzz, buzzing inside? I can't remember things. It's no use trying."

"Monty, why do you look so often that way?" Trent said quietly. "Is someone coming out from the town to see you?"

Monty threw a quick glance at him and Trent sighed. For the glance was full of cunning, the low cunning of the lunatic criminal.

"No one, no one," he said hastily. "Who should come to see me? I'm only poor Monty. Poor old Monty's got no friends. Go away let me dig."

Trent walked a few paces apart, and passed out of the garden to a low, shelving bank and looked downward where a sea of glass rippled on to the broad, firm sands. What a picture of desolation! The gray, hot mist, the whitewashed cabin, the long, ugly potato patch, the weird, pathetic figure of that old man from whose brain the light of life had surely passed for ever. And yet Trent was puzzled. Monty's fugitive glance inland, his half-frightened, half-cunning denial of any anticipated visit suggested that there was someone else who was interested in his existence, and someone, too, with whom he shared a secret. Trent lit a cigar and sat down upon the sandy turf. Monty resumed his digging. Trent watched him through the leaves of a stunted tree, underneath which he had thrown himself.

For an hour or more nothing happened. Trent smoked, and Monty, who had apparently forgotten all about his visitor, plodded away among the potato furrows, with every now and then a long, searching look towards the town. Then there came a black speck stealing across the broad rice [illegible] and up the steep hill, a speck which, in time, took to itself the semblance of a man, a Kru boy, naked as he was born save for a ragged loin-cloth, and clutching something in his hand. He was invisible to Trent until he was close at hand; it was Monty whose changed attitude and deportment indicated the approach of something interesting. He had relinquished his digging and, after a long, stealthy glance towards the house, had advanced to the extreme boundary of the potato patch. His behavior here for the first time seemed to denote the hopeless lunatic. He swung his long arms backward and forwards, cracking his fingers, and talked unintelligibly to himself, hoarse, guttural murmurings without sense or import. Trent changed his place and for the first time saw the Kru boy. His face darkened and as

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Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient and physicians, who content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease undermines the system.

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angry exclamation broke from his lips. It was something like this which he had been expecting.

The Kru boy drew nearer and nearer. Finally he stood upright on the rank, coarse grass and grinned at Monty, whose lean hands were outstretched towards him. He fumbled for a moment in his loin-cloth. Then he drew out a long bottle and handed it up. Trent stepped out as Monty's nervous fingers were fumbling with the cork. He made a grab at the boy who glided off like an eel. Instantly he whipped out a revolver and covered him.

"Come here," he cried.

The boy shook his head. "No understand."

"Who sent you here with that filthy stuff?" he asked sternly. "You'd best answer me."

The Kru boy, shrinking away from the dark muzzle of that motionless revolver, was spellbound with fear. He shook his head.

"No understand."

There was a flash of light, a puff of smoke, a loud report. The Kru boy fell forward upon his face, howling with fear. Monty ran off towards the house mumbling to himself.

"The next time," Trent said coolly, "I shall fire at you instead of at the tree. Remember I have lived out here and I know all about you and your kind. You can understand me very well if you choose, and you've just got to. Who sends you here with that vile stuff?"

"Massa, I tell! Massa Oom Sam, he send me!"

"And what is the stuff?"

"Hamburg gin, massa! Very good liquor! Please, massa, point him pistol the other way."

Trent took up the flask, smelt its contents and threw it away with a little exclamation of disgust.

"How often have you been coming here on this errand?" he asked sternly.

"Most every day, massa—when him Mr. Price away."

Trent nodded.

"Very good," he said. "Now listen to me. If ever I catch you around here again or anywhere else on such an errand, I'll shoot you like a dog. Now be off."

The boy bounded away with a broad grin of relief. Trent walked up to the house and asked for the missionary's wife. She came to him soon, in what was called the parlor. A frail, anaemic-looking woman, with tired eyes and weary expression.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Price," Trent said, plunging at once into his subject, "but I want to speak to you about this old man, Monty. You've had him some time now, haven't you?"

"About four years," she answered. "Captain Francis left him with my husband; I believe he found him in one of the villages inland, a prisoner."

Trent nodded.

"He left a little money with him, I believe."

The woman smiled faintly.

"It was very little," she said, "but such as it is, we have never touched it. He eats scarcely anything and we consider that the little work he has done has about paid us for keeping him."

"Did you know," Trent asked bluntly, "that he had been a drunkard?"

"Captain Francis hinted as much," the woman answered. "That was one reason why he wanted to leave him with us. He knew that we did not allow anything in the house."

"It was a pity," Trent said, "that you could not have watched him a little more out of it. Why, his brain is sodden with drink now!"

The woman was obviously honest in her amazement.

"How can that be?" she exclaimed. "He has absolutely no money and he never goes off our land."

"He has no need," Trent answered bitterly. "There are men in Attra who want him dead, and they have been doing their best to hury him off. I caught a Kru boy bringing him gin this afternoon. Evidently it has been a regular thing."

"I am very sorry indeed to hear this," the woman said, "and I am sure my husband will be too. He will feel that, in a certain measure, he has betrayed Captain Francis' trust. At the same time we neither of us had any idea that anything of this sort was to be feared, or we would have kept watch."

"You cannot be blamed," Trent said. "I am satisfied that you knew nothing about it. Now I am going to let you into a secret. Monty is a rich man if he had his rights, and I want to help him to them. I shall take him back to England with me, but I can't leave for a week or so. If you can keep him till then and have some one to watch him day and night, I'll give your husband a hundred pounds for your work here, and build you a church. It's all right! Don't look as though I were mad. I'm a very rich man, that's all, and I shan't miss the money, but I want to feel that Monty is safe till I can start back to England. Will you undertake this?"

"Yes," the woman answered promptly, "we will. We'll do our honest best."

Trent laid a bank-note upon the table.

"Just to show I'm in earnest," he remarked, rising. "I shall be up-country for about a month. Look after the old chap well and you'll never regret it."

Trent went thoughtfully back to the town. He had committed himself now to a definite course of action. He had made up his mind to take Monty back with him to England and face the consequences.

(To Be Continued.)

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If Taft Should Die

To show that our lawmakers have failed to make provision for momentous contingencies in our government, it is only necessary to cite the fact that there is no constitutional means of determining the succession to the presidency in the event of the death of the President-elect between the time the electors vote and the day of inauguration.

If Mr. Taft should die (which may the Ruler of All prevent) at any time before March 4 and after the day he has received the vote of the electors, who would be the President after the expiration of Mr. Roosevelt's term? This is a problem for which there is no constitutional solution.

The solons of the senate back in 1898 thought this question so pregnant with importance that the following joint resolution was reported from the judiciary committee by Mr. Hoar and was unanimously adopted on May 4 of that year:

That the following amendment to the constitution of the United States be poposed for ratification by the legislatures of the several states, which, when ratified by legislatures in three-fourths of the United States, shall be valid as a part of the constitution, namely:

Article XVI.

"In all cases not provided for by article II., clause 5, of the constitution, where there is no person entitled to discharge the duties of the office of the President the same shall devolve upon the vice president. The congress may, by law, provide for the case where there is no person entitled to hold the office of President or vice president, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability shall be removed or a President shall be elected."

In the debate preceding the adoption of the resolution, Mr. Hoar said:

"Suppose the stories are true that Mr. Lincoln was in danger of his life on his way to the capital, just before the 4th of March, 1861. If he had been killed in a railroad accident or in a popular uprising there would have been no provision for anybody to have taken the place of President. The vice president could not have succeeded, and we would have had anarchy."

Mr. Hoar was asked if the amendment was intended to provide for contingencies happening after the election. His reply was: "Yes, after the electors have voted and before the 4th of March."

The house of representatives failed to concur in the resolution, and today we are as much in the dark on this vital question as when the point was first raised.

This is not a political question, but is an essential to government. It is the duty of the congress to make provision for every contingency of which the human mind can conceive, in order that the government may not be without an executive of constituted authority.

The Ideal Home.

"The Ideal Home"—delightful thought—
Is what I much desire;
Some spot with simple pleasure fraught
To which I may retire.
Where I may follow every bent,
Where none will say me nay,
Were all my family consent
To let me have my way.

A dwelling where the rooms are large,
But where the rent is small,
Where tradesmen never overcharge
Or boring neighbors call.
A house that's cosy in the frost,
But shady in July;
A home where keys are never lost
And babies never cry.

A place where servants always suit
And serve us with delight;
A garden full of flowers and fruit
Where midges never bite;
Where nights are calm and midnight cats
Refrain from repartee.
In short, where nothing worries, that's
The Ideal Home for me.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Century Plant.

Miss Carrie Milhouse, supposed to be the oldest old maid in the world, is living quietly on a farm near Newark, Ill. Miss Milhouse is 105 years old, and says she sees no reason why she should not live ten or fifteen years more.

Miss Milhouse was born in Anna, Norway. In childhood, a boy several years her senior was her playmate. When she was 15 years of age he proposed marriage. She did not believe her love was strong enough, so rejected him.

"He left me," said Miss Milhouse. "In two or three weeks I realized I was desperately in love with him. I was too proud at first to send for him. Finally my love overcame my maidenly reserve and I sent word to him. He had married another girl. My heart has been true to his memory all these years. He died many years ago. I would rather remain an old maid than marry any one else."

Miss Milhouse for twenty years has lived with her grandniece, the wife of George Qualm, a prosperous farmer of Newark, Ill. Miss Milhouse never has had a photograph taken.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I wish somebody would tell me through the Farmstead columns, what temperature cream shuold be to churn to the best advantage.—H., Portage, O.

Will some reader kindly tell me how to avoid the damage done to our common collards, or cabbage, by the old-fashioned collard worm? They have been very destructive this season.—W., Almond, Ala.

FITTING SALE HORSES

On a large number of farms there are one or more horses which will be offered for sale during the coming season. After a man has raised a horse for three or more years he should be entitled to get every cent of value out of him, and the only way to do this is to have the horse in proper condition when he is offered for sale. Beginning early in the fall, the horse that is intended for market should be given a little special attention in the way of feed and grooming. The best market prices are always paid for horses that are in good flesh and considerable discrimination is made against thin animals, no matter how good they may be otherwise. To support this argument, it is a well known fact that there are several firms which make a nice profit each year by buying up thin horses and fattening them for the market. It may be said that feed is too high to pay to fatten a horse. This may be true, but the chances are that there is no better market for high priced grain than in a good, thrifty draft horse that is going into the market. If the horse that is to be sold is a colt and has been running out, it is advisable to place him in a separate stall as soon as possible. See that his feet are trimmed properly, and if he is to be fitted for city market he should be properly shod. Break him thoroughly both to harness and halter and give him a little extra grooming whenever time will permit. By the use of these extra attentions it is astonishing how soon $50 can be added to the value of a good market horse.

ADULTERATED CORN CHOP

Under the Kansas feeding-stuffs law pure corn chop is not subject to registration or tagging, but is subject to inspection in respect to purity and weight of packages, says J. T. Willard, chemist of the Kansas Experiment station. The law provides that all weights of feed stuffs shall be net; that is, a sack of corn chop purporting to be 100 pounds must weigh enough more to make up for the weight of the sack. Reasonable allowance should be made for atmospheric influences.

Pure corn chop is the product obtained by grinding well-cleaned shelled corn, removing nothing therefrom and adding nothing thereto. Anything resembling corn chop but not meeting the preceding definition must be treated either as a mixed feed or as one which has been subjected to a "process whereby the composition of the original material is altered." In either of these two cases the product must be registered annually with the director of the experiment station and be labeled so as to show the name and address of the manufacturer, the true nature of the feed, the net weight, and the percentage of protein and of fat guaranteed.

In the manufacture of corn-meal the corn bran is removed by bolting, and the temptation is strong upon a miller to put his by-product in with his corn chop. This practice, as indicated above, is not legitimate, constituting in fact a serious adulteration. Corn bran, though possessing a good percentage of fat and of protein, is greatly inferior to whole corn in its content of starch and has a high per cent of fiber which is of little or no net feeding value. If a manufacturer wishes to work off his corn bran with corn chop he must plainly tag it as "Corn chop and corn bran" and sell it under all the conditions applying to mixed feeds.

So, too, if the miller after grinding corn removes some of the finest and best parts for corn-meal and sells the remainder as corn chop he is violating the law unless he sells it under a label that shows its true nature, and has complied otherwise with all of the provisions of the feeding-stuffs law.

Again, corn chop is not to be made the medium through which screenings of various kinds are disposed of, neither is it to include rotten corn, corncobs, or dirt. There is no question that in the past much of such fraudulent feed has been foisted upon the public and it is against such that the law operates.

The object of the law is to prevent unfair competition among manufacturers and fraudulent impositions upon consumers. The law will be enforced from this standpoint, and the hearty co-operation of the interested public is solicited.

POULTRY HOUSES

Poultry is found thriving and yielding god returns in so many different styles of houses that it is difficult to lay down any hard and fast rules. The tendency at present is toward cheaper houses with better ventilation. The hothouse style of housing poultry during the winter has not been satisfactory, many of the houses being damp and the air in them anything but agreeable. Disease has been quite common and the results in many cases have been disappointing.

Poultry houses should be so arranged as to admit plenty of sunlight, especially in winter months, as it assists very materially in warming the house and making the fowls cheery. It also dries up moisture and is one of the best agencies for killing microbes and disease germs. Windows should be arranged to come well up under the front. This will permit the sun to shine well toward the back part of the house. Winter is the most important time for plenty of sun, and as it is lower in the heavens during the winter months, hence the importance of having the windows higher. At least one-third of the front of a poultry house should be glass or open to the sun. It should face the south or southeast. Windows should be arranged to slide back or to be removed in some way. On bright mild days no covering is necessary over the opening, on windy or cold, stormy days, a muslin curtain should be used, unless very cold, when the windows may be kept shut to prevent the combs from being frozen. By getting the fowls accustomed to the conditions as cold weather approaches, they are better prepared to stand lower temperature with no injurious results.

Houses with the straw loft absorb the moisture and are much cooler in summer. Their chief fault is the accumulation of dust and sometimes rats and vermin.

On several poultry plants to lessen labor, flocks of from 50 to 100, sometimes more, run together in a long house. These are fed by the hopper system, allowing he birds to help themselves. Several report just as good results by this method of handling laying stock. Every hen should be allowed from four to six square feet of floor space.

Each bird of the Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte and such breeds requires about nine inches of perch room; Leghorns, etc., about eight inches, and Brahmas and Cochins ten inches. Roosts should be made low or near the floor. Fowls of the heavier breeds cannot fly high, and those of the lighter breeds frequently injure the soles of their feet in jumping from high perches, causing bumble-foot. When dropping boards are used they should be moderately low down to admit easy cleaning. Dropping boards should be made of matched lumber and should be twenty inches wide for one roost and three feet for two, the first being placed ten inches from the wall. Most poultrymen prefer roosts two by three inches wide, with edges rounded slightly. Nests are usually made from twelve to fifteen inches square. If placed near the floor they are apt to induce egg eating. Dark nests prevent this.

KILLING POULTRY

The following method of killing a bird in preparation for market is given by the Connecticut (Storrs) experiment station in a recent bulletin:

The actual killing of the birds is a simple operation, but for it to be entirely successful two things must be accomplished—speedy unconsciousness, with attendant relaxation. Suspend the bird by the feet at a convenient height by means of a strong cord having an easy running slip noose. Take it firmly. Held in this position, its struggles will not interfere with subsequent operations. Take the head in the left hand, forcing the bill open with the first and second fingers. Insert the knife in the mouth, carrying the point well back and make a deep cut across the upper part of the neck at about the point of junction with the skull. This should sever the large blood vessels located at that point, and if blood immediately runs in a steady stream the cut has been properly made.

The bird should now be stunned in one or two ways, striking with a club. The former is the best after once learned, but is more difficult for the novice, as it seems necessary to pierce a certain portion of the brain in order to secure the coveted result—a relaxation which releases the feathers and permits rapid picking without great danger of tearing the skin. When piercing the brain in this way do not withdraw the knife after cutting the blood vessels, but thrust it up through the roof of the mouth into the back part of the brain and give it a half turn. Then insert in the lower mandible one of the hooks attached to a small receptacle, as described above, and all of the blood will be caught. Should extra weight be needed to keep the bird dead still it may be secured by partially filling the pail with corn meal. If the stunning is to be done with a club use the knife to start the blood, as directed above, and then hook the pail into place. Next grasp the bird by the wings or body and strike it a sharp blow upon the back of the head, thus immediately rendering it entirely insensible to pain. A sudden spasmodic stiffening of the muscles is the sign that the blow has been effective. Strike squarely, as a glancing blow will often peel quite a piece of skin from the head, making it unsightly.

Although stunning the bird is not necessary when the feathers are to be removed by scalding, it certainly is more humane to do so.

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER.

CANCEROL has proved its merits in the treatment of cancer. It is not in an experimental stage. Records of undisputed cures of cancer in nearly every part of the body are contained in Dr. Leach's new 100-page book. This book also tells the cause of cancer and instructs in the care of the patient; tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the treatment of any case. A copy of this valuable book free to those interested. Address DR. L. T. LEACH, Box 145, Indianapolis, Ind.

EARTH MULCH

Many farmers do not know that a spade full of fresh earth put about trees, bushes or vines will protect them from mice. Clear away the grass and leaves and a minute's work will suffice to protect the tree.

ASPARAGUS

Amateur asparagus growers often do not have a proper understanding of the management of the beds during the first two years. Some gardeners cut a few shoots the second year, but this is a mistake. The sole effort until the third year from setting, should be to develop the strongest root system. This cannot be done if the vitality of the plant is reduced by the removal of the tops before the root system will stand this kind of pruning.

FALL GARDEN MATTERS

In preparing the soil for permanent beds or rows of asparagus, peonies, rhubarbs, phlox, and other hardy perennials, spade deeply, or rather dig a trench, fill in an abundance of decomposed manure, set the roots in fine soil, provide drainage and mulch, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. Many of these plants will remain and thrive where they are set for twenty to thirty years, so their future usefulness depends upon good stock, good planting, and abundance of fertilizer. In most cases they are set for a lifetime, and the selection of location and soil should be carefully attended to. Get them into the soil early and mulch heavily, so that they will be well nourished for growth and some use the following season. Do not expect too much of them the first year, for they are slow maturing, long living plants, and are not expected to arrive at their best until the second or third, or even the fourth year.

No garden or home grounds should be without a bed of flowering bulbous plants, for the very earliest of spring blossoms. They can be planted at no other time but in the fall. They must positively have a chance to develop a full root system before solid soil freezing takes place. They come up and blossom immediately with the first igns of spring, and a previously formed set of strong new roots is necessary for full and rapid foliage and blossom development. Dutch bulbs are best. Buy them early and plant them immediately upon receipt. These are not to stand in one place permanently, hence the soil need not be spaded so deeply nor so much fertilizer applied as to perennials. However, the soil must be comparatively dry and absolutely well drained. Excess water will cause the bulbs to rot. It is best to fill with sand and cover with rich garden loam. Plant the bulbs about three to four inches deep, mulch heavily after hard freezing of the soil, and when they begin to come up in spring remove only a part of the mulch at a time, leaving the rest to retard growth till after the danger of hard spring freezes is past. They are all hardy and can stand much cold, but sometimes they come up too early for their own good.

You will be pleased with the results from tulips, jonquils, crocuses, and snowdrop. Almost all of the Dutch bulbs can be grown to perfection by planting in pots or boxes in the fall, placing them in the cellar till a root system develops, and bring them out to warm air and light for top growth at any time during the winter after Thanksgiving day. By planting several pots or boxes, and bringing them out in succession, cheerful blossoms may be had in the house all winter. Hyacinths, paper white narcissi, and Chinese lillies can be grown in a bowl of water with sand and pebbles for root anchorage. The food substance in the bulbs supplies the growing needs, and the water serves only to dissolve the foods.

WINDOWS IN STABLES

Most farm barns do not contain enough windows for the admission of direct sunlight. Cows like to look out of their stall in daytime, and being confined in dark stalls is no doubt the cause of many weak eyes with horses. The dairy stable should be abundantly lighted at all seasons, not only for health and contentment of the cows, but for the cleansing, disinfecting influences of the sunlight. Direct sunshine is one of the strongest known disinfectants, killing and making impossible the growth of germ and fungus diseases. This light in the cow stables will not only make a healthy atmosphere for the cows, but make the air pure and clean for sanitary milking.

HAULING CORN FODDER

The best way to haul corn fodder from the field is with a hayrack on a two horse wagon and two men—one to take the fodder and the other to load it on the wagon. The hayrack being wide, the fodder may be laid one way across the wagon with the tops away from the loader. Begin at the front end of the rack and load toward the rear end, piling the fodder as high as the finished load is to be:

A low wheel wagon, of course, is more convenient for loading than a high wheel one. With snow on the ground a low sled is still more convenient. Some use the sled before there is snow on the ground. This saves much labor in loading. A few farmers have a special one horse sled for hauling fodder located near the feeding shed. This one horse sled with short standards will carry a single shock of fodder. The sled is backed up to the shock, a rope tied around it near the top, and the shock pulled over upon the sled either by the man or horse. In this manner of handling there is little or no injury to the feed and the loading is quickly and easily done.

The North Pole.

Philadelphia Enquirer.

At a time when so many persons are battling with ice and frost for the North Pole, the tale of Andree relics discovered serves to heighten interest in the subject. There is little in the narrative of the man who claims to have found the body of Andree which is conclusive. The tale seems impossible. If it be true that Andree ever managed to cross the Arctic to the western mainland, it is certain that he was not buried with formalities, or, if so, more traces would be found. This is only another of the rumors which have come to civilization in the last dozen years and none has proved tenable. Andree started out in a balloon at a time when less was known than now of the possibilities of navigating the air. The only word that has ever come from him was by carrier pigeon released not many hours after his start. It seems likely that he and his companions perished in the sea, a sacrifice which seems lamentable, but which has certainly stimulated others in their constant reaching out for the apparently unattainable.

Why seek the North Pole?

The theory is so often made that it is evident that many persons forget that the same intellectual status would have prevented Columbus from crossing the ocean. It did prevent explorations for centuries. When we remember that a thousand years or more before the Christian era the hardy navigators of the Mediterranean had hugged the shores of most of the Western Hemisphere, had even tried to essay the terrible deep beyond, we can hardly blame those who have been insistent in season and out of season in demanding that explorations should cover the whole of the globe.

Vitae-Ore

DO YOU KNOW IT?

Do you know what Vitæ-Ore looks like, what it tastes like, what it does? Do you know that you can get a full-sized $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore to try for thirty days, to see what it is, to see what it does, without paying a penny. Do you know that hundreds of the readers of this paper have tried it and are using it? Do you know that many of your own neighbors have tested it and "swear by it?" Do you know that Vitæ-Ore has been curing sick and ailing men and women of all kinds of diseases for over twenty-five years and is doing it every day of the week? If you don't know all this, we want you to know it. That is why we pay a lot of money to print this big advertisement in this paper, so YOU WILL KNOW IT, so you will get to know Vitæ-Ore itself, so you will profit by its use, as have thousands.

Try It At Our Risk!

We want you to get a full-sized One Dollar package, on thirty-days' trial. All you need to do is to write us a few words—three short words will do. Just say "I WANT IT" and the full-sized package of Vitæ-Ore will be sent to you, enough to last you for one month's time, with everything prepaid, and you need not pay one single penny if it does not benefit you—not one cent. If you do not care to write a letter, just fill out and send us the coupon printed near the bottom of this page. All we want to know is that you will try Vitæ-Ore, that you will give it a test as many of your friends and neighbors have done, and we will be glad to send it to you. Don't send us any money, for we want no money until you have tried it, until you are satisfied with the good work it does for the sick. Read our thirty-day trial offer, read what Vitæ-Ore is, read what it has done for others and send for it today. Don't delay a moment, for you may lose this advertisement or forget our address. Do it now! Send today and give Vitæ-Ore a chance to cure you.

READ WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

(For Both Internal and External Use.)

Was Nothing But Skin and Bones.

NEEDMORE, N. CAR.—I was taken sick with a Cold two years ago and had some kind of a wheeze at the pit of my stomach. I thought perhaps I was going to have Consumption; I never was so sick before in my life. I tried everything and finally was examined by the best Doctors. Some told me I had Stomach Trouble, then Asthma; I thought my time was short. Every Spring and Fall I would have these attacks. My husband paid out over $100.00 for different medicines. I felt as though I was nothing but skin and bones. I could not even carry a pail of water or stoop to put wood in the stove. My husband had to assist me wherever I walked, I was so very weak. Then I was taken sick with La Grippe and Bronchitis, and all thought I was going to die. I saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement and my husband wrote for it. When it came I stopped all my doctor medicine. The second dose of Vitæ-Ore made me so hungry I had to eat between meals. My appetite continued to get better and I could eat meat, onions and corn bread. Before taking Vitæ-Ore I only weighed 107 pounds; since taking it I gained 25 pounds. Everybody is surprised to see me so stout and strong and I am better than I have been in the last two years. I work in the garden, milk my cow and do other chores.

MRS. A. H. WELCH.

Rheumatism Cured at 80 Years.

MENOMINEE, MICH.—About six years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism in my shoulder, which caused me considerable pain in my neck, and my arms were badly swollen even to the ends of my fingers. The pain passed to my other shoulder, and I suffered so terribly I could hardly turn over in bed and could not put on my clothes without great difficulty. The Vitæ-Ore advertisement attracted my attention four years ago and I decided to give it a trial. Before I had used an entire package I felt much improved, but to make the cure entirely sure I used another package. Vitæ-Ore cured me, even though I was 80 years old. I recommend Vitæ-Ore with pleasure and think it is the greatest preventive of sickness and disease. It would be a great blessing if everybody would give it a trial. I know it has helped me wonderfully; gave me an appetite, vigor and strength. I am now 84 years old, feel well and enjoy working every day. People say it is wonderful at my age and I give the credit to Vitæ-Ore.

O. F. BUELL.

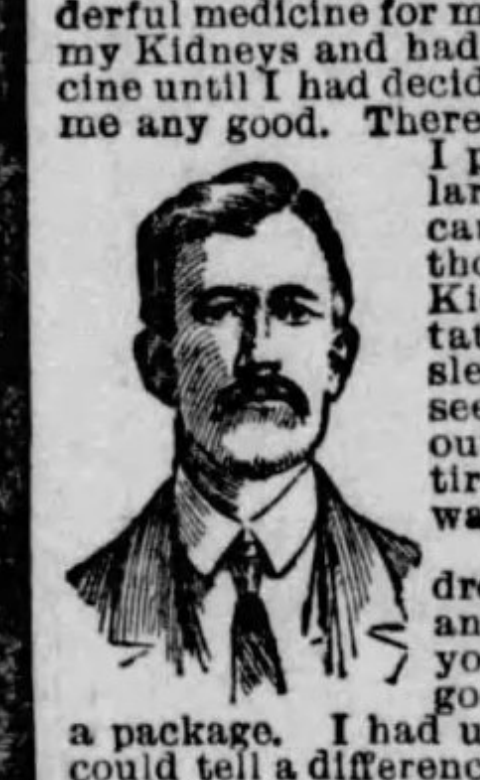
Suffered Terribly With Kidneys.

Passed Large Kidney Stones, Had Palpitation of the Heart and Was Always Tired.

EDDY, TEX.—Vitæ-Ore has proven to be a wonderful medicine for me. I was terribly bothered with my Kidneys and had tried different kinds of medicine until I had decided that none of them would do me any good. There is no telling how many stones I passed; the last one was mighty large and Oh! so painful. No one can realize what I suffered but those who have had this kind of Kidney trouble. I also had Palpitation of the Heart and could not sleep on my left side at all. It seemed like my heart would jump out through my side. I was always tired and could not do anything I wanted to do.

I saw the Vitæ-Ore ad, like a drowning man catches at a straw, and when I read "We leave it to you to judge," I thought it was good enough for me, and wrote for a package. I had used it but a short time when I could tell a difference and when the month was up I sent for more. The second week after I commenced it I got back to doing some of my work and honestly believe that I walked twenty-five miles a day for a week, felt all right and slept well at night. Now I cannot praise Vitæ-Ore too much, for it has been a God-send to me. I feel almost like a new man, better than for four years past. I eat well, do my work and sleep on my left side.

W. T. CURRY.



CURED OF INDIGESTION.

BRIMSON, GA.—I was sick with Indigestion for five years, not able to do anything but sit and wish for death's relief. I had three of the best doctors, but all shook their heads and said I had it so bad that Heart Trouble had taken hold. I tried Vitæ-Ore and in five days I could eat anything and have been in good health ever since. One package cured me two years ago and I have not spent one cent on doctors since.

MRS. TULA COWART.

This is Our 30-Day Trial Offer!

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full-sized $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a word from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what Vitæ-Ore is, and write today for a

$1.00 Package On Trial.

HEALTH IS WORTH TRYING FOR!

It is worth writing for. It is worth getting out pen, ink, paper and envelope, and writing a short letter or just the coupon. That is all it takes. Just a word asking for it, just your promise to use it. What excuse have you to keep on suffering? How can you continue to look your family in the face and say: "I feel so sick today" or "My back aches" or "That Rheumatic leg is getting worse" or "My stomach is bothering me again," when here, right at your elbow, right within your reach, **ready and waiting for you to turn and get it,** is the remedy that has set thousands right, yours for the mere asking.

WRITE FOR IT TODAY!

Use This Coupon

If You Do Not Wish to Write a Letter.

THEO. NOEL CO., Vitae-Ore Bldg., CHICAGO.

Gentlemen:—I have read your advertisement in *THE TOLEDO BLADE* and want you to send me a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay $1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent by mail, postpaid:

NAME ____________________

TOWN ____________________

STATE ____________________

Street or Rural Route ____________________

IF YOU SUFFER FROM **Rheumatism, or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, or are just Worn-Out, send for a 30-day trial treatment of Vitae-Ore right away and see what this remedy will do for you. ADDRESS US AS BELOW.**

THEO. NOEL CO., T. B. Dept. Vitae-Ore Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

Sunday School

A WORLD-WIDE REFORM

The International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 29 Is, "World's Temperance Sunday." Isaiah 28: 1-13.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Once every year the Sunday schools of the world celebrate Temperance Sunday. This company of twenty-five millions of people is re-enforced in the observance of the occasion by a still larger host of attendants upon the church. For many years past Temperance Sunday has been a regular feature of many church calendars, and it has served as one of the forces which have molded the present radical sentiment upon the question of strong drink.

Many men are rubbing their eyes and wondering where all this zeal for temperance has come from. They do not themselves go to Sunday school or to church, and so are not aware of the steady siege that has been laid to the hearts and minds of impressionable youth upon this great theme. The variety of the arguments and agencies that have been enlisted against intemperance are unknown to men professionally engaged in the liquor trade, and to a multitude of those who indulge in strong drink. Yet one does not need a very vivid imagination to perceive that the accumulated result of these years of Sunday school teaching upon this one special topic must necessarily be prodigious.

The On-Sweeping Tide.

There is need to remind some persons that this temperance movement is a world movement. It is bigger than the crusade which has just swept over Ohio, eliminating, within a few months, more than a thousand saloons by the county local option law. It is bigger than the state prohibition movement which has added six new states to the three in the Union already arrayed in favor of total prohibition. It is bigger than the movement among the liquor men themselves to reform their business. The latter is one of the rather ludicrous features of the present agitation, reminding one of the old lines:

"When the Devil was sick, the Devil a
monk would be;
When the Devil got well, the devil a
monk was he."

The present on-sweeping tide is bigger than the license reform movement that is stirring England today. It actually comprehends the whole world. The latest Oriental mail brought news from Ceylon that the arrack monopoly has been attacked in the legislative body, and that this action is recognized as the formal beginning of a temperance crusade in the land "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." In Japan there has risen a distinct and hopeful temperance organization. Switzerland, one of the two countries which have been the source of the production of that dreadful drink, absinthe, has within recent weeks totally prohibited the manufacture and sale of this profitable product. The highways of France may be found placarded with posters portraying the evils of strong drink, and many public men in that land of the vine are siding with the newly aroused sentiment. Thus it is apparent that no Sunday school or church rightly celebrates Temperance Sunday unless it is given a vision of the vastness of this globe-circling movement.

Getting the World View.

The time for telling bairnly temperance stories is past. No longer is the total abstinence movement to be founded chiefly on a basis of the story of drunkards' broken homes. That was the necessary kindergarten stage of this reform. Now the world sees the subject more broadly. There has arisen before the imagination of civilization the vision of a society no longer drunken. Some men see this ultimate goal from one point of view, and some from another. The intense economic stress of the day has taught many men that temperance is essential to commercial or industrial efficiency. It is too expensive for organized society. Thus, according to the American Prohibition Yearbook, the total amount of money spent for intoxicants in the United States in the year 1907 was $2,275,070,857. In contrast with this, the total expense of the United States government was $578,000,000, and the total expenses of state, city, and local governments was $1,078,000,000. That is to say, there was paid for liquor last year in the United States an amount exceeding by half a million dollars the entire expenses of national, state, city, and local governments. Economically, this is intolerable in an enlightened age.

A still more fundamental basis for this temperance tidal wave is the increasing sense of world brotherhood which is taking possession of the mind of civilization. The temperance crusade is really of a piece with all the significant expressions of humanitarianism and socialism which are now looming so large upon the world's horizon.

An Up-to-Date War.

Even more deeply does the present movement indicate that the Christian church, which has so long been "buckling on its armor" for the conflict with the forces of evil, is now throwing its mediaeval armor into the junk heap and getting down its Krag Jorgensen rifles, its automatic machine guns, its twelve-inch rifled cannons, and equipping its submarine boats and preparing its aeroplane batteries.

The up-to-date-ness of modern militant Christianity is one of the striking evidences of the changes that have been at work in the church. No longer will the captains of the Kingdom stop to squabble over shibboleths while a common foe holds the field. The great meeting of the federated Protestant churches of America, which is to be held in Philadelphia at the beginning of next month, typifies this new state of mind which has come to possess the churches. Disregarding non-essentials, and overlooking minor differences, and perceiving, after all these centuries, that, fundamentally, creeds look towards deeds, the Christian forces are allying themselves for the practical service of the world and the Kingdom. Already we see in the late temperance victories the results of this saner, Christlier spirit.

The New Kingdom.

The Roman Catholic church has been greatly stirred by the movement called Modernism, which, in so far as it represents, as Cardinal Gibbons says it does, secularity and anti-Christianity, should properly be opposed. There is a modernism, however, in religion which spells adaptation and progressiveness, and it is represented by the great societies of men organized in the Catholic Church. In the promotion of temperance and other good works this is the Church conforming to present-day conditions, only so far as is necessary to enable her to conform present-day conditions to the immemorial and changeless standards of righteousness.

Temperance workers nowadays will frankly admit that they cannot find chapter and verse in the Scriptures for all their positions. The old debate over the two-wine theory in Scripture, and the outworn expositions of scarcely appropriate passages, is ceasing. Instead, the modern temperance movement strides forward confident that it is animated by the spirit of Jesus. The very vicariousness of Christ possesses it. Whatever hurts mankind, must be banished, regardless of the cost to the strong. This spirit, exemplified most conspicuously in this one particular reform, really reveals nothing less than the sovereignty of the Son of man. It is a great human service, sounding forth the majestic strain "Crown Him Lord of all."

CLEVER WIFE

Knew How to Keep Peace in Family.

It is quite significant, the number of persons who get well of alarming heart trouble when they let up on coffee and use Postum as the beverage at meals.

There is nothing surprising about it, however, because the harmful alkaloid in coffee—caffeine—is not present in Postum, which is made of clean, hard wheat.

"Two years ago I was having so much trouble with my heart," writes a lady in Washington, "that at times I felt quite alarmed. My husband took me to a specialist to have my heart examined.

"The doctor said he could find no organic trouble but said my heart was irritable from some food I had been accustomed to eat, and asked me to try and remember what disagreed with me.

"I remembered that coffee always soured on my stomach and caused me trouble from palpitation of the heart. So I stopped coffee and began to use Postum. I have had no further trouble since.

"A neighbor of ours, an old man, was so irritable from drinking coffee that his wife wanted him to drink Postum. This made him very angry, but his wife secured some Postum and made it carefully according to directions.

"He drank the Postum and did not know the difference, and is still using it to his lasting benefit. He tells his wife that the coffee is better than it used to be, so she smiles with him and keeps peace in the family by serving Postum instead of coffee." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A MAN AND HIS WIFE

Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

The case of Howard Gould and his wife, Katherine Clemmons, supplies to a gasping world the latest sample of the amazing follies of the fool rich. Mrs. Gould wants $120,000 a year alimony, or $10,000 a month. Her husband is paying her $25,000 a year. He asks to be legally separated from her because of her "profanity, vulgarity and drunkenness." Gould confesses to an income at present of $400,000, and pleads as against the woman's claim for increased alimony that his income has "fallen" since the panic from $600,000 a year, or $50,000 a month. In one year he charges that his wife spent "for personal attire, etc.," $224,000, while he was compelled to pay out $140,000 to satisfy judgments obtained against her due to her "vulgarity and drunkenness." In seven years he says he gave his wife nearly $800,000, of which she has saved $250,000. On the other hand the wife claims that she was "starved out," that her life with Gould was "one long misery," that he was cruel and brutal, hounded her with detectives and conspired to ruin her character. And that is the sum and substance of their romance.

Now all the reading, sporting and theatrical world knows the main facts in this case of Gould and the young actress and protege of Buffalo Bill. Folks were astounded at their marriage and they will be shocked at these figures taken from the cash book of their experience. There is everlasting disgrace to both of them in the mere recital of the account, and it is a disgrace to civilization that such scandalous extravagance is possible in an enlightened age among an enlightened people. Gould knew the woman more than well when he married her, and she did not unwittingly take him for better or for worse. It is a thousand pities, therefore, that under the law they cannot be compelled to endure each other's companionship and peccadilloes to the end of their days. That might not be justice, but it would be a fairly good substitute in the judgment of the community.

TOO SMART A BOY

Judge's Library.

Traveler—"Say, boy, your corn looks kind of yellow."

Boy—"Yes, sir; that's the kind we planted."

Traveler—"Looks as though you will only have a half crop."

Boy—"Don't expect any more; the landlord gets the other half."

Traveler (after a minute's thought) —"Say, there is not much difference between you and a fool."

Boy—"No, sir; only the fence."

A Full Gold Lined Colonial Dinner Set with Dainty Rose Pattern.

FREE

A Dinner Set for YOUR Table

We want you to have a set of these perfectly round high grade dishes with full gold trimmings made in the famous overglaze style like Haviland China is made in France. The dinner plates measure 9 inches wide, full size, and decorated with dainty rose pattern in beautiful colors.

Write to-day and we will send you an outfit of genuine Brazilian Lucky Bug Scarf Pins. The Lucky Bug is a real Beetle which was the emblem of good luck of the ancient Incas, an extinct tribe from South America, who called it the Sacred Cayapo-Riji, which means Lucky Bug.

On our special offer you can easily dispose of these Lucky Bugs in a few days time. Send the money you receive to us and we will send you this beautiful Colonial Dinner set free. A. W. FISCHER, Mgr., 41 Desborn Avenue, Dept. D 19, Chicago, Ills.

This Grand Offer of Mine Positively Outdoes the most liberal offer you ever read before. *Just think,* you get this grand big doll, this set of doll's furniture of 5 pieces and this fine china set of 27 pieces *all absolutely free.* Not merely your choice of one, remember, *but all three of them,* just for a few moments of your time. You can't afford to overlook this offer. It is the opportunity of a lifetime to get just what you have always wanted without costing you one cent. Read this grand offer *right now.* *WRITE ME ABOUT IT AT ONCE.*

3 BIG PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS don't miss this chance of a lifetime to get the biggest and finest doll you ever owned. **This is a great big doll** with expensive Bisque head, face and features just as natural as life, with pearly teeth, rosy lips, sparkling blue eyes, pink and white complexion, beautiful hair that looks like real. This **big, magnificent doll** is nearly two feet high, has jointed body, so that dolly can sit up or lie down, just as you want her to do. She is stylishly dressed in a **genuine satin dress** with lace trimming, has complete set of underwear, open work stockings, patent leather shoes and big Floradora hat. You can dress and undress dolly; and she also opens and closes her eyes, just like a real baby. You will be proud to own this doll and show it among your friends—it is the dearest and sweetest doll you could imagine. When you see her you will be astonished to think you could have such a fine, beautiful doll as this **all for your very own.**

Doll's Furniture Set FREE

Doll's China Tea Set FREE

I Want to Give every girl reader of this paper one of these **magnificent big dolls free** and also **the two other big presents,** and I want to do it right away. My object is to advertise our business and all I ask in return is **a little simple effort on your part,** that will take but a few moments of your time.

This is Absolutely and Positively the Most Generous Offer Ever Made You

I will include with each and every doll given away a set of beautiful **doll furniture** just as shown in illustration, consisting of 2 arm chairs, 2 plain chairs, and one square table. The table and chairs all match and make one of the handsomest little sets of doll's furniture ever offered. **AND IN ADDITION to this set of furniture,** and to make everything complete, I am also going to give the **Doll China Set of 27 Pieces,** consisting of 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 plates, 6 teaspoons, teapot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher. It is beautifully decorated just like the large, expensive china costing many dollars. I also give six teaspoons, so that you can give a real tea party. With this furniture and china you can set dolly up in housekeeping and give doll tea parties and entertain your friends and their dolls just like grown up people.

***NOW GIRLS,* all I ask in return** for these three grand gifts, is for you to show and distribute 14 of my fine picture paintings and Flower Post Card Sets in your neighborhood. **You don't have to sell** these pictures and post Cards, just show them among the people in your locality and you can easily dispose of them in a few hours time as a receipt on my big 25c offer. These beautiful pictures are 16x20 inches in beautiful colors, with gold litho frames, all ready to hang on the wall in the parlor or sitting room. The set of Post Cards are beautiful glazed "Language of the Flowers", cards. **Just show these people** the grand offer I have made you and they will all take one of these elegant pictures and Post card sets from you. After you have disposed of these 14 pictures and Post Card Sets, which you can easily do in a few hours time, on my new plan, I will send you as a reward for your trouble this **big, magnificent doll,** just as described, **also, the furniture set and china set.** I don't charge you anything for the pictures and Post Cards, as I send them free. and you can try and see what you can do and if you can't distribute them on my plan, simply handing them out as a receipt, **they can be returned at my expense.** However I know any bright woman or girl can earn these presents without any trouble whatever. As soon as you have distributed them I will send you the **Doll, Furniture Set and Tea Set** absolutely free. I arrange to cover all express charges, so they will not cost you a penny.

Remember, you get all 3 of these presents, the big, magnificent doll, the handsome set of doll furniture and the china set, all for the small amount of effort required in showing my picture paintings and new Flower Post Cards among the people in your neighborhood. **DO NOT MISS THIS OFFER.** It is positively the biggest and most liberal offer you ever saw. It is only made for introductory purposes. It means just what it says. It is not an offer for "your choice" of these presents, but you get **all of them**—the big 2-foot Bisque Doll, the 5-piece Bamboo Furniture Set and the 27-piece Doll's Tea Set, mentioned. Be the first in your town to get these grand presents.

SHOW THE GRAND OFFER TO YOUR PARENTS

They will be glad to help you if you do not understand it. Just write me anyway. It is not even necessary to write a letter, unless you want to. Just your name and address will do. I will know that it is in answer to this advertisement, and will have everything arranged for you to get these free presents. Remember, I arrange to pay all express charges—so they will not cost you a single cent. I will also include **a nice extra present for mama** if you will write me at once. Send today and address me plainly.

Nearly Two Feet High

BIG FREE DOLL

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THE BARCLAY TURKEY

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

The Barclays lived in flats for twelve years, which was the length of time they had been married. When they moved, they went from one flat to another. At last, wearying of cramped quarters, they decided to buy a place in the suburbs, where they could have an entire house to themselves, and sufficient ground for a large yard.

"Why rent flats when you can buy a place on easy payments and have a home of your own while it's being paid for?" Mr. Barclay asked in a lofty manner, while discussing the matter with his wife.

"I wonder we have not thought of it before," she returned. "Think of the money we've paid out, and nothing to show for it. It'll be so nice to have a whole house of our own with a yard for the children to play in. I wonder we haven't thought of it before," she repeated.

"Well, I have," replied Mr. Barclay. "I never said anything about it, because I couldn't quite see my way clear, but I think the change will be the best thing that can happen. We've laid up a little money, and I don't believe it could be better invested than to put it into a home of our own."

"I'm sure it couldn't," Mrs. Barclay agreed, heartily. "When shall we go house-hunting?" she asked, with girlish enthusiasm.

"Immediately," said Mr. Barclay, as if he were about to put on his hat and start out, though it was late in the evening when they were talking.

Since both were so happily agreed, in the course of a short time after their plan was thought of, the Barclays ceased to be flat-dwellers, and moved into a comfortable, though unpretentious house, which was near enough to the city to give them its advantages, and was far enough away to make the semblance of country life possible.

"It's going to do us all so much good to live here," Mrs. Barclay declared. "The children can have plenty of fresh air and sunshine with this big yard to play in, and taking care of it will give you just the exercise you need, John, when you are out of the office."

"I intend to have a garden and, perhaps, raise a few chickens, or something of that sort," said Mr. Barclay. "We ought to get at least part of our living from the place, and I can do a little light farming in the way of growing our own vegetables, just as well as not."

"I'm sure you can," Mrs. Barclay returned. "We must surely keep chickens. It'll be such a saving to have the eggs."

"We certainly have made a wise move," Mr. Barclay remarked, with satisfaction. "I believe it's going to be economy."

"I believe it is, too," his wife echoed.

The two Barclay children were John, Jr., ten years of age, and Ethel, who said she was half-past eight. Their new home was a land of delight, and the first few days after their coming they spent most of their time racing around the yard, shrieking their joy. When the novelty wore away, they became quieter, but, like their father and mother, they were filled with plans for the future, in which gardens and chickens loomed big; at least, such was the case with John, Jr., and whatever he did Ethel wanted to do also.

It was in early spring, before the frost had left the ground, when the Barclays moved. Little outdoor work could be done, but Mr. Barclay made a thorough inspection of his premises, and picked out the location he thought best fitted for a vegetable garden. John, Jr., and Ethel followed at his heels, overflowing with questions, and insisting upon having gardens of their own, wherein they might hoe and rake and dig in company with their father.

When the weather was propitious, the gardens were made and a small flock of chickens was purchased to supply the family with eggs.

"We'll let two or three of the hens set," Mr. Barclay said. "Maybe I'll go to raising chickens for the market."

When he was at work in the yard, his wife ran out from the house every few minutes to see how things were progressing.

"They say there's money in the chicken business," she said. "You might start it, and when John, Jr., is a little older he can keep it going."

"We'll see," answered Mr. Barclay. "It is plain now as the nose on your face that that boy has a great head for business. Guess what he's done," he went on proudly. "He traded off his marbles for two turkey eggs and one of the hens is expected to hatch 'em. He's got her setting now. What do you think of that?"

"Yes, and you've got to buy 'em for Thanksgiving and Christmas," put in John, Jr., suddenly appearing.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed his mother.

"What did I tell you?" said his father.

"My onions is up!" shouted John, Jr. "I've beaten you, pa."

"Johnnie's onions is up! Johnnie's onions is up!" chanted Ethel, circling around her adored brother.

In due time the hen allotted the task of hatching turkeys performed her duty so far as one egg was concerned, but she displayed a decided disinclination to mother so strange a child, and basely deserted the little turkey. The combined efforts of the Barclays brought him safely through infancy, and they continued their care until he was well able to look after himself. Having been raised by hand, he had no fear of human beings, and was without the wildness that characterizes his kind. The part of the yard near the kitchen door was his favorite haunt, and he grew large and fat from much feeding. The Barclays made a pet of him, and Anna, "the girl," said, "He's so much like folks, 'twouldn't surprise me a bit to hear him begin to talk instead of gobble."

In the beginning of his existence he was referred to importantly as "our Thanksgiving turkey," but gradually, as he became more and more endeared to the family, this grewsome reference was seldom heard, and he was known by the name of Charlie. Why Charlie none could have told, unless it was John, Jr. He gave him the name, but he never explained his reason.

There was no thought of changing his destiny; this was fixed from his birth and was looked upon as one of the things that must be, because it had been so planned. In the summer it seemed a long time until the first winter holiday, and Charlie roamed at will over the Barclay domain, finding it so much to his liking that he seldom strayed beyond its borders. Even John, Jr., ceased to view him with mercenary eyes, and forgot it was Charlie's life he threatened when he talked of his turkey money.

The Barclays never spent a pleasanter summer than the first in their new home. Mr. Barclay's garden more than came up to his expectations, and when he harvested his last crop, which was nearly a bushel of potatoes, he told his wife he believed he would go out of business and take to farming.

"Of course I won't make a leap without looking ahead," he temporized, "but see what I've done with that small garden."

"It really has been remarkable," Mrs. Barclay returned, "and I have so enjoyed having the fresh vegetables for the table. Those are simply grand potatoes," she complimented, whereupon Mr. Barclay swaggered a little when he carried the potatoes into the house, and felt himself to be a great man.

When the frosts came and cut off the last bloom of the flowers, Mrs. Barclay said a shelter should be provided for Charlie. Then they remembered that the days of his life were numbered.

"When is Thanksgiving?" Mr. Barclay inquired, trying to speak carelessly.

"In about two weeks," his wife answered.

Neither spoke the thought that filled their minds, but they were wondering how they could possibly kill and eat Charlie. They did not mention the state of their feelings to John, Jr., and he, in the unthinking way of childhood, was oblivious of his turkey's near doom.

"I believe I'll just buy a Thanksgiving bird and say nothing," ventured Mr. Barclay.

"But you promised John, you know, and it won't do to break your promise," objected his wife, almost in tears.

"No, I suppose not," Mr. Barclay agreed gloomily.

Nothing further was said concerning the matter and the time slipped away until it was the afternoon before Thanksgiving. Mr. Barclay came home from his office earlier than usual, burdened with grocery parcels, though there was none among them that looked like a turkey.

"I bought some oysters and things in case of an emergency," he explained.

"How about our Thanksgiving turkey?" he asked John, Jr., who at that moment clattered into the house.

The boy answered his father's question by clattering out again without speaking. Mr. Barclay seemed pleased by his son's lack of manners, and began to whistle cheerfully. His whistle broke off suddenly, when John, Jr., reappeared to inquire, "Pa, how much are you going to pay me for Charlie?"

"Market price," his father told him gruffly.

"All right," said John, Jr.

That evening at the supper table gloom seemed to hang heavily over the usually lively family. Mr. Barclay and his son ate in silence. Ethel was fretful, and Mrs. Barclay looked worried. At length Mr. Barclay spoke.

"John," he said, "which of us is going to kill Charlie?"

"You do it, Pa," came the muttered answer.

Mr. Barclay pushed back his chair and rose from the table, frowning darkly upon John, Jr. "You just come and help," he commanded, and walked heavily out of the house.

John, Jr., after a slight hesitation, obeyed his father, and followed him in unwonted stillness. Mrs. Barclay retired to her bedroom, where she sat behind the door, holding her hands over her ears. Ethel, weeping loudly, ran after her father and brother, protesting against the death of Charlie.

In a short time Mr. Barclay returned, looking pale, but determined. His wife came from the bedroom to meet him. "Is it all over?" she whispered, wiping her eyes.

"No," answered Mr. Barclay in a loud voice. "Promise or no promise, I can't and won't kill that turkey. Why, he eats out of my hand!"

Mrs. Barclay's face grew cheerful. "I just knew you couldn't," she said, patting his shoulder.

In the kitchen Ethel was heard telling "the girl" the story.

"And my pa he took the hatchet and went after Charlie, and Charlie he never ran a bit, but went right up to my pa. And Johnnie he said, 'Oh, pa, don't,' and my pa didn't, and he and Johnnie shook hands and we don't have to eat Charlie 'cause Johnnie said he didn't want any turkey money, then he 'most cried."

"Didn't either," denied John, Jr., contemptuously, at that moment coming into the kitchen.

And this is the reason the Barclays did not have turkey for their Thanksgiving dinner, though they had everything else that goes with the day, and were once more a contented and happy family.

Charlie, the turkey, still dominates the Barclay yard with his strut and his gobble, and from present appearances he will live to die of old age, unless some accident happens.

"PANG-WANGLING."

Atlantic Monthly.

A little dubious as to the exact shade of significance, but certainly alluring to the ear, is "pang-wangle." It expresses—well, what does it express?—a cheeriness under minor discomforts, a humorous optimism under small misfortunes, though indeed these seem dignified definitions for so informal a word. "I just pang-wangled home in the rain," says a friend of mine, and I know he got there drenched, but good-tempered. "We went pang-wangling off to the theatre last night," says my nearest neighbor; and I feel pretty certain they had been blue over something and felt the need of some small gayety. It would do us all good if we pang-wangled a bit more, I think.

A very meaning word is the southerner's "honing." "My, honey, I've just been honing to see you!" It is not so stilted as "I've been longing," and it is much more emphatic than "I've been wanting." It's a warm, affectionate, intimate word—honing. Let me put it into the addendum, well toward the front, for I love the sound of it.

These words are not slang. They are not exactly—as one high-brow friend informed me—"low colloquialisms." They have a place in language, and they add considerably to its color. Just you wait until (under the influence of that row of hollyhocks and that noble picket fence) my addendum is finished! Then let the purists squirm!

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THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Please give a short history of the Philippine Islands, especially since the battle of Manila. What has been the cost of the islands to the United States? Are the islands being bettered by American occupation? For what are the islands valuable?—J. G. P., Austin, Colo.

Magellan landed on the island of Homonhon in March, 1521. Here Europeans first became acquainted with the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands. Between 1521 and 1565 several attempts were made by the Spaniards to establish themselves in the Philippines but without success. Finally, in 1565, Legaspi landed at Cebu, took the town, and began the conquest of the islands. Receiving reinforcements three years later, Legaspi was made governor-general of all the islands he might conquer. In 1571 he took Manila and proclaimed the sovereignty of Spain over the whole archipelago. Legaspi died the following year and was succeeded by Lavezares. In 1574 a Chinese pirate attempted to capture Manila but was driven out by the Spaniards. Early in the 17th century a conflict between the Dutch and the Spanish for the possession of the islands began and lasted for 50 years. In 1662, Ko-Seng, a Chinese pirate, demanded the surrender of the islands. The Chinese of Manila were suspected of being in the plot, and the suspicion led to a general massacre. After this, for 100 years, the islands suffered no serious disturbance from without. In a war against England, Spain lost Manila to the English in 1762. The following year the archipelago was restored to Spain.

Before the arrival of the Americans a part of the Filipino people had been in insurrection against the authority of Spain. On December 14, 1897, a treaty was concluded between the Spanish captain-general and the leader of the insurgents. Under this treaty 800,000 pesos were to be paid to the rebel leader, Aguinaldo, in three instalments. Only the first two instalments were paid. Between three and four weeks after the taking of Manila, Aguinaldo, as a pretended friend of the United States, was permitted to return to the islands. Three weeks later he proclaimed the end of the Spanish rule, and inaugurated the so-called republic at Malolos.

On May 1, 1898, the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay was destroyed by the American fleet under Admiral Dewey, and Manila was surrendered to the American forces on the 13th of August of the same year. Several months after, a treaty of peace was concluded between Spain and the United States and an armed force of Filipinos attacked the troops of the United States. This led to active hostilities which ended only after the whole archipelago had been overrun by the American forces. In 1899 a commission was appointed by the President to investigate and report on the condition of affairs in the islands. A little more than one year later, when there was a prospect of peace, he appointed a second commission of five persons to establish civil government. In 1904 the president of the commission became civil governor, and the four other members of the commission were appointed heads of the four departments of the interior, of commerce and police, of finance and justice, and of public instruction. At this time three Filipinos were added to the commission. We cannot tell you the amount of money the United States has spent on the islands. The islands are certainly being bettered by American occupation. They are of value to the United States. A large commerce is carried on. The islands are a sort of station for the United States in that part of the world.

THE PANTOGRAPH

Will you please describe a pantograph? For what is the instrument used?—P. M. H., Ogema, Wis.

The pantograph is an instrument used for the mechanical copying of engravings, diagrams, plows, etc., either upon the same scale or a reduced or enlarged scale. It consists of four perforated rules of wood or metal, arranged in pairs and joined together at the crossing. The pairs are also joined together so that the rules form a parallellogram. The pantograph is sometimes used for transferring patterns to calico printing cylinders, in some processes of wood carving, and in making wooden type.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Will you please give an account of the origin of Thanksgiving?—B. H. S., Woodstock, Ala.

Thanksgiving day is fixed by proclamations made by the President and the governors of the various states. The President's proclamation makes the day a legal holiday in the District of Columbia and in the territories. The Episcopal church, in 1789, formally recognized the civil government's authority to appoint such a feast, and in 1888 the Roman Catholic church also decided to honor a festival which had long been nearly universally observed. But in no place has it been observed with as much zest as in New England, where it ranks as the great annual family festival, taking the place which in England is accorded to Christmas. The earliest harvest thanksgiving in America was kept by the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, 1621, and was repeated often during that and the ensuing century. Days of thanksgiving were recommended annually by congress during the revolution, and in 1784 for the return of peace. In 1815 President Madison also recommended it. Washington appointed such a day in 1789 after the adoption of the constitution, and in 1795 for the general benefits and welfare of the nation. Since 1863 the Presidents have always issued proclamations appointing the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving day.

GAME LAWS OF MICHIGAN

Please give the game laws of Michigan.—J. R., Pompell, Mich.

With local exceptions deer may be killed from November 10 to December 1. The open season for squirrel is from October 15 to December 1; for quail, October 15 to December 1; for woodcock, duck, goose, swan, plover, snipe and rail, from September 1 to January 2. No grouse, prairie chickens, wild turkey or pheasant can be killed until 1910. No elk, antelope, moose or caribou can be killed until 1913.

DANIEL WEBSTER

Will you give a sketch of Daniel Webster? Also print his speech made in reply to Hayne.—W. H., Marion, Ga.

Daniel Webster, the American orator and statesman, was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782, and died October 24, 1852. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1801. He studied law while teaching school at Fryeburg, Maine, and was admitted to the bar in 1805, beginning the practice of law in Boscawen, New Hampshire. He removed to Portsmouth two years later. Webster soon became a leader of the bar and was elected to congress in 1813, serving until 1817. At that time he was a moderate Federalist in views. He now settled in Boston, and in 1818 rose to the front rank of lawyers by his plea before the United States supreme court in the famous "Dartmouth college case," which involved the obligation of contracts and the powers of the government. From 1823 to 1827 he was congressman from Massachusetts, was chairman of the judiciary committee, and had attracted attention by his speeches on Greece and on free trade. He had become widely known as an orator. In 1827 Webster entered the senate and ranked chief among the orators. Clay, Calhoun and Benton were some of his contemporaries. Webster favored a protective tariff in 1828. Two years later he reached his highest point, in the debate on the "Foote resolution," where his reply to Hayne won for him the title of "Expounder of the Constitution." Webster was often pitted against Calhoun in debates, and was, with Clay, highest in the Whig party. He came within reach of the nomination for President. In 1836 he received the electoral vote of Massachusetts. President Harrison chose him for secretary of state in 1841, and he—alone of the members of Tyler's cabinet—refused to resign in September, 1841. In 1842 he negotiated the Ashburton treaty with Great Britain, and resigned the following year. In 1845 he again entered the senate. He spoke on several important questions during his term. In 1850 he was again made secretary of state, which position he held for two years. He received a few votes in the convention of 1852, refused to support Scott, and died soon after in his home at Marshfield, Massachusetts. We cannot print Webster's reply to Hayne because of its length. It would take a good-sized pamphlet to contain it.

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NEGRO POPULATION

What is the negro population of West Virginia, Ohio, Illinois, New York, Maryland and Pennsylvania?—E. C., Grantsville, W. Va.

The negro population (including all persons of negro descent) of West Virginia is 43,499; of Ohio, 96,901; of Illinois, 85,078; of New York, 99,232; of Maryland, 235,068, and of Pennsylvania, 156,845.

OLIVE OIL

Please tell something about the manufacture of olive oil.—J. H. L., Odd, W. Va.

Olives intended for the production of oil are carefully gathered by hand when ripe. They are bruised as little as possible, and preferably crushed at once, otherwise they are partially dried in very thin layers, through which air must circulate freely to avoid molding and fermenting, unsound fruit being prone to decay and impair the flavor and odor of the oil. The stones are not crushed by the modern machines. The crushed pulp is then pressed in linen sheets, the pressure being applied very gradually. A second pressing is made after the pulp has been mixed with cold water. Other pressings are sometimes given, each one resulting in a grade of oil inferior to the preceding. The two first grades are sometimes mixed. Since the preparation of the oil from the juice by gravity is hazardous on account of liability to ferment, the impurities are washed out quickly by special apparatus, on which a current of cool water comes in contact with a small quantity of the juice, mixes with it, separates the larger particles of pulp and allows the oil to arise through a tall column of water, which further washes the oil globules as they rise. After being allowed to stand for a time in a cool room, this oil is racked off and sold as "new oil," or may be again allowed to stand for further clarification. Since the American market demands a clear oil, however, much of the domestic oil is filtered, a process which, especially if often repeated, impairs the flavor and makes the oil seem greasy. Throughout the process scrupulous cleanliness is essential, because olive oil is prone to absorb any taint either in the utensils or in the air. Olive oil is used in cookery and pharmacy, for lubricating surgical instruments, for illumination, and for making castile and other kinds of soap, for which purpose the lower grades are mostly employed. Olive oil is also used for medical purposes.

THE VIRGINIA DEBT

Please give an account of the Virginia debt.—M. M. Buckhannon, W. Va.

Soon after Virginia re-entered the Union there was trouble with legislation respecting the state debt. By a bill passed in 1871 two-thirds of the debt of Virginia was funded into bonds, the coupons of said bonds to be held receivable in payment for taxes assessed. The remaining one-third was held to be the suitable share of West Virginia, though the latter state refused to admit such obligations. In 1872 the Virginia state legislature repealed the tax-coupon arrangement of the law, but the courts decided that the state was under obligation to receive the bonds, even should the treasury thereby be kept bankrupt. At the time $17,000,000 in these bonds had been funded. Attempts toward a compromise were made, and conflicts between state and federal courts were frequent. In 1891-2 a settlement was finally reached. The bondholders received for bonds and coupons amounting to $23,000,000 the sum of $19,000,000 in new century bonds.

COMETS

Please describe a comet.—E. D. Bee, W. Va.

A comet is a body which moves about the sun in an elliptical or parabolic orbit. As the typical comet approaches the sun it has the appearance of a bright star-like point surrounded by a mass of misty light, which is extended away from the sun into a stream of light called the tail. Comets which follow a parabolic orbit appear but once, their orbit being infinite. Those moving in ellipses return periodically, and are called periodic comets.

FREEMASONRY

When did Freemasonry originate? Tell me something about the fraternity.—J. S. B., Aspinwall, Pa.

The first grand lodge of Freemasons was founded at York, England, 926. The society is founded on and professes the practice of social and moral virtue; truth, charity in its most extended sense, brotherly love, and mutual assistance being inculcated in it. It possesses an elaborate ritual, numerous grades of officers, and many secret signs and passwords, by which members may make themselves known to other members of the craft in any part of the world. Secret organizations of free or enfranchised operative masons, with similar rituals, were formed in the middle ages, when skilled workmen moved from place to place to assist in building cathedrals, abbeys, etc. It was essential for the masons to have some signs by which, on coming to a strange place, they could be recognized as real craftsmen and not impostors. There was such a society of actual builders and masons in England in the seventeenth century, and some persons not belonging to the craft had been accepted as members of it; hence the full name of the present fraternity, "Free and Accepted Masons." Modern Freemasonry dates from the organization in 1717 of the four lodges then existing in London, on a new basis, into a grand lodge, by which other grand lodges were chartered. To mark its departure from the limited scope of the original society, the principles and methods of the order are called speculative masonry, the terms and insignia of the operative masonry being retained. Fable, though absolutely without any historical basis, takes the history of the order back to the Roman empire, to the Pharoahs, to the building of the tower of Babel, or even to the building of Noah's ark.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES

Please give a complete history of the international yacht races for the cup now held by America.—N. P. S., Roswell, N. M.

The first international race for the America's cup was sailed around the Isle of Wight, August 22, 1851. The contesting yachts were the America, representing the United States, and the English yacht Aurora. The America won by 18 minutes. From that time to the present the cup has been held in this country by an unbroken line of victories with the exception of October 19, 1871, the English yacht Livonia won over the American yacht Columbia on the New York Yacht club course. The races taking place since August 22, 1851, were held in this country as follows, the first named being American boats:

August 8, 1870, the Magic against the Cambria; October 16, 1871, the Columbia against the Livonia; October 18, 1871, the Columbia against the Livonia; October 21, 1871, the Sappho against the Livonia; October 23, 1871, the Sappho against the Livonia; August 11, 1876, the Madeleine against the Countess of Dufferin; August 12, 1876, the same as preceeding; November 9, 1881, the Mischief against the Atalanta; November 10, 1881, the same as preceding; September 14, 1885, the Puritan against the Genesta; September 16, 1885, the same; September 9, 1886, the Mayflower against the Galatea; September 11, 1886, the same; September 27, 1887, the Volunteer against the Thistle; September 30, 1887, the same; October 7, 1893, the Vigilant against the Valkyrie II; October 9, 1893 and October 13, 1893, the same; September 7, 1895, the Defender against the Valkyrie III; September 10, 1895, and September 12, 1895, the same; October 16, 1899, the Columbia against the Shamrock I; October 17, 1899, and October 20, 1899, the same; September 28, 1901, the Columbia against the Shamrock II; October 3, 1901, and October 4, 1901, the same; August 22, 1903, the Reliance against the Shamrock III; August 22, 1903, and September 3, 1903, the same.

THE PHILIPPINE FRIAR LANDS

Please tell all you can about the Philippine friar lands and how much they cost.—D. A. H., Mercer, Pa.

At the time of the transfer of the friar lands three religious orders, Dominicans, Augustinians and Recoletos, held about 420,000 acres of agricultural lands. These lands were occupied by native tenants intensely hostile to the friars, and that hostility was unquestionably shared by the vast majority of the people of the islands. The relation of these landlords to their tenants and to the entire people was one of the chief causes of irritation and rebellion under Spanish rule.

The new conditions made it manifest that the interest of the religious orders required that they should convert into money this property, which they could no longer peacefully enjoy or practically make useful. At the same time the peace and order of the community, the good will of the people toward the government of the United States, and the interest of an effective settlement and disposition of all questions arising between the church and the state in the islands made it equally desirable that these lands should be purchased by the state and that opportunity to secure title upon reasonable terms should be offered to the tenants and to the other inhabitants of the islands.

An act of congress, passed in 1902, authorized the commission to acquire title to the lands of religious orders held in such large tracts as to affect injuriously the peace and welfare of the people of the islands; to issue bonds in payment for such land; to sell the land, with a preference to actual settlers and occupants; and to apply the proceeds to paying the principal and interest of the bonds. After numerous propositions and counter propositions had been rejected, an agreement was reached whereby was closed the purchase of 410,000 acres at a price of $7,239,000 in gold.

This amount was paid in cash from the funds realized from the sale of bonds of the Philippine government bearing interest at the rate of 4 per cent per annum, which bonds were sold in the United States.

There is little doubt that this expenditure will be made up through the sale of the lands to private individuals.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Will you please give a sketch of Robert G. Ingersoll?—T. G. M., Linn, W. Va.

Robert Green Ingersoll, the American lawyer, lecturer and author, was born August 11, 1833, and died July 21, 1899. He received a common school education and was admitted to the bar in 1854. He soon became prominent in the courts and in Democratic politics. He recruited a regiment in the civil war and entered the army as colonel. In 1862 he was captured by some Confederate, but was soon paroled and given command of a camp in St. Louis. He soon after resigned. After the war he became a Republican, and was made attorney-general of Illinois in 1866. Ingersoll was a delegate to the Republican national convention of 1876 and placed in nomination for president James G. Blaine, whom he termed "the plumed knight." His nominating speech gave him national reputation as an orator, and he afterward lectured frequently. Ingersoll was an agnostic, and in his lectures attacked the Bible and the beliefs of the Christian religion. He was prominent in politics for several years, and had he not given such frequent expression to his agnostic views he would doubtless have been honored with high offices. He took up his permanent residence in New York city in 1882 and practice law until his death.

KING EGBERT

Please give a sketch of King Egbert of Saxony.—D. B. B., Salem, Va.

Egbert, king of Wessex, and first king of the united Anglo-Saxons, was born about 775, ascended the throne of Wessex in 800, and died about 836. The defeated rival of King Brihtric, he took refuge first at the court of Offa, King of Mercia, and afterward in France, where he was received at the court of Charlemagne, in whose armies he served three years. After the death of Brihtric in 800 he was the last remaining prince of the house of Cerdic, and was recalled and acknowledged as king of the West Saxon thanes. In 809 he commenced his career of conquest; and, successively subduing the Britons of Cornwall and the Saxons of Mercia, Kent, Essex, and Northumbria, and assuming at its request the protectorship of East Anglia, by 827 he had become the actual sovereign of the whole heptarchy, and in 828 assumed the title of King of England. In 832 the Danes landed on the isle of Sheppey, and carried off a rich booty. In 833 they disembarked at Charmouth, and defeated Egbert's forces. They landed again in 835 on the coast of Cornwall, where they formed an alliance with the Britons. Egbert encountered their united forces at Hengston hill, gained a decisive victory, punished the rebels, and drove the invaders to their ships.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. E. G., Central Point, Ore.: We can tell you nothing concerning the origin of the term "blind pig."

J. D., Burgettstown, Pa.: We cannot give you H. W. Grady's speech on prohibition.

E. B. W., Greenville, Ill.: We cannot tell anything concerning any peace jubilee held after the revolution.

J. B., Macy, Ind.: We cannot give you the names of the nations having free trade.

V. T. H., Grafton, W. Va.: The battle of Antietam was probably the most disastrous battle of the civil war.

B. D. M., Lee, Ore.: The first John Jacob Astor had two sons, William B. and John Jacob, and three daughters. We cannot give the names of the daughters. His wife's name was Sarah Todd.

H. L. M., Ainsworth, Neb.: In 1896 McKinley received 7,104,799 popular votes and Bryan received 6,502,925 popular votes.

B. M., Panther, W. Va.: The outlet of Lake Tahoe is Truckee river. The rules do not permit you to ask more than one question, let alone a series.

W. R. K., East Millsboro, Pa.: The Blade has no books for sale. Write to the publishers.

M. B., Sandy Lake, Pa.: The salary of an United States senator is $7,500. He ton each session of congress. ton each sessin of congress.

G. R., Upper Bingham Canyon, Utah: We cannot give you a biography of Richard J. Jose.

E. T. W., Ashley, W. Va.: We can give you no final results of the recent election. The counting of the returns has not been completed.

New Prune for the Navy.

New York Times.

A new prune, which is served with a sweet syrup, like molasses, has been sent to the various ships in the navy to be tested by the men, on the lines of the plan similar to the great tobacco chewing test, which was resorted to in order to find out what brand of tobacco the majority of the men in the navy preferred. According to Capt. Huey and Dr. Von Wadekind, of the battleship Alabama, this newest prune is a wonder.

This new prune is a compressed affair. The final tests are now being made in the temperate zones, and as soon as these tests are concluded some ship on duty in the tropical zone will receive a supply in order to test its staying quality in extremely hot climates.

At the present time the prune tests are being made on the battleships New Hampshire, Idaho, Mississippi and Alabama, and at the naval station at Guantanamo, Cuba, and the report from Cuba is that the new prune is good hot or cold, in the day or at night, and in any and all kinds of weather.

A barrel of the prunes will be sent to Port Said, where they will be taken on board the battleships of Admiral Sperry's fleet when they touch at that port. Another barrel will be sent to the armored cruisers under Admiral Swinburne, now on the way to San Francisco, and a large consignment to the Philippines for a test at the naval station at Cavite.

"We are all for the new prune," said Capt. Huey yesterday, "and take my word for it, this new prune has come to stay. Long live the prune."

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1908.

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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Circulation Last Week 206,000

Some men refuse to follow the straight and narrow path because it isn't picturesque.

Massachusetts has a woman who speaks fifty-four languages. She is not married.

The work of writing an autobiography seems to have improved Mr. Rockefeller's memory.

With gentleness Cuba has been told to run along and try to be a good little self-government.

Abe Ruef says he wants justice. Which, in Abe's case, is another name for a change of venue.

Don't kick a man when he is down. There is always a chance that he may not stay down.

Mr. Steve Elkins stands up like a man who doesn't believe the king of Italy has anything on him.

Mr. Carnegie has a habit of saying things that must often sound rather disagreeable to Mr. Rockefeller.

Reforming the tariff is going to be a hard proposition. Some will want it reformed up and some down.

If tariff revision is bound to come anyway, Uncle Joe probably cannot see why he should strenuously oppose it.

A Washington judge has ruled that it is lawful for a wife to pick her husband's pockets. But what does she usually get?

Gold is now worth $602,799.21 cents a ton. So you see there is quite a difference, after all, between the price of gold and anthracite.

With alimony amounting to $25,000 a year, Mrs. Howard Gould should be able to get credit at the grocery around the corner.

Mr. Bryan hopes it will not be necessary for him to run again in 1912. But still he seems to feel somewhat pessimistic about it.

The three-year-old emperor of China is to go right ahead with the reforms already begun. No doubt he can do it as well as his predecessor.

Czar Nicholas has reinstated Grand Duke Cyril, "to please the immortal soul of the dead Alexis." Cyril, however, will draw the salary.

It will take twenty-seven days, it is said, to bury the emperor and dowager empress of China. Must be going to plant 'em pretty deep.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding he is a plain American citizen, Mr. Shonts now holds the position of grandfather to a little duke.

It is said there are more than 250,000 words in the English language, a statement which anybody can prove or disprove by counting them.

It may be gathered from Mr. Rockefeller's testimony before the court that the Standard Oil company was not brought up on baby food.

Since he has met with humiliating defeat never again should Emperor William permit the ends of his mustache to curl up and meet his eyelashes.

There is too much mystery concerning China. Who knows but the new emperor may be cutting another tooth? And yet the outside world is kept in the dark.

The man who wrote us at the beginning of the month, saying it would be the coldest November in years, has another guess coming, if he cares to take advantage of it.

Among the things the Democratic party needs, according to the statement of Judge Parker, is new policies. It might also help some to have a change of candidates.

A Connecticut man who committed suicide left this note: "Dear Mary—Forgive me. I shall certainly not repeat the offense." What Mary said may be left to the imagination.

London suffragettes admit that they cannot cook, and just to emphasize the fact that they don't care who knows it, they argue that all cooking should be done by men.

Mr. Taft announces that he hopes to make golf popular. If he does that, in addition to keeping prosperity running eight hours a day, he will have accomplished something worth while.

The goosebone prophets have predicted a hard winter, but their prognostications have had no effect on the supreme court justice who has allowed Mrs. Howard Gould only $25,000 a year alimony.

Mr. Rockefeller gave some important testimony in the Standard Oil hearing. Among other things he admitted that in 1860 or 1862, he couldn't be quite sure, he was a much younger man than he is now.

A correspondent writes to tell us that he has voted for Bryan three times. We suppose he is one of the fellows who go on the theory that voting for Bryan never did him any harm, because the other man always ran anyway.

HAYTI AT WAR AGAIN.

All seasons are war seasons in Hayti. It is a very wet day when the native politician cannot find pleasure in yanking down his rifle or buckling on his sword and taking to the timber for the purpose of saving the beloved country from the hands of the tyrant. It is not merely his joy, it is largely his business, his one visible and tangible means of livelihood.

The little republic is about to entertain the thrill of another rebellion, the number of which it is doubtful any historian could give without elaborate calculation. Whatever the grievance it is safe to assert that it is a just one. Hayti is consistently and notoriously misgoverned. One administration succeeds the other with indecent haste, but never, in any one of them, appears a single bright glow indicative of enlightenment or governmental capacity. To wring taxes out of a harassed people is the sole concern. One president is mainly distinguished from another because of his skill in this direction. If he can gather two cents where only one cent came before, his fame is established. He is justified then in raising a monument to himself. These islanders have borrowed the Spanish idea from their neighbors, this is that the principal object in acquiring the office of president is to get together as much loot as possible with the least loss of time.

From all accounts Hayti has never had a more brutal administration than the present one. It is credited with bombarding the homes of opponents, hanging, beheading and butchering to a sickening and barbarous degree. It has been an actual reign of terror. Cold fear has enveloped the populace from the moment the president came into power. His ambition has known neither mercy nor repose. There has been evidence of a determination to retain the reins at any cost of blood or property or national prosperity. In the opinion of many travelers there is no fairer land under the canopy of heaven, yet peace finds not in all its length and breadth a solitary abiding place. She is not welcome.

The jealousy of nations has prevented intervention. But if this festering spot of the Indies is to be cured interference is an absolute necessity.

FROM THE LIQUOR SIDE.

The Anti-Saloon League will be surprised to learn that it is responsible for the murder of former Senator Carmack, of Tennessee. The president of the National Model License League says so. He ought to know. The son of the man in political sympathy with the License League committed the murder. Here are President Gilmore's charges as they appear in a circular letter sent out from the Louisville headquarters:

> Senator Carmack became embittered and, instead of placing the blame with the organization that had fired his ambition and assured him of a success that could not be his, he adopted a course of personal journalism, writing editorials insulting to every man who had voted or worked for the victor. That Senator Carmack knew that his course was dangerous is shown by the fact that he armed himself with a deadly weapon. That he continued his attacks on Col. Cooper, a private citizen of character and courage, after being asked to refrain, shows the recklessness of a man driven to desperation by disappointment. His political career wrecked; his mind inflamed beyond reason; his heart hardened toward his fellowman and, finally, his life-blood spilled. Edward W. Carmack is veritably a victim of the Anti-Saloon League.

In other words the responsibility for the crime does not lie at the door of the man who fired the shot. Certainly not. It is but the arrogance of a conventionalized code of justice which retains him in jail. If President Gilmore only had control of the machinery of the courts of Tennessee he would free Cooper at once and proceed with all rigor to the prosecution of the Anti-Saloon League, the members of which were the friends and the followers of him who was slain like a dog because he opposed the domination of liquor in his state.

A CHEERFUL PANIC.

The financial depression has been singularly free from a depression of spirits. It might be described as a cheerful panic. In the history of such crises there is no word to indicate that those we have suffered in the past have been attended by so much philosophy, so much real brightness, such willingness to make the best of things.

The definition often given of panics is that they are whirlwinds of the public mind, starting from heaven knows where, having no direction and all directions, ending when the breeze goes down. There seems to have been a tendency to admit that this last disturbance was, if not causeless, at least lacking in reasonableness. It came when business was good, when prosperity seemed to have tightened its grip, when crops were plentiful and the earth was giving up its wealth more generously than ever. The climax of the panic had no more than subsided when the work of restoring confidence was begun. Everyone did whatever within his power lay to minimize the effects of the disaster. The patient was brought to the period of convalescence with all speed. And now that the doctor is discharged the country can look back at the hospital days without a shudder, or a fear of relapse.

One of the interesting phases of the season was the eagerness with which so many of our business men who have been giving years to driving, unceasing, merciless work threw off their bondage and seized the opportunity to rest. There were more vacations in the business world last summer than it ever knew before. And they were enjoyed, too. Instead of staying by their offices to lament the fallen incomes and hold postmortems on what might have been if it had not been something else, large numbers of the most active workers in America have been making acquaintance with the fields and the woods and the water—many of them, seemingly for the first time, with their families.

Few political nostrums have been bred in the year. Conditions were against it. The atmosphere was lacking in the proper amount of dolefulness. There was too much sunshine and good nature. It is just as well.

This was a cheerful panic.

LACE CURTAINS

Special Announcement to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.

In five years we have distributed among our subscribers over 100,000 pairs of lace curtains. This has proved to be the most popular premium ever offered with the Weekly Blade, and upon the urgent request of so many of our subscribers who want more of them we have contracted for another season's supply. Remember we do not sell these curtains, but give them free for every club of ten subscribers.

We have these curtains made especially for our purpose—all of them being exactly the same pattern, so that subscribers getting pairs at intervals will always find them to match. Each curtain is 30 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and we always send two curtains (or one pair), postpaid by mail to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

How to Obtain the Premium.

On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of several propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to proposition number 3 will receive one pair of these curtains postpaid by mail. By December 1st those whose subscriptions expire during December should have our propositions. If not received by December 4th drop us a postal and we will promptly mail a duplicate. We shall be disappointed if each subscriber does not renew under one of our propositions, as The Blade is the cheapest and best weekly newspaper in the world. While all should renew under one of our propositions, we shall be prepared for the majority to send us clubs of ten or more, and avail themselves of our curtain propositions. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enable us to take care each month of those subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to December subscribers only, and thirty days later the January people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. Remember, unless you accept one of our December propositions by January 1st you will never have the opportunity again, because, beginning with that date, we shall deal with January subscribers only. In the meantime, if you do not renew, your name would be dropped from our list, and your address would be lost to us. We hope to have a renewal of all our December names and a large number of new ones as well.

CHINA'S WORRIES.

At this distance from Peking it is somewhat difficult to understand the disturbance brought about by the death of their royal highnesses, the emperor and his picturesque guide, the empress dowager. Their power was more seeming than actual, a shell of authority maintained out of convenience. They were the Merovingians, of Asia, to whom the real rulers bowed the head, but for whom they did not employ the hand.

A reason for the uneasiness at the capital might be found in the rivalries of the princes, the unending warfare between the reactionaries and the progressives. The empire has obeyed the mandates of the capital only as it lay within the lines of local policies and expedience. The governmental machinery has been too awkward, too outworn, to control so vast a country. Parts of it never came within the purview of Peking, has had for centuries its own autonomous government, acknowledged the emperor only as the people might admit the existence of something as intangible as ghosts. A Chinese scholar recently declared in a western periodical that the salvation of the people lay not in accepting reforms, building up a great army and a formidable navy, but in welcoming partition. To bring Llasha into sympathy with Shanghai, Mukden with Canton, was to attempt the impossible, to mix vinegar with milk.

The runs on the banks, the closing of places of business and the cancelling of contracts must be explained, not over the vanishing of the nominal holders of the reins, but through dread of revolution, the beginning of that division, beneficial in time, perhaps, but painful in the operation.

IN LITTLE MIQUELON.

The Stars and Stripes are world wide symbols of liberty. Wherever they fly, in northern seas or over some shellstone consulate half buried amid the foliage of palms, they carry a note of interest which every stranger, every exile, may read.

When the Miquelon islanders, protesting against the tearing apart of school and church, marched with the American flag it mattered not to their minds that the public educational institutions of this country have no relations with the formal establishments of religion. Perhaps they did not know that such was actually the case. But they were aware if it were the people's wish that church should rule the school it would be so arranged in this country. They knew that the people rule here, and not a group eager for socialistic experiment. The flag was the emblem of actual liberty, not merely of theoretical freedom. Not all the patriotism which the people of St. Pierre owed to their mother country, not all the racial instincts bred in them through the centuries, could cause them to look to Paris for relief, rather than to the Stars and Stripes, the one unchanging, the one unfaltering, standard of liberty.

Cuba seems to have the right idea of how to run a government. She wants to borrow $20,000,000 to begin with.

Nat Goodwin says he never told a wife a lie in his life. And with four of them his opportunities must have been great.

Dr. Bertillon says love is a disease. But what's the difference, so long as it adds to the batting average of the joy of living?

FEATS OF THE FUTURE.

The daring of the engineers, the development by them of a great and noble profession, the constant acquirement of learning and new methods of work, as tremendous in the matter of handling the human labor as in scientific attainment, must cause us all to wish at times to take a peep into that future a generation or two after we shall have departed.

For the engineer has been piling wonder on wonder, success on success, until he seems as one ready to tackle the leveling of the Rockies or the draining of the Great Lakes if the tasks were given him. But some of the things he will do before the century shall have closed we can imagine without dropping into fancifulness.

One of his most important labors, only started now, will be the harnessing of the water power. Thousands of streams, at present sending their waters to the sea without producing a single horse power for the use of man, will be generating electricity. Moreover, great rivers, like the Mississippi and the Missouri, may be expected to contribute their share to the manufacture of energy.

The floods of the rivers will be placed under control. Reservoirs, like that of the Assam dam in Egypt, will probably be placed in the streams which annually cause tremendous damage to farm land and homes in the low grounds. The water thus stored can be used to create power, to irrigate and to keep the level of the streams up to the needs of navigation in the dry seasons.

There will doubtless be great ship waterways. Many of them have already been projected, but others will be thought of in districts not yet greatly settled, or become industrial centers.

Tunnels of greater length and more ingeniously built will pierce mountains and shorten lines of transportation. Bridges will be run across broad estuaries, bolder in line and beauty than those now constructed.

Swamp lands will be drained and deserts turned into gardens by canals transporting water from distant sources.

Harbors will be deepened and the wooden docks and wharves replaced with masonry. It is conceivable that deep channel ways will be dug through shallow sections of such lakes as Erie and a broader, deeper way opened between the lakes and the sea.

The mind is very likely to run away with itself at thought of the feats made possible by what is known of engineering science now. New conditions, new forces, new needs will bring forth an entire alteration of problems. It would seem that the ambitious engineer, more than anyone else, would like to live forever.

DAYS WITH THE TARIFF.

The revision of the tariff is under way. The press is daily giving more and more hints as to the direction which the alterations are expected to take; manufacturers are getting ready to present their wishes; merchants are figuring on what might stimulate or depress their business; consumers, not untroubled as to income and term of livelihood, are offering their views. By the time the new congress shall have started on the labors of revision the discussion will have warmed itself up to the point where, in places, it is likely to be inflammatory.

The "standpatters" are thoroughly convinced by now that the country is not the least in sympathy with them. It is ridiculous to argue that the Dingley schedules were heaven inspired and should not be tampered with. Conditions have changed since they were written. The infant industries have become full grown, many of them able to fight for themselves against the competition of all the world. Others, not so strong, not so old, must still be given the aiding hand. Where sweeping reductions are to be made they will be the least felt and business the least disturbed. Where duties are to be increased much consideration will be given to the justice of increases. The rights of wage earners, as well as those of consumers and manufacturers, are to be presented.

It is idle, too, for the extremists to hope for slashings which will amount to virtual experiment in free trade. After all, there are few free traders of the pure type left. The south, which long ago argued for complete elimination of the tariff, had its representatives before the ways and means committee at the time of the Dingley legislation, asking for protection. There will be more at this next session and there will be more fervent demands from them for the retention of high duties. The free traders we still have with us are those who want tariff only on such articles as they themselves deal in, or on such materials as they manufacture. They are strongly for free trade in everything else.

Throughout the labor of revision the idea of protection will be paramount. The party in power is pledged to this course. The country would permit of no other being taken.

FRANCE AND FORESTS.

The maintenance of forests as a means of protecting agricultural lands and to prevent floods is not a theory, as it has been pronounced on the floor of the House of Representatives. Neither is the knowledge new that floods follow the stripping of hillsides. It was known in France centuries ago.

According to the Scientific American there were regulations against clearing mountain sides as far back as the Sixteenth century. The laws were enforced by fines, confiscation and corporal punishment. When the Revolution came the statutes were ignored. The mountains were stripped of their forests. Within ten years the people began to see the result of their folly. Brooks became torrents. Fields were covered with stones and unproducing silt. In time agricultural land to the enormous extent of 800,000 acres was utterly ruined. The inhabitants were forced to emigrate, or live upon the most meagre returns for their excessive labor. In 1806 the government sought to reforest the mountain lands. It failed in its purpose because the burden was placed upon the impoverished departments. Sodding failed to stay the floods. In 1882 the problem was attacked more seriously. The government has spent $50,000,000 and has acquired the control of 500,000 acres. In addition the landowners, thus encouraged, have planted trees on 2,000,000 more acres. Revenue is beginning to be derived from the new forests and, in the course of a few years, the government expects, by the sale of timber and by disposing of its land at a large advance over the purchase price, to be reimbursed.

Better than the pleasant prospect is the conquering of the floods. There are 1,462 brooks and mountain streams in the Alps, the Cevennes and the Pyrenees which are dangerous. Since the replanting of trees 163 of the torrents have been brought under control and 654 others are beginning to show a lessening of power in freshet seasons.

France thus furnishes us a warning and a lesson. By accepting the first we may avoid having to pay an enormous price for a mistake we are in the course of making.

PANAMA AND PESSIMISTS.

Do you recall the days when the Panama canal was a physical impossibility? They really aren't so far away. Everything was in the way, from ocean currents to earthquakes, from the shoveling capacity of Jamaicaian negroes to the effect of the climate upon white northerners. The croakers disappeared for a time, but they are back again. Until an enterprise is actually in running order it is unnatural to expect the pessimists to die.

The new obstacle to the canal is not that it can't be built. It is admitted now that it can be and will be. The present trouble concerns itself with the years following the completion of the waterway. It will be found then that it can't be made to pay. So say the hopeless ones.

Whether the canal will pay must be considered not entirely as regards dollars and cents. The saving of distance to the world's commerce, the ease with which American warships can be transferred from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific and back again, the shunting of a large amount of the traffic which has been going through the Suez short-cut, the position America will command among the powers, surely these are things that will pay. The single item that the canal is expected to encourage the building of American merchant vessels is a tremendous one and one which will pay.

As for the income from the canal there is no reason to believe that it will not be large. The Suez canal draws an immense profit and the dividends are large. It may be said to have paid from the start. With the completion of the Darien channel the route around the Horn will cease to be used by almost all the lines now sending their vessels that way. It is a dangerous way, a tedious one and, even for sailing vessels with slow cargoes, probably more costly than would be the towing charges and the tolls through the Panama. As the way will be shorter for European warships bound for their eastern stations the canal will be constantly in use by them. It is hard to see, at this distance, why the Panama water course should not pay and should not, in the course of time, give a full return of the investment.

After the canal is found to be all that was prophesied for it, what will the throwers of wet blankets say then? They will probably have to join hands with the forecasters of war with Japan.

THE CHESTNUT BLIGHT.

The chestnut trees of America are doomed. A fungus, come from no one knows where, is engaged in sapping the life sap of our trees and unless some agent for combatting it is found shortly the famous "spreading chestnut tree" will be one with the passenger pigeon and the buffalo.

The fungus appeared in New York for the first time about three years ago. It was of a species unknown to the botanists. They had never beheld it before and no authority they have consulted has been able to enlighten them. The parasite is of such a primitive type, spreading and multiplying from single cells and from spores, that cutting it only multiplies it. It has no enemy so far as the students can discover. It sucks dry all the juices of the tree that it can reach and as each tree cell dies it plows its way through the dead tissues to the live beyond. The cambiun, or the inner bark of the chestnut, is its particular choice. This is the conveyor of the sap and throughout its veins and cells the fungus spreads its growth until the tree is killed by the simple suppression of its circulation.

The chestnuts have been considered among the hardiest of American forest growths. They are vigorous and have been quick at throwing off all other diseases until the mysterious fungus blew in on the winds from some outland country. They are not only among the most common of our trees, but also among the most useful. They vie with the cedar in the demand for telegraph and telephone poles. It is sought for purposes of working up into tables, chairs and paneling. In fact, a large percentage of the furniture which appears on the market as oak is in reality chestnut, the grains of the two woods resembling each other closely.

The fungus has confined its devastation so far mostly to the east, but there is no way of keeping it within that section. The damage wrought in New York state is estimated at about $5,000,000 in three years.

THE MODEL LOVER.

Prince Luigi Amadeo Giuseppi Maria Ferdinando Francesco, of Savoy-Aosta, duke of the Abruzzi, is an example for all lovers. He has stepped out of the pages of a mediaeval romance into our prosaic age of factory smoke and rumbling transportation. Abelard was no more devoted to his Heloise. What are the mandates of a great and noble house to this prince? Only obstacles to defy. What does he care for the cold announcements of a potential father-in-law? He has known a lower temperature as an arctic explorer. And while all the world joins him in the pursuit of the flower with which he would crown his palace, while the press, the prayers of fellow lovers, the marriage marts, offer their aid to his cause, he treads the way to the goal steadily, smiling serenely, unembarrassed, undisturbed of mind. He will not drop by the wayside to question his heart, whether publicity cloys, families harass, or prying postmasters discover his ruby tokens of regard.

We very much suspect that Luigi Amadeo Giuseppi Maria Ferdinando Francesco will shortly appear at the altar, in spite of anything Father Elkins says to the contrary.

A YEAR FOR THE SOUTH.

The northern farmer, more than ever before, has a rival in his fellow tiller of the south. The cotton and the corn grown below the Ohio this year have drawn more wealth from the soil than the whole of the country produced in any one season before the election of Garfield. The cotton ginned so far is two million bales in excess of last year, being an increase of one-third. It is a showing better by 1,200,000 than two years ago, which was considered a great crop. While the price is not up to the prices of the season of the last five years, it is better than in the years from 1891 to 1900, in 1901 and 1902.

The south is fast coming into its own. The backwardness so depressing to the traveler for so many years is vanishing. Factory and furnace and mill are multiplying throughout the section. Millions of dollars of outside capital is pouring southward. Ever since the Civil war the direction of enterprise has been to the west. Within a short period it will be following the line of the compass, north and south.

COMPENSATION.

Hunting is a great sport. It is probably the oldest in the history of humanity. It has a hygienic merit much commended by medical men which bears no relation whatever to the size of the bags obtained, either in the woods or at the butcher's on the way home. It is suspected that many huntsmen go in for shooting because it permits them to wear a yellow uniform and slosh around in ten-pound boots. The rewards of hunting are, as a rule, quite disproportionate to the energy expended and the outlay on arms and ammunition.

But two lumbermen working near Oil City, Pa., may be depended to say a good word always for hunting and its compensations. They chased a rabbit into a hole the other day. They failed to get the game, but they yanked out a rusty iron kettle which contained $3,600 in gold and $22 in silver.

The most discouraged nimrod in the world would admit that this was fair recompense for the loss of one cottontail.

AN IMPERISHABLE CANDIDATE.

If Mr. Bryan counted upon a temporary deafness resulting from the cheering in response to his latest announcement, he is most fortunately disappointed. He will receive no annoying bill from the aurist. In fact, if there were any cheers, it would not have strained the weakest and cheapest of phonographs to record them all.

The late defeated candidate's declaration that he remained now as he ever had, prepared to leap from his blankets at the first note of the reveille of duty, appears to have been received for what it was worth and no more. There is no present inclination on the part of the Democrats to accept the generous proffer. For the most part they are silent, not to say glum. It is apparent that the idea of a candidate in perpetuity has not the appeal to their sense of loyalty that it had a few weeks ago. An eternal, an unfading and evergreen officeseeker must possess at least a small element of the power to succeed before he can feel assured of immortal love. Between 1896 and the crack of doom, the scientists inform us, will come many years and the Democratic party is only human in entertaining a wish to behold a man of their own in the tenancy of the White House some time within that period.

The New York Sun, which ironically supported Taft while venomously attacking Roosevelt, because, it said, the alternative was Bryan, asks:

> Is it a case of monomania, which has been defined as an "unreasonable zeal for or interest in some one thing, or craze?"

The Cleveland Plain Dealer, the oldcial hat holder for Mr. Bryan in northern Ohio, says:

> If he cares to nurse further hopes of going to the White House it is his privelege, but the party should squarely face the truth that the Nebraska man has been completely and permanently eliminated from further consideration as a national leader. To take any other view of the matter is to reflect on the capacity of a party which, after many defeats, still has enough possibility of good in it to make its perpetuation a matter to be desired.

To everyone, except to Mr. Bryan himself maybe, it ought to be evident that he is persona non grata with his lamenting followers as well as with the majority of the voters of the United States.

HIGGINS' REFORMATION.

It came about in an extraordinary way, the reformation of Hiram Higgins, of Missouri. The story is a simple leaf from the diary of a man who had lived ninety-seven years. One day recently Hiram saddled his horse, lit his pipe and rode to town, a distance of fifteen miles. Returning, he peeled a peck of potatoes for the noonday meal and then went out and plowed an acre of ground. This accomplished, he applied himself to the somewhat strenuous task of breaking a yearling colt. The colt threw Hiram over a high fence. After this the veteran concluded that what he needed was a bit of rest and calm repose. Members of his family, however, were of the opinion that he needed the services of a physician and the family doctor was sent for.

Here we come to the change of a life-habit of Hiram Higgins. The wise physician examined the tongue of the man of 97 who had been carelessly thrown over a five-rail fence, thought deeply for a few moments and arrived at the conclusion that his patient was suffering from the excessive use of tobacco.

And thus Hiram Higgins, at the age of 97, with his mind dwelling on the ruthless gyrations of the yearling colt, and impressed by the wisdom of the man of medicine, was ripe for reform, and he quit the use of tobacco.

By amending her divorce laws South Dakota will lose considerable trade. It was a great convenience for women to run over to Sioux Falls, do their shopping and incidentally get a divorce.

Satisfied

My days have all been sunny,
  My nights are full of dreams;
My gardens sweet with honey;
  My groves with singing streams;
My house, from floor to rafter,
  Delight forever fills;
My life is joy and—after—
  It shall be if God wills.

My friends have all been true ones—
  And many have I had;
My thoughts—both old and new ones—
  Have evermore been glad;
My heart is light with laughter
  And song that never stills;
My life is joy and—after—
  It shall be if God wills.

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in New York Sun.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

George Ade says that when a certain college president in Indiana, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year, he observed that it was "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that the year had opened with the largest freshmen class in its history."

Then, without any pause, the good man turned to the lesson for the day, the third Psalm, and began to read in a voice of thunder:

"'Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!'"

She was young and beautiful and unused to the ways of the world, says Lippincott's. She had left Pittsburg on an early morning train to visit a school friend in New York. It had been a tiresome journey, and just before reaching Harrisburg she had fallen asleep.

Waking up, she turned around to an old gentleman in the seat behind her, and said, "Will you please tell me if we are on this side of Harrisburg or on the other side?"

"We are on this side," he said. She seemed satisfied at this answer, although what she meant by her question and he by his answer is perhaps still a conjecture.

A certain prominent lawyer of Toronto is in the habit of lecturing his office staff, from the junior partner down, and Tommy, the office boy, comes in for his full share of the admonition. That his words were appreciated was made evident to the lawyer by a conversation between Tommy and another office boy on the same floor which he recently overheard:

"Wotcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"Ten thousand a year," replied Tommy.

"'Aw, g'wan!"

"Sure," insisted Tommy, unabashed. "Four dollars a week in cash, an' de rest in legal advice."

Mrs. Henry Farman, the wife of the noted aeronaut, said in an interview in New York:

"What I particularly like about you Americans is your naivete. This naivete often makes selfish traits seem quite charming. For instance:

"I lunched the other day with a Brooklyn woman. After luncheon, as we took our coffee in the drawing room, my hostess' son, a little lad in white, came in.

"He talked to me politely for a while, then he crossed the room to his mother.

"'Ma,' he said in his little hard, nasal voice, 'did you buy Harold a birthday present when you were out this morning?'

"'Yes, dear,' said his mother.

"'And, ma,' he went on, 'what did you buy to pacify me 'cause it ain't my birthday?'"

Richard Harding Davis, one of Westchester county's new deputy sheriffs, came into White Plains with his kennel master the other day. While awaiting his kennel master outside a dog biscuit shop, Mr. Harding Davis discussed sport.

"Sport is as good here as it is abroad," he said, "but abroad they are more punctilous. Your Englishman must always be correct. He has a wardrobe of smooth, sleek, dark clothes for town; a wardrobe of knickers and thick woolens for the seashore, and so on, with other wardrobes for deer stalking, for fox hunting, for driving, even for smoking and drinking.

"I remember once, in my early youth, I was shooting over a Duke's covers. A very grave and elegant young Marquis was stationed near me. Suddenly the Duke shouted to the Marquis:

"'There goes a hare! Let him have it!' But the Marquis shook his head.

"'I can't, Duke,' he said. 'I'm in my pheasant costume.'"

Among the many good stories of humorous happenings in court told by Attorney Watson, of Pittsburg, is the following:

"A prominent attorney of Kansas City who was retained as counsel for the defense in a criminal case succeeded in getting his client out of a pretty bad situation by means of an alibi, which the attorney presented to the court in so novel a way that it was little short of masterful.

"At the end of the trial the attorney was overwhelmed by congratulations from his colleagues of the legal fraternity, who spoke in the highest terms of admiration of his able work. To these felicitations there were added those of the learned judge himself, who observed:

"'A fine alibi that, and mighty well put!'

"'Well,' modestly responded the lawyer, 'I myself think it was rather neat. Of those that were offered me it was by far the best.'"

The minister of a large parish in a certain western diocese, says the Bellman, had for some time been much troubled by the scandalous gossip that seemed to be occupying the minds of a portion of his flock, and, after exercising a great amount of tact and perseverance, at last succeeded in running to earth the originator of most of the settlement's society slander. The guilty one was a regular attendant at the schoolhouse services and the minister knew that should he take him to task personally and individually he would inevitably lose a sheep—albeit a black one; so he decided to sermonize him. Accordingly, a special discourse was prepared and, the following Sunday afternoon, literally hurled at the offending member as he sat on a desk in a corner of the schoolroom. Everybody present appeared to appreciate the situation, and, at the close of the service, departed quietly and somewhat thoughtfully for home. All except the black sheep, who lingered to assist "parson" to hitch up his team, and to remark: "That wer' a fine sermon, sir. I'll bet that hit some on 'em pretty hard!"

Mr. Jones went to dine one evening with a friend. He imbibed quite freely, and the result was that he got "pretty mellow."

As he started home he realized his condition, and pondered how to conceal it from his wife.

"I'll go home and read," he said to himself. "Whoever heard of a drunken man reading?"

He reached home and went to the library, and commenced to read. Mrs. Jones later appeared on the scene.

"What on earth are you doing?" she asked.

"Reading, my dear; I'm reading," he replied.

"Reading?" said his wife scornfully. 'What are you reading?"

"That book's been in the house for the last twenty years, so if you don't like it I'm not going to tell you," he replied.

"You old idiot; shut up that valise, and come to bed," she answered scornfully.

Justice Harlan told a story to Judge Taft of how he went out to play golf in a fog, says the National American. He thought he would drive the ball and sent it off at a "hazard." He came to the caddie and asked him to find the ball, looking within a radius of three hundred yards. The caddie's eyes stuck out.

"I done found dat ball, Judge. It am in de hole sure 'nough. It jest wiggled in like."

It was certainly remarkable that a drive through the fog should place a ball where the most earnest effort of two to twenty strokes may fall in broad daylight.

Judge Taft responded with a fishing story, also about a fog. He went one day in a wagon to fish and the fog came down thick. He drew up where he thought the stream ought to be, cast his line, felt a pull and hauled in a fine trout—another bite and another, until the wagon was filled. The fog lifted and the wagon was three hundred yards from the river. There was a silence which might be felt when Judge Taft concluded, and Justice Harlan told no more fog stories.

Varieties

Korea's average annual rice crop is placed at 2,560,000,000 pounds.

The present year promises to add a population of 149,000 to New York City.

The wages of women in Asiatic Turkey vary from 10 to 15 cents a day of ten hours.

The Danube river was frozen to the bottom in 1236, and remained so frozen for a long time.

A cable is to be laid between Germany and Brazil, with a branch to the German West African colony.

An average of 500 employes of the street car companies of New York City are injured by accidents each month.

Walter Wellman says the election of Secretary Root as senator from New York is now assured, having the support of Roosevelt and Taft.

Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, has practically built one hospital by the sale of her stories, and has largely benefited several others.

The remarkable development of plant life in the Arctic regions, where the sun is weak, is thought to be due to atmospheric electricity.

Recent geologists have confirmed the statement of Louis Agassiz that the whole of New England was once covered with an ice cap a mile thick.

Dr. William T. Bull, famous surgeon, such unto death with cancer, in New York, sits up in bed and talks of a trip abroad after Mme. Calve sings to him.

By a European process flour is compressed into blocks for preservation. The treatment kills all form of larval life and prevents ravages of insects.

There were 24,300 more pupils in the public schools of New York City last week than there were during the corresponding week of a year ago.

By a new adaptation of the vacuum cleaning machine a horse can be cleaned in less than one-fourth the time that the ordinary currycomb and brush take.

A movement is on foot to introduce trackless trolley lines in Ireland. The first probably will be from Donnybrook, near Dublin, to Bray, a seaside resort.

By wireless telephony two French naval officers have succeeded in having conversation, songs and even whistling heard perfectly at a distance of ninety miles.

A recent English invention is a portable circular saw resembling the street outfit of the scissors grinder, which may be moved up to stationary timber to cut it.

Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, announces that his entire fortune has been swept away, but declares he will move into a small house and run for mayor again next spring.

According to the records of the internal revenue department, last month, New York city drank fermented liquors enough to give each inhabitant nearly three quarts.

An improved aiming device for heavy guns makes it possible to keep the weapon trained on a moving target continuously, without regard to the rolling of the vessel.

American Federation of Labor at Denver indorses President Gompers' address that the unions should not defy the court in injunction cases, but applauds move for individuals to go to jail.

Mrs. Howard Gould is awarded alimony to the amount of $25,000 annually by Judge Bischoff, who in refusing her request for $120,000 admits that she is able to spend the larger amount.

Majority of the stockholders in the United States Express company petition Governor Hughes for a law giving them a voice in the control of the corporation, which now is in the hands of seven men.

Careful estimates show that the average business man walks a mile in eighteen and one-half minutes, while the ordinary loiterer, who has no business on his mind, requires twenty-nine minutes to walk it.

There are about 6,000 New York persons who have not been in the city, on an average, two months in a year in the decade. Europe, the south, seashore and mountains have them for the other ten months.

An automobile that swallows its own dust is described in Popular Mechanics. Pipes suck up the dust from the rear wheels and draw it into a box from which it is again deposited on the road in granulated form.

A well-equipped testing plant has been established at Boulder, Colo., under the auspices of the state university, to investigate the matter of utilizing the great amount of fire-killed timber which is to be found in that state.

A new method of protecting safes, says Popular Mechanics, is to arm them with a grenade which explodes when the safe is blown open and fills the air with deadly fumes, so that burglars cannot proceed with their work.

Results obtained in tests of the Maxim silent firearms before the United States army board are reported to have been encouraging, the explosion being only faintly audible. The muffling is obtained at some expense of velocity.

Women of China are said to be keenly anxious to have a voice in public affairs, and a movement is afoot among the daughters of the Orient to establish themselves on a level with men as far as social and political affairs are concerned.

That rainy winds have a marked effect in consumption has been proved by twenty years of observation in Dartmoor and North Devon, England. The death rate from the disease is much less in the sheltered places than in exposed localities.

Nevada passed a law several years ago allowing hunters to shoot wild horses and to sell their hides. This opened the way to a new and profitable industry, and within a few years 15,000 wild horses were killed. But the hunters got to shooting horses that were branded and shod, and upon the plea of the ranchmen the legislature repealed the law.

Following in some ways the general lines of the car dumpers in use on the Great Lakes, an apparatus is to be built in Philadelphia for the Lehigh Navigation company which will take hold of a canal boat, elevate it 60 feet in the air, and empty its contents either on the wharf for conveyance to a storage pile, or into the hold of another vessel.

A system of automatic signaling, worked entirely by electricity, is being installed on the Metropolitan railway in London. The system is said to be less cumbersome than the electro-pneumatic one in use on the "Tubes." The new system provides for the brakes of the train being at once automatically applied if a driver should pass a signal set at danger.

On account of the growing scarcity of wood the National Conservation commission has undertaken to investigate the possibilities of sawdust. Inquiries bearing upon the subject have been sent to five hundred manufacturers of explosives, pulp wood and like products. Closely related to this particular investigation are other inquiries dealing with the utilization of waste lumber from sawmills and waste materials from mills devoted to cooperage, furniture, box, veneer and other industries.

Italy has a remarkable superstition. It is believed that dire misfortune will befall the present monarch if the chamber of the dead king be interfered with till at least two generations have passed. Therefore, the room of the late King Humbert at the Quirinal is shut, no one except the members of the royal family being permitted to enter it. Thus it will remain, silent and unused, like the apartment of King Victor Emmanuel, King Humbert's father, which is just as it was at the time of his death, about 30 years ago.

This century is witnessing a revival of neglected languages. A writer says: "There are no fewer than nine almost forgotten tongues which since the beginning of the nineteenth century have retaken their places, politically and in literature, among the languages of modern Europe. The nine are Greek, Roumanian, Bulgarian, Servian, Magyar, Czech, Finnish, Norsk and Flemish. The list does not include Gaelic, which is now experiencing resuscitation in some parts of Ireland at the hands of the Gaelic league, nor Polish, which achieved a political and literary revival in Galicia. The nine languages first named are now used by 50,000,000 of people—a fact which does not suggest much likelihood of the approach of a universal language.

An American teacher, Miss Helen Hyde, is now living in Japan and using the life there as material for her prints. Miss Hyde has her house and studio at Akasaka, where she lives in Japanese style, but still retains "all the comforts of home." Into the little Japanese house, with its bamboo frame, and walls of sliding screens, Miss Hyde has introduced the American push-button bell, American chairs (the Japanese prefer to sit upon floor mats) and even the unheard of luxury of an open grate fire. By designing most of her furniture herself, along Japanese lines, and having it made by Japanese workingmen out of their native material, Miss Hyde has made a house and studio equally compatible with American ideas of comfortable living and the Japanese standard of art.

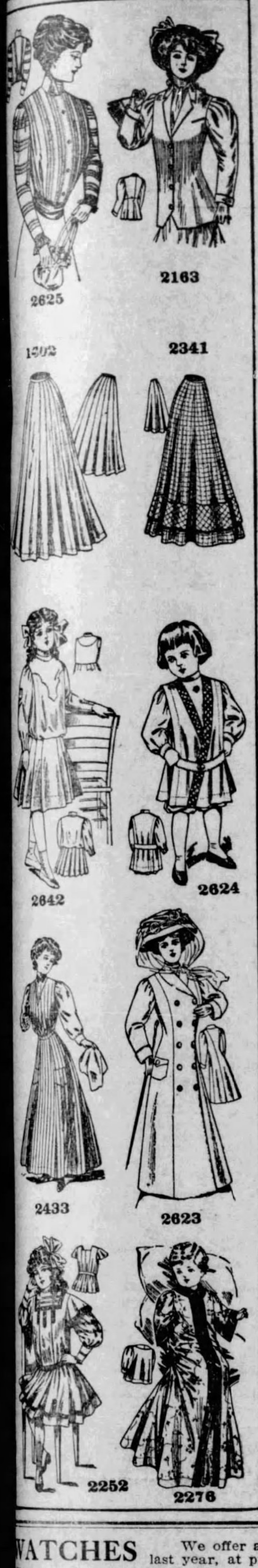
TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.



2625. Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. Developed in French gray nun's veiling. This is one of the most dainty and attractive little waists for every day wear. 6 sizes, 32 to 42.

2163. Misses' Semi-Fitted Coat in three-quarter length. Serge, cheviot, broadcloth or tweed develop well in this style. 3 sizes, 13 to 17 years.

1602. Misses' Nine-Gored Flare Skirt. An excellent model which will develop in almost any material that suits the wearer's fancy. 8 sizes, 22 to 36.

2642. Girls' Dress, consisting of a blouse slipped over the head and a one-piece plaited skirt joined to an underwaist having a shield facing. This attractive and unique little frock is developed in navy blue serge, and is a slight change from the sailor suits. 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years.

2624. Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse in "Gibson" style, with a removable shield and sleeves plaited at bottom, or finished with wristbands and knickerbockers. A slight variation of the usual style of Russian blouse is here shown. Developed in dark blue serge, and trimmed with bright Scotch plaid. 6 sizes, 2 to 7 years.

2433. Ladies' Work Apron. Figured percale or any of the checked or striped ginghams are adaptable to this model. 4 sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44.

2623. Ladies' Semi-Fitting Coat, in 52 inches length. This is an excellent model for cheviot, tweed or rough serge. 7 sizes, 32 to 44.

2252. Girls' One-Piece Dress with Guimpe. Mohair, serge or cashmere in any pretty shade develops well in this pretty little model. 4 sizes, 6 to 12 years.

2276. Infants' Kimono Wrapper and Sack, with Bell or Bishop sleeves. This is a neat little model for eiderdown flannel. One size.

2333. Ladies' Dressing Sack. This is a pretty model for flannel or silk and would be very pretty and attractive trimmed with insertions of fine lace and edging and ribbon bows. 4 sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44.

2236. Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist, with yoke. Developed in pale blue albatross, with yoke and collar of all-over cream colored lace. This is a pretty model for afternoon wear. 3 sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2655. Ladies' Kimono Wrapper and Sack. A pale shade of lilac eiderdown flannel has been used in the development of this simple little wrapper which may be made in either short or full length. 4 sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44.

2622. Girls' Dress, closing at back. Developed in steel gray serge. This is a very stylish and serviceable little school frock. 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years.

2631. Ladies' Slip, with peplum, front or back closing and dart-fitted or Leg o' Mutton sleeves. Developed in any pretty pastel shade, and worn under lace or waists of sheer materials. 8 sizes, 32 to 46.

1904. Ladies Tucked Shirt Waist. This is an excellent model for any of the season's shirtings. 6 sizes, 32 to 42.

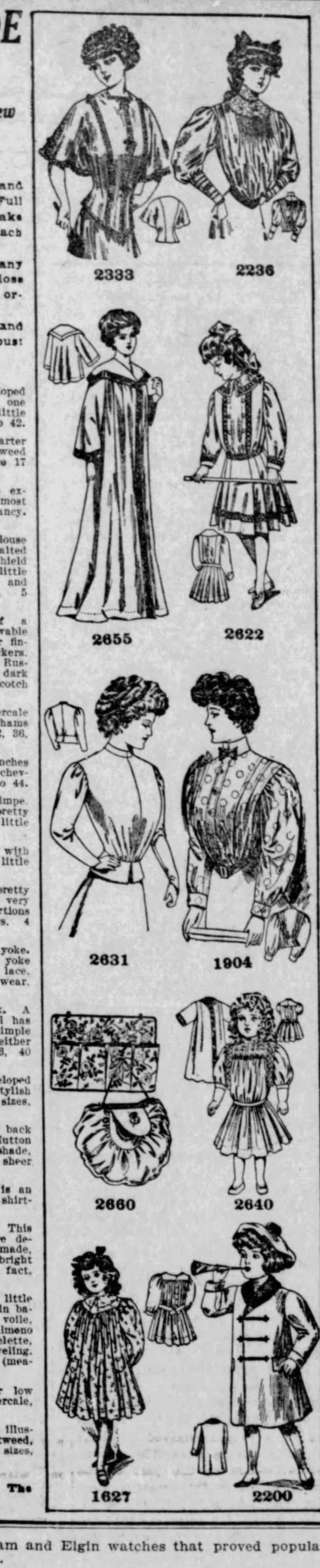
2660. Slipper Case and Sewing Bag. This pretty slipper case and sewing bag are delightful holiday gifts which are easily made, and develop in any stray pieces of bright colored silk, linen, satin, denim, or, in fact, any material of that kind. One size.

2640. Dolls' Dress and Kimono. The little dress here illustrated may be developed in batiste, Persian or Victoria lawn, challies, voile, Henrietta or cashmere. While the Kimono is pretty developed in flannel or flannelette, cashmere, Landsdowne, silk or bath toweling. 6 sizes for dolls 14 to 24 inches high (measuring from crown to sole).

1627. Girls' Yoke Apron, with high or low neck. This is an excellent model for percale, linen or lawn. 6 sizes, 2 to 12 years.

2200. Boys' Overcoat. The model here illustrated was developed in navy blue tweed, the collar being of black Astrakhan. 5 sizes, 3 to 11 years.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.



ATCHES

We offer again this season the line of Waltham and Elgin watches that proved popular last year, at prices lower than elsewhere retailed.

he cases used in our watches are the very t grades of 25-year and 20-year gold filled es on the market. We make no extra charge hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade. e guarantee everything we offer you to be T EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED. nd you will find our prices lower than you purchase the same quality for elsewhere. he Waltham and Elgin watches are all stem d and stem set. LL WATCHES ARE SENT BY REGIS-RED MAIL. his offer is intended only for Blade sub-bers. We desire to give our subscribers the ntages of the best quality of everything e very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

—Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; posed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breg-t hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk cond dial; nickel idex; dust ring; damask-ened plates.

—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pal-ts; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; ished oval steel regulator; sunk second al; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened lates.

MEN'S WATCHES.	
No. 101—18 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works	$11.50
No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$15.00
No. 103—16 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works	$12.25
No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$15.50
No. 105—18 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works	$12.50
No 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$17.00
No 107—16 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works	$14.50
No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$12.75
No. 111—16 size, 20-year open face, 7-jeweled works	$10.00
No. 113—18 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works	$10.50
No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$15.00
No. 115—16 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works	$12.50

NICKEL SILVER CASES.	
No. 116—18 size, 7-jeweled works	$5.30
No. 118—18 size, 15-jeweled works	$6.60
No. 119—16 size, 15-jeweled works	$8.75
LADIES' 6 SIZE.	
No. 121—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$13.50
No. 123—20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$12.25
LADIES' 0 SIZE.	
No. 124—25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$14.00
No. 125—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$17.50
No. 126—20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$13.00

Remit by P. O. money order, express money order, registered letter, or New York draft.

Address all orders to

THE BLADE Toledo, O.

ARNEGIE SAYS WEALTH NO GROUND FOR HUMORING MAN

ew York, Nov. 19.—"Wealth is, in it- no ground for humoring a man. is of value to the community only it is put to service, and it is only a man puts to service that which he s either of wealth or of ability in e other line, that he has a right to im the friendliness and good will of e community."

These sentiments, expressed by An- w Carnegie, sounded the keynote of annual meeting of the trustees of e Carnegie Foundation, held yesterday the headquarters of the foundation. Mr. Carnegie again made clear his rpose to have the revenue from the $15,000,000 fund donated by him to the foundation regarded as the rightful heritage of retiring college presidents and teachers, and in no sense a charity.

President Eliot, of Harvard, presided at the meeting as chairman of the board of trustees, and allusion was feelingly made to his approaching retirement. Dr. Eliot will himself receive the annuity prescribed for all retiring college officials of the highest paid class. This amount, $4,000, is the largest annual payment allowed in accordance with the foundation rules and is much less proportionately than the 60 or 70 per cent allowed to educators who have drawn smaller salaries.

AN WHO WHETTED KNIVES OF MONEY KINGS RETIRES

ew York, Nov. 20.—Frank Patak, ife and razor sharpener to the Wall eet aristocracy," as he describes him- f, is retiring from business. Frank is own to almost every banker and to the ployes of every banking and commer- al house downtown. For thirty-two ars he has honed the razors and put a edge on the knives of men who have de history. Gen. Grant, Jay Gould, ssell Sage, Dumont Clarke, Grant B. hley, the late August Belmont, James Fish, president of the old and defunct rine bank, and during the early eighties was regularly called in to "fix up" the ife of Ferdinand Ward, the Napoleon finance who was a memberf of the firm Grant & Ward, which failed so dis- rously in the panic of May, 1884. Gen. ant was a special partner in that firm, d the old warrior was ruined when it pended.

rank is a Hungarian by birth, and en he came to this city in 1875 he soon led to the "Street." It was then that y Gould, "Uncle Russell" Sage, James Keene, and one or two others were at height of their Wall Street careers. The little Hungarian was not long in gaining their good will. He honed the knives of the cashiers and clerks in order to get at the principals. He cajoled the janitors, and gave cigars to the bouncers. He got the ear of an employer and he could sometimes dare a special officer. His reminiscences are as varied as they are interesting. Here are some of them:

"Tell you, Meester," said he, 'things are not what they used to be. Men have changed and ways, too. I think the old school was the best. These days they want everything; in the good old days they gave something. One of my first friends in the street was Russell Sage. Mr. Sage was a good man. Gee! but he was mighty careful. I sharpened his knife and charged him 15 cents. Then he said to me one day: 'Frank, if you will do as good work for 10 cents, you can have a steady job at this.' So I charged him 10 cents a month.

"I got to know Gen. Grant pretty well. He saw me sharpening on the stool outside of the building on the corner of Wall street and Broadway. He watched me for a minute and told me to sharpen on an oil stone. One of his clerks told me he was a big man, and said I should ask him for a cigar. He was always smoking, and one day I asked him for the favor. He looked mad, but he reached for a box of big, black cigars and told me to take one. I soon found out that this cigar had a market value and the clerk offered me 25 cents for it. I refused. Afterward I found out what a big man the general was, and I could have sold the cigar for $5, but I didn't; I just smoked it myself, and my, my, it was fine."

WISCONSIN'S VOTE

Madison, Wis., Nov. 23.—The official vote for president in Wisconsin is announced today as follows:

Bryan, 166,707; Chafin, 11,579; Taft, 248,673; Debs, 28,146. Taft's plurality, 81,966.

TO-NIGHT Cascarets

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP All Druggists

BALLOON FIRED UPON

German Air Craft Mark for Russian Bullets.

Breslau, Nov. 23.—A German balloon that passed over Russian territory last Saturday was fired on by Russian frontier guards. Not less than fifteen shots were fired, and this in spite of the fact that the balloon wa sflying the German flag.

The bullets hissed all around the airship and one of them pierced a sack of ballast and was imbeded in the sand. The aeronauts made a hurried descent and succeeded in landing on German territory. They were not hurt.

The ballon belonged to the Silesian Aero club.

The ascent was made from here. After a voyage of several hours the aeronauts approached the frontier in the vicinity of Zerkow and it was here the firing took place.

NEW LIFE

Found in Change to Right Food.

After one suffers from acid dyspepsia, sour stomach, for months and then finds the remedy is in getting the right kind of food, it is something to speak out about.

A N. Y. lady and her young son had such an experience and she wants others to know how to get relief. She writes:

"For about fifteen months my little boy and myself had suffered with sour stomach. We were unable to retain much of anything we ate.

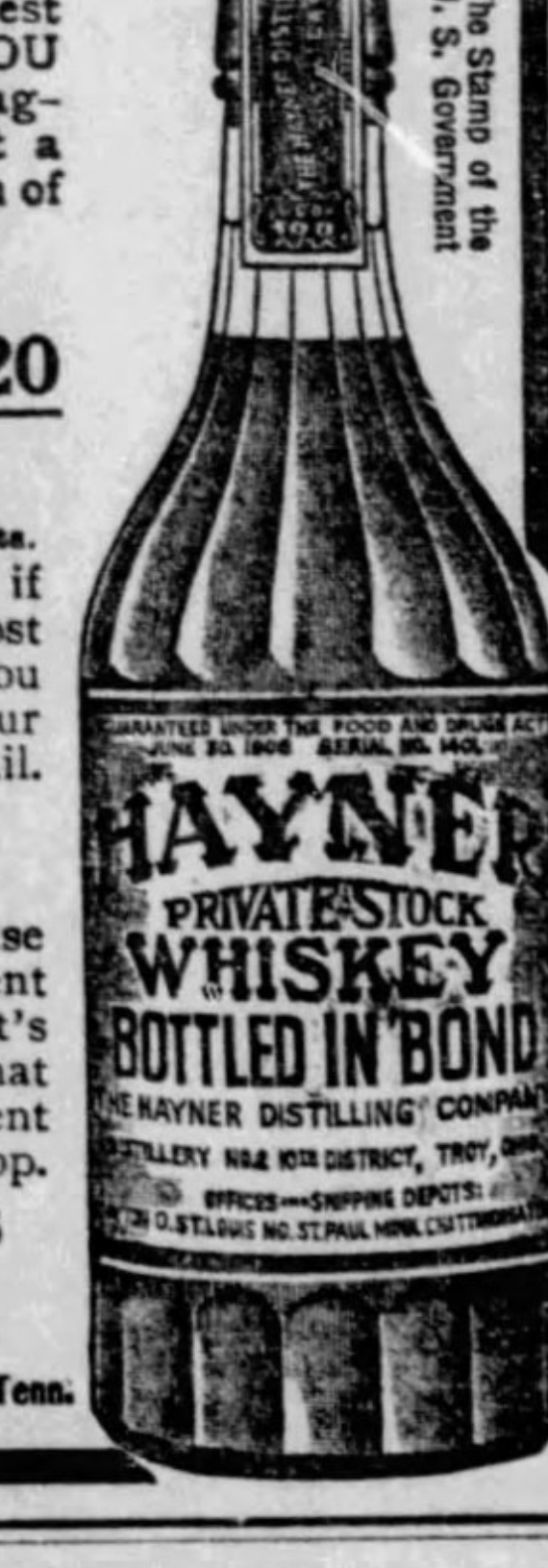
"After suffering in this way for so long I decided to consult a specialist in stomach diseases. Instead of prescribing drugs, he put us both on Grape-Nuts and we began to improve immediately.

"It was the key to a new life. I found we had been eating too much heavy food which we could not digest. In a few weeks after commencing Grape-Nuts, I was able to do my house work. I wake in the morning with a clear head and feel rested and have no sour stomach. My boy sleeps well and wakes with a laugh.

"We have regained our lost weight and continue to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meals. We are well and happy and owe it to Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.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HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK WHISKEY BOTTLED IN BOND
THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY

HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY is A STRAIGHT OLD WHISKEY—rich and pure—guaranteed to please you or your money back

Over 750,000 patrons in the United States attest the merits of Hayner Whiskey. We want YOU to try it, too—that you may KNOW what a magnificent quality we are producing—and what a great saving our "Direct from Distillery" plan of selling means to you

HERE'S OUR OFFER—WE WILL SEND YOU

4 Full Quart Bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—Express Prepaid—for $3.20

Goods shipped in plain sealed case—no marks to indicate contents.

Order it—when it arrives—try it—every bottle if you like. Then, if you don't find it one of the most exquisite whiskies you ever tasted and equal to any you could buy in your city for $5—send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

THINK OF IT—THIS IS AT THE RATE OF ONLY 80 CENTS A QUART FOR THIS HIGHEST GRADE BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY.

—a whiskey that you KNOW is pure and good because it is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision—every bottle sealed with the Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND STAMP, positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged, full 100 per cent proof and full measure, absolutely PURE to the last drop.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

Address your order to our nearest shipping depot.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, DIV. 2739

Dayton, O. St. Louis, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. Chattanooga, Tenn.

195 Established 1866 Capital $500,000.00 paid in full

BRYAN IS WILLING TO RUN AGAIN IF DEMOCRATS ASK

San Antonio, Tex., Nov. 18.—William J. Bryan says he doesn't want to run for office again, but he doesn't say he won't.

In answer to the direct question, "Will you run for the presidency again if conditions arise to warrant it?" Mr. Bryan dictated the following statement:

Will Keep Up Fight.

"My friends do not require me to prejudice the future, and I shall not take the advice of my opponents on this subject. I shall continue to write and speak in defense of things which I believe to be good for the American people. I hope it may never become necessary to run for office again, but I will not attempt to decide that question until the time comes to act. I do not see any necessity to say more on the subject.

"I am not at all discouraged as to the future of the Democratic party. There must be a Democratic party in every country, and I want our party to be Democratic; and I have no doubt that the country will see the necessity for the adoption of the reforms advocated by the Democratic party. It is already a great educational force, and I have no doubt that conditions will so indicate the party as to make the voters turn to it as the best instrument for the accomplishment of the necessary reforms."

Evades Senatorial Query.

"Will you allow yourself to be elected United States senator from Nebraska?" he was asked.

"Nebraska does not elect a senator this year," he said with a smile.

"But it does two years from now," he was reminded.

"You have my statement regarding my future, so far as I care to say," and he refused to discuss the subject further.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan are en route to Mexico.

MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR 2,500 NAVY APPRENTICES

Newport, R. I., Nov. 20.—The officials of the Newport naval training station are making arrangements for the accommodation of 2,500 apprentices during the coming winter, following a statement by Acting Secretary of the Navy Trueman Newberry that the number of recruits to be sent here would reach that number. Should 2,500 boys report here for instruction, the number in attendance at present would be exceeded by more than 1,000, and it is believed that it would be the greatest number to receive training here at one time.

The establishment of a new station in Chicago, expected in the early spring, which will take about 500 apprentices from this station, is one of the reasons for the unusually large number, and it is also expected that the San Francisco station will be augmented by an additional 500 recruits at the expense of the Newport station. This would deplete the 2,500 to 1,500, and the latter number is believed to be too small to fill the places which will be vacant when the world-circling fleet finishes its tour. However, there will be ample time to put almost as many more through the early courses of instruction before their entrance into actual service is necessary.

ANOTHER DRUMMER BOY

Gen. Corbin Introduces Him to Roosevelt.

Washington, Nov. 20.—Lieut.-Gen. Henry C. Corbin, retired, has added another to the legion of "Drummer Boys of Shiloh," and incidentally, taken his first shake at the political plum tree.

"Mr. President," he said at the White House, "this young man here," pointing to a middle-aged gentleman of some 57 summers, "is Gilbert H. Van Zandt, of Wilmington. When Gilbert was 10 years old his mother died. His father was the drum major of the Seventy-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, of which I had the honor to be the youngest officer. I was a lieutenant. The regiment adopted this young fellow and enlisted him. He was the youngest drummer boy who served throughout the war. I want a place for him in the government service."

"Pick out the place and let me know what it is and Mr. Van Zandt will get it," the President is said to have replied.

Gen. Corbin intimated that he was not seeking a position in Taft's cabinet.

If there is anything that tickles the cockles of an old man's heart more than anything else it is to hear his name mentioned in connection with a position that he does not want," he said when asked whether he would be the next secretary of war.

CHINA APPEALS TO U.S.

Asks Sympathy for the New Rulers of Empire.

Peking, Nov. 19.—Prince Ching, president of the board of foreign affairs, has forwarded direct to President Roosevelt a personal letter in the name of Pu Yi, the infant emperor of China, setting forth the crisis through which the throne has passed during the last week. Similar letters have been sent to all the other powers friendly to China.

These communications make an appeal for sympathy for and understanding of the new rulers of China, and emphasize the efficiency with which the events of the past week have been conducted.

Several of the foreign legations here have expressed their surprise and gratification at the manner in which the government is managing the situation. It had been expected the death of the dowager empress would precipitate trouble, but the way in which the new government has assumed its responsibilities has created confidence among the diplomatists.

The provinces still are quiet, and the governmental machine continues to work well.

2,000 ARE MADE IDLE

Water Scarcity Stops Shenandoah Mines.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Nov. 21.—Scarcity of water for the boilers has caused a suspension of three washeries and four collieries of the Lehigh Valley Coal company in the Shenandoah district, throwing more than 2,000 men and boys out of employment. The borough of Girardville, near here, is in bad straits for water, which is turned on only for one hour each day. Water is being supplied to the collieries of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron company by trains which haul it a distance of twenty miles.

KICKS AWAY THE WOLF

General Business Revival in Rhode Island.

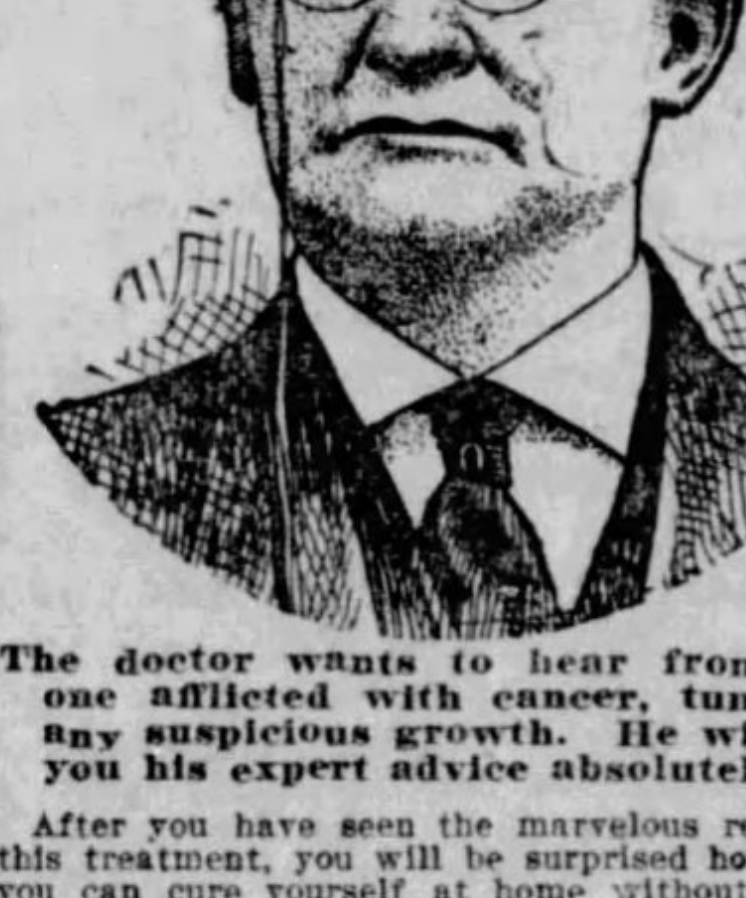
Providence, R. I., Nov. 23.—Preceding ten columns of specific statements, showing a general feeling of optimism in every line of industry in Rhode Island, the Providence Board of Trade Journal, in a special prosperity number, says:

"A renewed confidence in business. The consensus of the opinions of leading manufacturers of the state, irrespective of the form of industry, is to that effect. In the industrial line this applies with considerable force; the reports from the textile field are of the same tenor, and the jewelry manufacturers claim increased orders and demands for their product. The commercial field has also felt the change of attitude towards business."

Cancer Cured In 10 Days

A Discovery That Has Startled the Medical World. Mailed Free.

I have discovered what the medical world has been looking for, for years, a sure cure for cancer, so sure that it can be absolutely guaranteed. This I do, and I can prove it. I have cured hundreds of the most horrifying cases in from 10 to 20 days, after celebrated physicians and surgeons had given up all hope of saving them.



The doctor wants to hear from anyone afflicted with cancer, tumor, or any suspicious growth. He will give you his expert advice absolutely free.

After you have seen the marvelous results of this treatment, you will be surprised how easily you can cure yourself at home without risk or danger.

I have one of the finest sanitariums in the country for those who wish to come and have my personal attention. However, you can cure yourself just as well at home. Any bank or business firm in Lebanon will tell you we are reliable and successful in curing cancer.

Fill out the free coupon below with your name and address and send it today.

FREE CANCER COUPON.

If you suffer from cancer in any form, simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail today to Dr. Curry Cancer Cure Co., Curry Sanitarium, Lebanon, Ohio. You will be surprised how easily you can cure yourself at home without risk or danger.

Name..

Street..

City, State..

☞ If you prefer not to address the Cancer Company itself, you may reach the doctor privately just as well by addressing his private secretary, E. W. Ramsey, Box 894, Lebanon, Ohio.

DOCTORS ARE NOT CERTAIN THAT ELECTROCUTION KILLS

Auburn, Nov. 20.—"Does electrocution kill?" The question raised by Coroner G. F. Shrady, of New York, author of the term "re-electrocution," was asked of the six physicians who attended the electrocution of Andrea Delverme, of Rome, at Auburn prison. The convicted murderer protested his innocence to the last.

Each doctor answered "yes," but they all qualified their statement with the added condition that they would be completely satisfied only after artificial respiration has been tried, as suggested by Dr. Shrady, who thinks it possible the subsequent autopsy may be the cause of death.

Physician Interested.

Delverme was the first criminal to be executed since a discussion was started of the method, following the electrocution here last March of Chester E. Gillette.

Dr. Jacob Goldberg, of Buffalo, said after the electrocution:

"I came especially to determine whether electrocution kills. I am satisfied that after the second contact the man is dead. I was the only physician present who examined the conjunctiva. That is the most sensitive test we have known, and I found not the slightest sign of life."

Not Absolutely Certain.

"So you believe that if artificial respiration had been attempted on Delverme he could have been restored to consciousness?" was asked.

"Well, to tell you frainkly, that is a question that I am not prepared to answer," he replied.

The same reply came from every one of the physicians to this last question, but all expressed a desire to have artificial respiration attempted, in order to settle this point.

After the death of Gillette a new set of contacts was installed by Davis. He increased his voltage from 1600-1700 with three to seven amperes to 1800-1840 volts with eight amperes.

Two Shocks Needed.

Although pronouncetd a success, the late execution required two shocks. At 1,840 volts, three amperes, the current raced through the man's body for eight seconds, when it was reduced to 200 volts and after half a minute raised again to the maximum until a full minute elapsed. Dr. Gerin signalled for the turn off and found the heart beating strongly, the chest and neck of the man being highly flushed. He ordered a second contact, which at maximum power was held for twenty seconds. The physicians present then made a perfunctory examination and acquiesced in pronouncing the prisoner dead.

The autopsy held half an hour afterward showed that the body was still warm.

ROOSEVELT ASKS HINTS

Aid Requested for Country Life Commission

Washington, Nov. 20.—At the suggestion of President Roosevelt, the country life commission has asked the farmers of the country to meet in their respective communities before Saturday, December 5, to discuss the questions which the commission is studying and to indicate their own ideas of what are the most important subjects for the commission to consider.

In a letter to the members of the country life commission, the President says the farmers should feel "a sense of ownership in the commission," and that he believes that the commission should get into the closest possible touch with the farmers. He urges the importance of holding the meeting before congress adjourns prior to the Christmas holidays, so that at the time congress reassembles, early in January, the commission may have reports of the meetings in hand and may be "in position to advise definitely what should be done."

At the same time President Roosevelt adds two members to the commission—one member from the south and one member from the far west—Charles S. Barrett, of Union City, Ga., and William A. Beard, of Sacramento, Cal.

FAMOUS INN IN RUINS

Hostelry on the Lookout Mountain Burns.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 18.—Famous old Lookout Inn, on the crest of Lookout mountain, was burned to the ground yesterday together with all its contents. A deal had just been arranged for the sale of the property for $135,000. There was $26,000 insurance on the hotel and its furnishings. Four cottages were destroyed, entailing a loss of $16,000.

Nurses Fight Fire.

New York, Nov. 18.—Expeditious work by doctors, nurses and orderlies subdued a threatening fire in the administration building of Roosevelt hospital early this morning without the slightest alarm to the 228 patients in the building.

Windows and doors in the main building wards were quickly closed to keep out the smoke. The blaze was extinguished with slight loss.

Mining Town Burned.

Oil City, Pa., Nov. 18.—Half of the business section of Rymersburg, a mining town on the low grade division of the Pennsylvania railroad in Clarion county, was wiped out by fire last night. The loss is estimated at $75,000, with small insurance.

Loss Is $300,000.

Indianola, Miss., Nov. 18.—The plant of the Indianola Compress and Warehouse company and several adjoining buildings were destroyed by fire yesterday. The loss is $300,000.

CZAR DEFIES ENEMIES

Walks 3 Miles Despite Fear For His Safety.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 21.—The body of Grand Duke Alexis, an uncle of the emperor, who died recently in Paris, was interred today in the mausoleum of the Roman office within the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Czar Nicholas followed the coffin on foot through the silent streets of his capital. He walked thus from the railroad station to the fortress, three miles.

In spite of the apprehensions for the safety of the emperor, there was no untoward incident.

RAID 59 "LID" CLUBS

St. Louis Police Make 750 Arrests.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 23.—St. Louis police yesterday raided 59 clubs where, it is alleged, liquor was sold on Sunday in violation of law. Nearly 750 arrests were made.

BAN ON KAISER'S NAME

Not to Be Mentioned Any More in Reichstag.

Berlin, Nov. 20.—Acting upon the advice of Chancellor von Buelow, Count von Stolberg, president of the reichstag, will endeavor to prevent all reference to Emperor William, for the present, in the reichstag discussions. This course has been decided upon to quiet public feeling and to lessen the opportunities for agitation.

The chancellor will speak at the end of the month on the question of his responsibility and the meaning of his recent audience with the emperor.

Prince von Buelow is reported to be nervously depressed and more than ever disposed to resign from office when a good opportunity arises. Princess von Buelow recently remarked several times that she hoped she and her husband soon would be able to go away. The prince is always in the position of having to hold back his personal opinion of events and individuals; he longs for retirement, and he looks forward to the pleasures of private life and the cultivation of his personal tastes.

KILLS TWO DEER WITH ONE SHOT.

Saginaw, Mich., Nov. 23.—"Hi" Savage, Saginaw's well known politician, claims to have made the record of this year's hunting season in Michigan by bringing down two deer with one shot. Savage, Postmaster Linton and several members of the Taquamenon club are the first ones home, having broken camp earlier than was expected, because the full quota of deer allowed by the law was secured two days ago. Although the deer season has not been as good as in other years, the Saginaw crowd probably had the best luck of any party in the state, the nine members of the party bagging eighteen deer.

Savage caught two deer on the run, the ball passing entirely through one and into its mate, instantly killing both. Former Senator John Baird and Senator Traver, of Detroit, are bringing the deer out of camp.

MARCONI IS SLIGHTED

Wireless Inventor Not to Get Nobel Prize.

Stockholm, Nov. 23.—It is announced unofficially that the Nobel prizes are likely to be awarded as follows:

For chemistry, Professor Ernest Rutherford, director of the physical laboratories of the University of Manchester, Manchester, England; literature, Algernon Charles Swinburn; physics, Prof. Max Planck, professor of mathematics and physics in the University of Berlin; medicine, divided between Dr. Paul Eherlich, of Berlin, and Prof. Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris.

It was unofficially stated a few days ago that William Marconi was to receive the next Nobel prize in physics.

LASH WHOLE FAMILY

Night-Riders Use Whip to Reunite Couple.

Union City, Tenn., Nov. 20.—Joe Johnstone, a witness before the grand jury in its investigation of the Reelfoot Lake night rider outrages, told a remarkable story yesterday. Johnstone's wife sued for divorce last summer. He says that one day he told a crowd of neighbors that somebody ought to take him and his wife out, give each a good whipping and make them live together.

A crowd of masked men came to his home the following Friday night, took him out and whipped him. They also visited the home of Mr. Thurman, Mrs. Johnstone's father, and beat him severely. In about a week the mob came again, whipped Mrs. Johnstone and ordered her to return to her husband and withdraw her suit for divorce. She persisted in her suit and was granted a divorce.

PAPER FAMINE THREATENED BECAUSE OF LACK OF WATER

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 21.—A special from Appleton, Wis., says: Unless altogether abnormal weather conditions prevail practically throughout the United States between now and the first of the new year, this country within six weeks will face a serious print paper famine, according to the judgment of the largest paper manufacturers of Wisconsin.

Conditions in the paper industry, they say, have never been so dubious, and the constantly depleting of water power streams throughout the paper making district, both east and west, is adding daily to the threatening aspect.

Several weeks ago manufacturers were declaring that the lack of rain would soon make wood pulp worth its weight in gold. Today they are claiming that even for its weight in gold the wood pulp in a few weeks more will not be obtainable. Wood pulp mills of the Fox and Wisconsin river valleys are at present running at less than half capacity, and several of them are shut down entirely because of a lack of water. The wood pulp mills of this state and Minnesota supply only about one-half of the total required by the paper mills of these two states. Wisconsin and Minnesota paper manufacturers are making heavy demand on wood pulp mills in the east and in Canda.

The Spanish River Pulp company, of Canada, controlled A. E. Edmonds, of Appleton, today has been cut to one-half the capacity of the plant.

APRIL BIRTHSTONE-DIAMOND FLOWER - DAISY INNOCENCE

HOROSCOPE

Persons born in this month are characterized by earnestness of purpose, intuition, determination, great capability for self sacrifice and liable to fortune and renown. They make good scholars and orators. Are not easily deceived and are sympathetic toward the sorrowful and sick. They must guard against eccentricities, conceit, self praise, jealousy, and often an overpowering selfishness of which they are quite unconscious. They are liable to accidents and over-wrought nerves.

YOUR FORTUNE FREE ON A SOUVENIR POST CARD THE LATEST CRAZE

This is the very latest and newest thing out. There are 12 cards in the set, one for every month in the year, telling the horoscope cast for each sign of the Zodiac, with the flower andbirthstone. In fact, each card is complete. KNOW YOURSELF! SEE WHAT IS IN STORE FOR YOU! THE CARDS WILL TELL.

This set is lithographed in the finest and most beautiful artistic colors on highly enameled stock. You can send each of your friends their own fortunes on these elaborate cards. All you have to know is what month they were born in. Remember, the horoscopes are accurate. They werecast and written by an Astrologer.

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BOY KEPT SCRATCHING

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BURIED GOLD FOUND

Madman's Treasure Found in Ground.

Oil City, Pa., Nov. 19.—While digging around a hole in which a rabbit had disappeared, Edward Woods and Thomas Dickinson, lumbermen employed near here, uncovered an iron kettle containing $3,600 in gold coins and $22 in silver.

Old residents believe the money was buried by John Caldwell, an eccentric farmer, who died in an insane asylum thirty years ago.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

JENNINGS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY
God bless every living creature today.

MONDAY
Begin your morning with a resolve to find the beautiful and good things in the day, in the weather, in the work you have to do, in the people you meet.

TUESDAY
Watch your tongue, that you speak only kind words, and watch your mind, that it harbors only kind thoughts.

WEDNESDAY
Every day is a new opportunity to serve God and the world.

THURSDAY
The waning year grows brown and gray and dull,
And poets sing November, bleak and sere;
But from the bounteous garnered harvest store,
With grateful hearts we draw Thanksgiving cheer.

FRIDAY
I'll not easily offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll try to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

SATURDAY
Why do we worry about the years
That our feet have not yet trod?
Who labors with courage and trust, nor fears,
Has fellowship with God.

HOLIDAY MEMORIES

ELIZABETH AYRES

With the exception of the young, to whom the future holds all things and the past is an unblotted page, there are many who dread the holidays because they revive the memory of vanished happiness or sorrows, or accent unsatisfactory circumstances of life.

Thanksgiving, originally intended as a day of culmination, set apart to celebrate, with feasting and thankful prayer, the gathering of a bountiful harvest, has come to be regarded as the opening of the holiday season; the prelude to Christmas and the New Year; days which are too often accounted "hard to bear."

There is never a right time to call around us the congregation of past sorrows, and certainly such a revival has no place in a season whose significance is to rejoice and be glad. Nor should conditions of the present be contrasted unfavorably with those which may have been in the years that have gone. If happiness existed then that does not exist now it is a great thing to have had that happiness, and the memory of the joys that have been should not be shadowed because they cannot be brought back again.

"I have known happiness. It was mine, and the memory of it is mine to cherish so long as I live."

It is far better to say and think this than to speak and think with sadness of "the happy days that are gone forever."

It is true that happiness cannot come from memories alone, but why not get the good of remembering instead of making it an excuse for gloom?

The tendency to do this always increases during the winter holidays. They are marked days; days which stand out more distinctly than any others of the year. It is then the surface of things is stirred with gaiety and, in strange contrast, it is then that aching hearts seem to ache the harder, and memory turns back to days which are no more.

Sad times and glad times come into the life of everyone, but if there were nothing but glad times there could be no development of character; no gift of sympathy for others in distress, and no appreciation of the blessings, which, until they are removed, are accepted as a matter of course.

Life has a thousand pages. We may not shrink from any leaf, but, after we have learned its lesson we may turn to the next, whereon a different song is written. In every book of life there are surely some joyful pages, and if, at the holidays, the memories come crowding, turn from the sad ones, listen to the glad ones, and rejoice with those who are rejoicing.

Jean Ingelow wrote:

> It is a comely fashion to be glad—
> Joy is the grace we say to God.

This is a grace which cannot be said too often or begun too soon, and if you are dreading the holidays begin it on Thanksgiving and continue it indefinitely.

"Go forth with a song on your lips and joy in your soul. Then, though in dreariest labor, you shall have a glad heart; though pressed by dullest cares, you shall keep uncrushed hopes; though distracted by earth's din you shall hear heaven's music."

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

NOVEMBER REFLECTIONS

Since summer has gone and the chilly days of November have come to keep us indoors, I am anxious to get The Blade and hear what the sisters have to say.

I am going to tell you a little about my trip to the eastern part of Virginia where I visted my father after being away for four long years. I had a delightful time with the family, and after spending several days at home, we took a drive to Monticello, once the home of Thomas Jefferson. It is a beautiful place. I went to the family burying ground and gathered some flowers near Jefferson's tomb. I could tell a great deal concerning my trip, but fearing it will not interest you, I will talk about November and Thanksgiving instead.

While this is a very welcome month to me, for in it is the day of my birth and also Thanksgiving, it is the time when vegetation bids us all adieu and goes to its resting place. I look out at the hills and forest and think how beautiful they were in the sunny days of summer; how the cattle and other stock loved to graze on the blue grass and then lie down in the shade of the oaks that furnished such a comfortable place for them, then I realize the present condition. The hills have been robbed of their green by the frosts, and the leaves are singing their farewell songs as they fall from the trees to the ground. The flowers, that not long ago blossomed in the sunshine, have vanished. The little birds that filled the summer air with song are driven away by the chilly breeze, but, while there is none of this to enjoy now, rest is given to everything, even to the little insect that crawls on the earth. It is the time when we should open our hearts to God in thankfulness, for preserving our lives, for giving us health and strength, and for giving us a country of freedom and peace.

As the seasons change from a beautiful, cheerful, living appearance to a quiet, deathlike one, the mortals of earth also change in heart and mind. There are seasons of our lives that seem to us as the forest when its branches are being clothed with a robe of green, and everything seems to be filled with pleasure and enjoyment. We are then in a frame of mind to see the bright things that flow in the river of time and we are made to enjoy life and to understand what it is to us. Then come the seasons when our very souls are made to mourn. Our heads bow; our forms droop, and we taste the bitter that is mingled with the sweet. We should not be discouraged because of these seasons, but be brave like the old oak, and after a little while we shall again step into summer's sunshine and our lives shall be filled with joy and happiness.—Mrs. W. H. Fogleman.

OUR MASTER'S THOUGHT

As we have received an invitation to write a Thanksgiving letter, I take this opportunity. I live in the northern part of Illinois, where we have delightful fall weather which lasts till very late. To me it is the pleasantest part of the year.

I do not understand what kind of a Thanksgiving letter we are to write, but I wish to give my thoughts on the matter, and trust they will be in keeping. For many years I took great delight in inviting my especial friends to feast at our table on the day, but the Lord said: "If ye ask those who can ask back again, what thank have ye?" So the past few years I have followed our Master's thought in this and have found far more joy in it. One year, two brothers were our guests at dinner. They said that was the only time they had ever been invited out to Thanksgiving dinner, and that they had a splendid time. Shortly after, one of the brothers passed away. How glad I was that I cast a little sunshine on his path. To have such guests around my table means real Thanksgiving to me.

The Word says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of them, ye have done it unto me," and what more honored guest than Jesus, himself?—Vina C.

"WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL"

I think that we, as a nation, have many things to be thankful for, we should be thankful that we are honored with the name of being a Christian nation, and that we have our freedom and can serve God according to the dictates of our own conscience. We should be thankful that our forefathers fought for liberty. My great-grandfather was in the Revolutionary war and lost one of his legs from a wound he received in battle. I feel thankful and proud to think I had a great-grandfather who fought for our freedom, but, dear readers, we have one thing we should all be more than thankful for, and that is that God sent his only son to die for us, so that we might live the life everlasting.

No doubt many of you have planned to have a nice dinner and a good time on Thanksgiving. It is all right to be cheerful on that day, but while we enjoy ourselves let us look around and see if we cannot help someone else to be happy, not only by kind words, but by kind deeds, and by so doing you may start someone on the upward road. It is more blessed to give than to receive. God loveth the cheerful giver. As a nation we should thank God for the abundant crops we raise each year.—A True Friend to the Cozy Corner.

ENCOURAGEMENT

I am much interested in the Poets' Corner and the Question Bureau. I am putting the questions and the answers which are printed in the bureau on file. and by thus doing I shall soon have a newspaper encyclopedia.

I have not been in the habit of contributing to a paper, but, in this case, I am moved to take some action. Keep on, kind friends. I know you are of good standing by the character of your work. Many a heart has been made glad, many a man has been brought to himself through the enthusiasm of The Blade You are gaining results, and good ones.

> Live for those about you,
> Whose hearts are kind and true;
> For the God who reigns above you
> And awaits your spirit, too.

Your friend.—Essex.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

"Every day is a new opportunity to serve God and the world."

Those of you who are going to be good enough to write Christmas letters for our corner, better be about it. Some of our Thanksgiving letters came too late to be published. Christmas is not very far away, and we will want to get together and have a good Christmas page.—Your Editor.

Letters lately received are from Auburn Lassie, Sister Sallie, Mother of Seven, Mrs. L. of Monroeville, Martha Jones, Mrs. W. C. Kilbourn, Wifie and Alma E. Squire.

Auburn Lassie: Come again with a Christmas letter. You were just late enough to be too late for Thanksgiving.—Editor.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

TRANSMUTABLE

Five-year-old Helen was industriously hemming a square of pink gingham for a doll's table cover. She held it up and examined it critically, "Mother," she said, "I don't think this is a very stylish table-cloth. I guess I'll put a pair o' sleeves in it and call it a corset cover." —The December Delineator.

LETTERS FROM CHILDREN

Here is a true Thanksgiving story for the boys and girls, written by one of our friends who signs her name, S. Michigan:

Several years ago on Thanksgiving eve, a number of boys and girls were hiding behind a clump of bushes in the dooryard of an aged, lonely and needy old couple. They were trying to keep quiet, but they could not help giggling and whispering while one of their party placed a well-filled basket on the doorstep, rapped loudly on the door and then ran behind a lilac bush. The old gentleman, opening the door, looked around, and said:

"Why, wife, I don't see anyone, but what is this?"

He carried the basket inside, and then went around the house, while the boys and girls held their breaths, for fear of discovery. Not finding anyone, he went back in the house where, with many exclamations, the basket was unpacked and its contents placed on the table. Then the old man and his wife sat down by the fire, each with a stick of candy, and wondered and wondered who had brought them the basket.

I cannot tell you how happy the boys and girls were. You will have to do the same thing to find out, but many a time I have heard the old couple speak of that Thanksgiving evening.

I am a boy 11 years old. I live on a farm. My grandpa and my papa take The Blade. My grandpa had the most subscribers for The Blade in the month of September. He drew the premium watch. I have about a half a mile to go to school. I go to school five days every week. On Sunday I go to Sunday school. I like my Sunday school teacher. On Saturday I help my father on the farm. There is a large rock on my father's farm. Lots of people come to look at the rock in the summertime. —Charley Poppy, of Wisconsin.

I am a little girl nine years old, that lives in Oregon on a fruit farm of 100 acres in Rogue River valley, the famous fruit country. We have 14 acres of prunes and 15 acres of apples in bearing. We have also 16 acres of young pear trees not yet in bearing, and a family orchard, besides food we raise for our stock. We have three nice horses, two black and one bay. One is a beautiful young horse named Pet. My brother is teaching me to ride her. Our prune crop is harvested, and we got about six hundred boxes of prunes. I picked 166 boxes of prunes myself. Papa hired six pickers and we all worked for five cents a box.

We are harvesting our yellow Newton pipin apples now. We have two men picking them, and we have hired four packers. We think we will have about a thousand boxes of apples this year and they will be sent to London and New York markets, but of course we cannot tell yet how much they will bring us per box. Last year our apples went to New York and they netted us $2.50 a box.

Our school is near here and I have a fine teacher. I am in the fifth grade and I dearly love to go to school. I have kind parents and a grown brother and sister. My sister is married and lives in Portland, Oregon. She and her husband visited us this past summer, and they have two sweet baby girls. This is the first letter I have ever written to be printed. I will sign the name mamma calls me.—Mamma's Comfort.

The little brown owl sits up in the tree,
And if you look well his big eyes you may see.
He says Wit-a-whoo when the night grows dark,
And he hears the dog howl and the little fox bark.

ROSEBUDS MADE EVERLASTING

The hatpin has passed through many variations since it came into use, and has changed from a strictly utility article without pretense to beauty, to elaborate and beautiful pieces of jewelry. Their variety of prices is as great as their variety of design, and they are gifts which womankind always appreciate.

The novelty of the season in the hatpin line is the metal rosebud, which, in reality is not metal at all, but is a real flower that has been put through a metallizing process to make it enduring. How this is done is described in The Technical World Magazine for December, in which Sarah H. Birchall, the writer of the article, gives this account:

Roses in a factory! Real roses, mind you, pink and soft and delicate petalled, roses sending out their exquisite garden fragrance among the odors of oil and leather and acid, roses with drops of dew jeweling their uncurled leaves, Kilarneys and American Beauties and Marechal Niels standing in jar after jar among belts and tool-benches and electro-chemical baths, real roses for the basic material which this curious factory converts into metal rosebud hatpins.

There is just one place in the world that turns out these metalized rosebuds, and that is a little factory in North Chicago. Here the perfumed roses come fresh every morning from the greenhouses, hundreds of them at a time, some barely opened, some with two or three leaves curled back, some closed tight and smooth in their long green calyxes. Here the roses go through a new and interesting process that turns them into metal, hardening them beyond possibility of destruction, and reproducing every vein and leaf and roughness of calyx, beyond chance of change.

One blue-bloused lad at his work-bench snips the roses from their stems—clip!—and another beside him wires each separate bud into a notched frame. Don't they wilt? The work is done too quickly, and then the buds are instantly dipped into a solution that preserves their freshness and shape, hardening the petals without altering their contour. What is the solution? "Well, we aren't telling that —not yet," says the inventor with a smile. "It cost us a good deal of time and patience and money to discover that. But here are the roses drying. You might see if you could tell what we dip them into."

There were racks and racks of them, brownish from their dip, as if they had been varnished, nearly twenty-four hours out of water, but fresh and crisp and curly-petalled as the moment they were snipped from their stems. This batch is just ready for the electro-chemical bath.

In the electro-chemical bath they remain sixty hours, taking up a copper deposit on the outer petals that hardens them to metal. Gingerly I lifted one of the blossoms by its wire, and examined it. It was grayish in color, and had the dusky gloss of metal on its leaves.

"See, the rose is inside, still," said my guide, picking up a discarded bud from a tray, and tearing it apart.

Sure enough, there were the rose-leaves within, brown and dry at first, but as layer after layer peeled off, growing fresher and fresher, until at the center lay the red heart of the rose just as in an uncut flower.

"It is heavy now," explained the inventor. "When the metallized flower is finished, it is lighter than the original bud. We burn out the rose. Here is an oven containing a batch of roses now, burning out the unmetallized petals."

He lifted a hood and disclosed a tray of rosebuds over a gas burner. Rose-red they were, but it was with the intense heat of the flame beneath them—rose-red and pale pink and violet and crimson, and only the empty metal shell of the buds came out of the furnace to go to the soldering benches where the workmen fitted on the copper caps, tightened up any loose calyxes, and soldered long German silver hatpins into the shells. I lifted one gray simulacrum of a rose, and it was as light as a bit of thistledown—a mere ghost of a flower.

"After this process is completed," said the inventor at my elbow as I watched a workman soldering in a pin, "we put the hatpins into what we call the copper duplex bath. That is to cover up the solder, give the roses gloss after burning, and weight and strength to the pin. How long do we leave them in? That depends. The time varies according to how much metal they have taken up in the electro-chemical bath."

ROSES CAST IN METAL.

The man in charge at the vat lifted first one and then another flower, glanced at it, and put it back. Presently he removed half a dozen sweet-pea hatpins from the rack.

"Can't leave them in too long," he explained curtly. "Gets too much metal deposited on the tips."

In this room there were bunches of hatpins drying, and I looked about for the plating vats.

"We don't plate them ourselves," explained my guide. "We haven't the facilities to do it yet. We send them to Chicago to be plated and colored. Come to the office and I'll show you how they look after the finish and colors have been put on. It's done with an air-brush."

There was almost every finish represented. French gray, English gold, rose gold, French green, burnished copper, plain silver, and finishes to imitate every color and shade of different variety of roses—pink roses, with silver or gold calyxes, golden roses with green calyxes, deep-toned American beauties with natural green calyxes—every combination of color and texture until the place looked like King Midas' garden itself.

"Don't you make anything but rose hatpins?" I asked.

"We can, but we don't," said the inventor. "We find that the roses sell best, and we stick pretty closely to them. We can metallize any sort of keepsake so that it will be practically indestructible," went on the inventor. "We can take a bride's wreath of orange blossoms and metallize it in a perfect reproduction of the original so that she could keep it intact forever."

"Did you originate the idea?" I asked.

"Yes and no," said the inventor. "From a commercial standpoint, we did. Actually the process was discovered fifty or sixty years ago, in the old country. I came across a record of it in an old German book not long ago. Some German chemists had the idea and tried to metallize flowers and other objects with some success. But the scheme was never taken up and put on a commercial basis."

M G R

DO ALL THE GOOD
YOU CAN
IN ALL THE WAYS
YOU CAN
TO ALL THE PEOPLE
YOU CAN
OBJECT:—IMPROVEMENT.
MENTAL, MORAL AND
SOCIAL

Today we begin the discussion, "What Is Success?" We have some very good letters and I wish to say to those who have written, how much I appreciate their prompt responses and interest.—Miss Prudence.

What do you consider is success? I will, while giving my opinion, add a word to the question, and confine it not to any or all vocations of life, but to life itself, and define it thus: Success is the proper cultivating and developing of the higher, God-given talents. I am glad our editor placed this question before us for consideration, for many have formed a misconception of a successful life, and so continually strive with mind and strength after—shall I say wealth? Is not their name legion who covet wealth above all else and worship at the shrine of gold daily, a few winning the coveted treasure, but many meeting with reverses, and so, by themselves and others, they are classed among the unsuccessful. The successful may be wealthy, but wealth cannot buy success.

I read of a millionaire who died, and with his last breath said: "My life has been a failure."

Who can say that this was not true, considering he was best acquainted with his own life, but who would hesitate to ascribe success to the aged woman, who, after a life of poverty, many hardships and misfortunes, sang triumphantly with her last breath: "I'm going home to die no more."

Success and fame are not synonymous terms. You may be famous as an orator, statesman, or what you choose, but look around you; there are many who have worshiped the goddess of fame, desiring with heart and soul to be crowned with her laurels, but in vain, and you would say they were unsuccessful.

We cannot all be wealthy, nor can we all be famous, but God is no respecter of persons, and success in life is in the reach of all. It is not so much what you accomplish, as it is the courage, integrity and nobility of character you maintain through all misfortunes and opposition.

Live a life of pure integrity and honor, winning and holding the respect of all who know you, though it may be in a small circle. Inspire a friend or acquaintance to live a higher, purer life, and leave it for them to win wealth or to travel in wider fields, sowing the good broadcast, while you pass around your little sphere with a smile and a kind word here, a helping hand there, and later enter the life beyond with the deep conviction that you have done your best. This is the greatest, grandest success of all.—Somebody's Dearie.

It has been some time since I last wrote, but I fancy no one has missed me, as there has been such a constant influx of new members. Perhaps it is only right that we older members should take a back seat for a time and give the younger ones a chance to prove their mettle.

The question, "What is success?" has interested me much. Many persons seem to think that the word success and the ability to accumulate wealth are one and the same thing. I beg to differ. Some of the most successful lives I have known have been those of the poorest people—poor in silver and gold, houses and lands, but rich in mental and spiritual grace.

My definition of a successful life is: To bring a smile to the face of one who is sad; to lighten, even ever so little, the burden of some weary one; to bring joy to the heart of a little child; to be a help and comfort and inspiration to those who have lost strength and courage; to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep; to be always loving and tender and kind and sympathetic; to have lived so that the world is a little better because of your having lived.—Em T. Head.

There may be many opinions regarding what constitutes success, but to my mind a successful one is he who has lived **well, laughed often, loved much, and** gained the love of little children; who has left the world better than he has found it, perhaps by a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and has given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration and the world bettered by his having lived.—Mrs. L. Holden.

There is only one true success in the world, and that is of a spiritual nature. Of worldly successes there are many, but they are not of such great importance. It is a success, and a great success, for one to master his own character, and this can only be done after much labor and trouble. Christ was the world's greatest success, as he was master over his own character and individuality. He knew when to say "yes," and when to say "no," for his own good in the cause of righteousness.

Therefore, when a person has been able to master his own character, and by it has done everything that was right, he has made a success, and a great success. He has lifted his soul a great deal higher. The answer to the question must be plain, and I can only say in the words of the wisest, that success, the greatest of all successes, is to "know thyself."—Merura.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute,
What you can do, or think you can, begin it.

New England Girl: There are so many calls for you to "spill more tea." I think you would better get reckless again.—Miss Prudence.

Cyclone: Miss Prudence accepts the five-leaf clover with pleasure. It's a good luck emblem, you know.

Letters received this week for the M. G. R. are from Cor Cordum. Grandpa, Truthful Topsy, Cyclone, May Flower, Mary E. Shout, Mountain Boomer and Red Wing.

Truthful Topsy: The geranium leaves are very fragrant. Thank you.—Miss Prudence.

HER VERSION OF IT.

She was a wee scrap of a thing, just three years old, but with the soul of a heroine shining out of her great brown eyes. It was her first visit to the zoo, and the babel of queer noises and rows of strange big beasts might well have daunted her baby heart. But she scorned to seem afraid. Only when they approached the towering form of the elephant did she draw back.

"I'm not goin' too close, farver," she whispered; "I might scare him!"

A THANKSGIVING IN 1779

The following glimpse of an old-time Thanksgiving celebration is from a letter written in 1779:

When Thanksgiving day was approaching, our dear Grandmother Smith, who is sometimes a little desponding of spirit as you well know, did her best to persuade us that it would be better to make it a day of fasting and prayer in view of the "wickedness of our friends and the vileness of our enemies;" but my dear father brought her to a more proper frame of mind, so that by the time the day came she was ready to enjoy it almost as well as Grandmother Worthington did, and she, you will remember, always sees the bright side.

This year it was Uncle Simeon's turn to have the dinner at his house. The tables were set in the dining hall, and even that big room had no space to spare when we were all seated. Of course we could have no roast beef. None of us has tasted beef this three years back, as it must all go to the army, and too little they get, poor fellows. But we had a good haunch of venison on each table. These were balanced by huge chines of roast pork at the other ends of the tables. Then there was on one a big roast turkey, and on the other a goose and two big pigeon pasties and an abundance of vegetables of all sorts and one which I do not believe you have yet seen. It is called celery and you eat it without cooking. It is very good served with meats.

Our mince pies were good, and the pumpkin pies, apple tarts and big Indian pudding lacked for nothing save appetite by the time we got round to them. Of course we had no wine. Uncle Simeon still has a cask or two, but it must all be saved for the sick; and, indeed, for those who are well good cider is a sufficient substitute.

The day was bitter cold, and when we got home from meeting we were glad enough of the big fire in uncle's dining hall, but by the time the dinner was one-half over those of us who were on the fireside of one table were forced to get up and carry our plates with us around to the far side of the other table, while those who had sat there were as glad to bring their plates around to the fireside to get warm.

Uncle Simeon was in the best mood, and you know how good that is! He kept both tables in a roar of laughter with his droll stories of the days when he was studying medicine in Edinboro. Then we all sang a hymn, and afterwards my dear father led us in prayer, remembering all absent friends before the Throne of Grace.

We did not rise from the table until it was quite dark, and then when the dishes had been cleared away, we all got round the big fire as close as we could and cracked nuts and sang songs and told stories. You know nobody could exceed the two grandmothers at telling tales of all the things they have seen themselves and repeating those of the early years in New England, and even some in old England, which they had heard in their youth from their elders. My father says it is a goodly custom to hand down all worthy deeds and traditions from father to son, because the word that is spoken is remembered longer than the one that is written.

(Cut this out)

$50 IN GOLD FREE

ENTHUSIASTIC IS THE WORD

Are you a smart speller? We give $50 away in prizes to those able to make the largest list of words from the word ENTHUSIASTIC. You can make at least twenty, we believe, and if you can, you will get a present anyway of Ten Prize Stories, and if your list is the largest you will get $20 in cash. Here are the rules to follow: Use only words in the English language. Do not use any letter in a word more times than it appears in ENTHUSIASTIC. Words spelled alike can be used only once. Use any dictionary, and do not use proper nouns, prefixes, suffixes, only legitimate words. Work it out this way: eat, eats, nat, nuts, net, nets, sat, set, hat, hats, etc. Use these words and arrange your list alphabetically. We will give away, on December 19, 1908, the sum of $50 divided into thirteen prizes for the largest lists of words as above: $20 to the person making the largest list; $10 for the second largest; $5 for the next largest list; $2 each for the five next largest lists; $1 to each of the next five largest lists. Don't you think you could be one of the winners? You will enjoy making the list. Why not try for first prize? We want you to know our paper, and it is for this reason we offer these list prizes. We make no extra charge for the privilege of entering this word-building contest, but it is necessary to send us 25 cents, silver or stamps, for which we will send you our big, handsome, illustrated 28 to 32-page magazine containing 96 to 128 columns of fascinating reading matter for one year, and the very day we receive your remittance we will mail you without further cost, "Ten Prize Stories" for which we paid $1,000 in cash. Show your mettle; win a cash prize. If there should be a tie for any cash prize the money for that prize will be equally divided. Send your list at once and not later than December 19, 1908. The names of the winners will be promptly mailed. Address P. J. Allen, Circulation Manager, 649 W. 43d St., New York City, N. Y.

A BOY'S STORY

HENRY D. BRADLEY

Robert Young arose early Thanksgiving morning, intending to do all his chores before breakfast, so he could have plenty of time to practice football with the rest of the team before the morning game. The amount of wood he carried in, the fast time he made, going after a pail of water and at other chores, was astonishing to his mother, who had not witnessed such a display of energy on Robert's part for a long time.

After he had finished his work, and was ready for breakfast, his mother's curiosity overcame her, and she asked: "What's the matter, Robert; has the thought of dinner worked up your energy to such an extent that you cannot control your feelings?"

"No, ma'am," he answered, "how long before breakfast?"

"About half an hour, I should say. Why?"

"Nothing; but ma," he added, "can't you get me something to eat right away?"

"Not until you tell me why you are in such a hurry."

"Well our football team needs a lot of practice, because we're going to play two games today, one this morning and one this afternoon, for the 15-year-old championship of the city."

"Well, you for one, will stay home today, and make yourself look as neat as possible."

"Why, ma, just think, I'm the only quarterback we've got, and there's no one to take my place if I don't play, and we'll lose both games, and I'll never hear the last of it."

"Come and eat your breakfast, and I'll think it over."

Mrs. Young thought long and earnestly over the matter, and, at last decided to let him go, for she knew what it meant to him, as captain of the team. She knew the jeering he would receive at the hands of his teammates and the opponents, if he failed to appear to help his team to victory. She knew also, that he would take no interest in the fine feast she had prepared for him and the rest of the family, so she did what only a kind and thoughtful mother could do. She let him go to the game, and bid him good luck.

"We won!"

These were the words that burst upon the ears of the mother about an hour before dinner time, and her heart filled with rejoicing, for she knew that he would now enjoy the big turkey and the cranberries and many other things she had prepared.

THE POETS' CORNER

THANKSGIVING

By Hannah E. G. Arey.

Come forth, come forth, to the festal board,
As our sires were wont in the days of old;
The reapers are home with their harvest hoard,
The herds have hied to their wintry fold,
And the cullers of fruit our vaults have stored
With the wealth of the orchard's freight of gold.

Come forth, come forth, with your heart-felt praise,
To swell the songs at the altar's side;
For a lofty paean to God we raise,
Who hath scattered His love gifts free and wide,
And still, from the wan earth's earliest days,
His seed-time and harvest hath not denied.

We hallow the day as our fathers did,
With a mingling of gladness and praise and prayer,
With a willing boon for the lowliest shed,
That the hungry and poor in our thanks may share,
And the scantiest table be freely spread,
And the lip of the mourner a blessing bear.

For the sons of the feeble pilgrim band
Who first on a distant rock-bound bay
Gave thanks for the gifts of the teeming land,
Have spread over mountain and stream away;
And a song of praise shall to God ascend
From a myriad of burning lips today.

Come forth, come forth, with the chiming bell,
A joyous throng to the altar's side;
Come mingle your tones with the organ's swell,
And, where the door of the feast stands wide,
Let the gray-haired sire to his grandchild tell
A tale of our nation's grateful pride.

COLLEGE OIL-CANS.

On a broad mosaic, wrought in many a quaint design,
Gleam a brace of silver goblets wreathed with flowers and filled with wine.
'Round the board a group is seated; here and there are threads of white
Which their dark locks lately welcomed, but they're only boys tonight.
Some whose words have thrilled the senate, some who win the critic's praise—
All are "chums" tonight, with voices redolent of college days.

"Boys," said one, "do you remember that old joke about the wine,
How we used to fill our oil-cans and repair to "No. 9?"
But at last the old professor—never long was he outdone—
Opened up our shining oil-cans and demolished all our fun!"
In the laugh that rings so gayly through the richly curtained room
Join they all, save one; why is it? Does he see the waxen bloom
Tremble in its vase of silver? Does he see the ruddy wine
Shiver in its crystal goblet or do those grave eyes divine
Something sadder yet? He pauses till their mirth has died away;
Then, in measured tones, speaks gravely: "Boys, a story if I may,
I will tell you; though it may not merit worthily your praise,
It is bitter fruitage ripened from our pranks of college days.

Eagerly they claim the story, for they know the LL.D.,
With his flexible voice would garnish any tale, whate'er it be.
"Just a year ago tonight, boys, I was in my room alone
At the San Francisco L—— House, when I heard a plaintive moan
Sounding from the room adjoining. Hoping to give some relief
To the suffering one, I entered; but it thrilled my heart to grief.
Just to see that wreck of manhood—bloated face, disheveled hair—
Wildly tossing, even moaning, while his thin hands beat the air.
Broken prayers, vile oaths and curses filled the air as I drew near;
Then in faint and piteous accents these words I could plainly hear:
'Give me one more chance—one only—let me see my little Belle—
Then I'll follow where they lead me, be it to the depths of hell!'

"When he saw me he grew calmer, started strangely—looked me o'er—
Oh, the glory of expression! I had seen those eyes before!
Yes, I knew him: it was Horace, who had won the college prize.
Naught remained of his proud beauty but the splendor of his eyes.
He whom we were all so proud of, lay there in the fading light;
If my years should number fourscore I shall ne'er forget that sight.
And he knew me, called me 'Albert' ere a single word I'd said—
We were comrades in the old days; I sat down beside the bed.

"Horace seemed to grow more quiet, but he would not go to sleep;
He kept talking of our boyhood while my hand he still would keep
In his own so white and wasted; and with burning eyes would gaze
On my face, still talking feebly of the dear old college days.
'Ah,' he said, 'life held such promise, but alas! I am today
But a poor, degraded outcast—hopes, ambition swept away;
And it dates back to those oil-cans that we filled in highest glee;
Little did I think in those days what the harvest now would be!'

"For a moment he was silent; then a cry whose anguish yet
Wrings my heart, burst from his white lips, though his lips were tightly set;
And with sudden strength he started—sprang from my detaining arm,
Shrieking wildly: 'Curse the demons! Do they think to do me harm?
Back! I say, ye forked-tongued serpents reeking with the filth of hell!
Don't you see I have here with me my poor sainted little Belle?'

"When I'd soothed him into quiet with a trembling arm he drew
My head down. 'O Al!' he whispered 'such remorse you never knew.'
And again I tried to soothe him, but m eyes o'erbrimmed with tears;
His were dry and clear, as brilliant a they were in college years.
All the flush had left his features, he la white as marble now;
Tenderly I smoothed his pillow wiped th moisture from his brow.
Though I begged him to be quiet, h would talk of those old days,
Brokenly at times; but always of 'th boys' with loving praise.

"Once I asked him of Lorena—the swe girl whom he had wed—
You remember Rena Bristow. When asked if she were dead.
'No,' he said, his poor voice faltering, 'sh is far beyond the Rhine;
But I wish to God it were so and I sti might call her mine.
She's divorced—she's mine no longer; here his voice grew weak and hoarse
'But although I am a drunkard I have one they can't divorce,
I've a little girl in heaven, playing round the Saviour's knee.
Always patient, and so faithful that a last she died for me.

" 'I had drunk so much, so often, that m brain was going wild;
Every one had lost hope in me but my faithful little child,
She would say, "Now stop, dear papa, fo I know you can stop now."
I would promise, kiss my darling, and the next day break my vow.
So it went until, one Christmas, dark and stormy, cold and drear,
Out I started, just as usual, for the cursed rumshop near;
And my darling followed after, in the storm and rain and sleet,
With no covering wrapped about her, naught but slippers on her feet.

" 'No one knew it; no one missed her, till there came, with solemn tread,
Stern-faced men unto our dwelling, bringing back our darling—dead!
They had found her cold and lifeless—like they said, an angel fair—
Leaning 'gainst the grogshop window—oh, she thought that I was there!'
Then he raised his arms toward heaven, called aloud unto the dead,
For his mind again was wandering: 'Belle, my precious Belle!' he said.
'Papa's treasure—papa's darling! O my baby!—did—you—come
All the way alone—my darling—just—to—lead—poor—papa—home?'
And he surely had an answer; for silence o'er him fell,
And I sat alone and lonely—death had come with little Belle."

Silence in that princely parlor—head o every guest is bowed;
They still see the red wine sparkle, but 'tis through a misty cloud
Said the host at last, arising: "I hav scorned the pledge to sign,
Laughed at temperance all my life; but nevermore shall drop of wine
Touch my lips. The fruit was bitter boys; 'twas I proposed it first—
That foul joke from which poor Horace ever bore a life accurst!
Let us pledge ourselves tonight, boys nevermore by word or deed,
In our own fair homes, or elsewhere, hel to plant the poisonous seed."
Silence once again; but only for moment's space; and then,
As in one voice, all responded with a lo and firm "Amen."

DICK TURPIN, OR BONNY BLACK BESS

When blindness did guide me I left m abode,
Kind friends proved unfaithful, I took to the road,
For to plunder the wealthy and relieve my distress,
I bought thee to aid me, my bonny Black Bess.

O'er hills, through valleys and plains rode you,
From Yorkshire to London, like the lightning we flew;
No toll-bar could stop you and the river you did breast,
In twelve hours we made it, my bonny Black Bess.

How silent you stood, when the carriage I stopped.
The gold and the silver from the inmates I wrought;
I plundered no poor man, nor did I distress
The widow and orphan, my bonny Black Bess.

Hark! the bloodhounds are howling their music loud sounds,
But the like of you, noble, can never be found;
And to part with you now, it does m distress,
But it's farewell forever, my bonny Black Bess.

When years have rolled round and I am dead and gone,
This story will be told from father t son;
While some will take pity yet all must confess,
Through friendship I shot you, my bonny Black Bess.

GOOD-BYE

We say it for an hour or for years,
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears,
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss,
And yet we have no other word tha this—
"Good-bye."

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's fa end
And scars our soul with going; thus w say,
As unto him who steps but o'er our way—
"Good-bye."

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more at parting. At life's gate
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night—
"Good-bye."

POEMS WANTED

The Boatman's Welcome Home, o See, Brothers, See, How the Night Comes On, is much wanted.

The song, of which the following is line, is asked for: "And now I pass beside the gate, where I was wont t lean."

"Some people call it nature, others call it God," are two lines from a poem requested.

The verses called, In the Smoke of a Old Pipe, are asked for.

This is the first line of a song asked for: "There's a dear old spot in Ireland."

The poem to which the following belongs is wanted:

In the dim twilight I wander alone,
Through the old house as of yore.

All letters for this page should b addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of th envelope.

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le, 43 Trade Building, Boston.

HT RIDING TO END

ed Burley Crop in Ken- cky Sold to American Tobacco Company.

isville, Ky., Nov. 20.—The big
between the American Tobacco
ny and the Burley Tobacco so-
for the 1906 and part of the 1907
of tobacco, which has been
g fire for several weeks, was
here late yesterday. The price
on in the transaction, said to
rest of the kind ever put
, is an average of 20½ cents
e 1906 crop and 17 cents per
for the 1907 product.
deal involves nearly 80,000,000
of tobacco held in the pool by
rley Tobacco society, and an
of something like $14,000,000
part of the American Tobacco
ny.
tobacco which was sold in-
the larger part of the holdings
Burley Tobacco Growers' asso-
which pooled its crops in 1906
907. There was no crop raised
members of the association in
though a number of independ-
ised crops in central Kentucky
guard.
sale of the pooled crops, it is
d, will mark the end of night
in central and eastern Ken-
as it is thought with these
out of the way practically all
owers will raise tobacco next
The sale has nothing to do
the crops in the dark district or
n portion of Kentucky and
rn Tennessee.

NDIANS STARVING

e Hundred Are 200 Miles rom Base of Supplies.

nipeg, Man., Nov. 21.—Word was
d that 500 Indians in the Fort
e region, are on the verge of
tion. The tribe is about 200 miles
f the Hudson Bay post's base of
es and ran out of provisions three
ago. Since then they have been
on what they can beg of white
ters. Large packs of wolves are
ning the country, killing off the

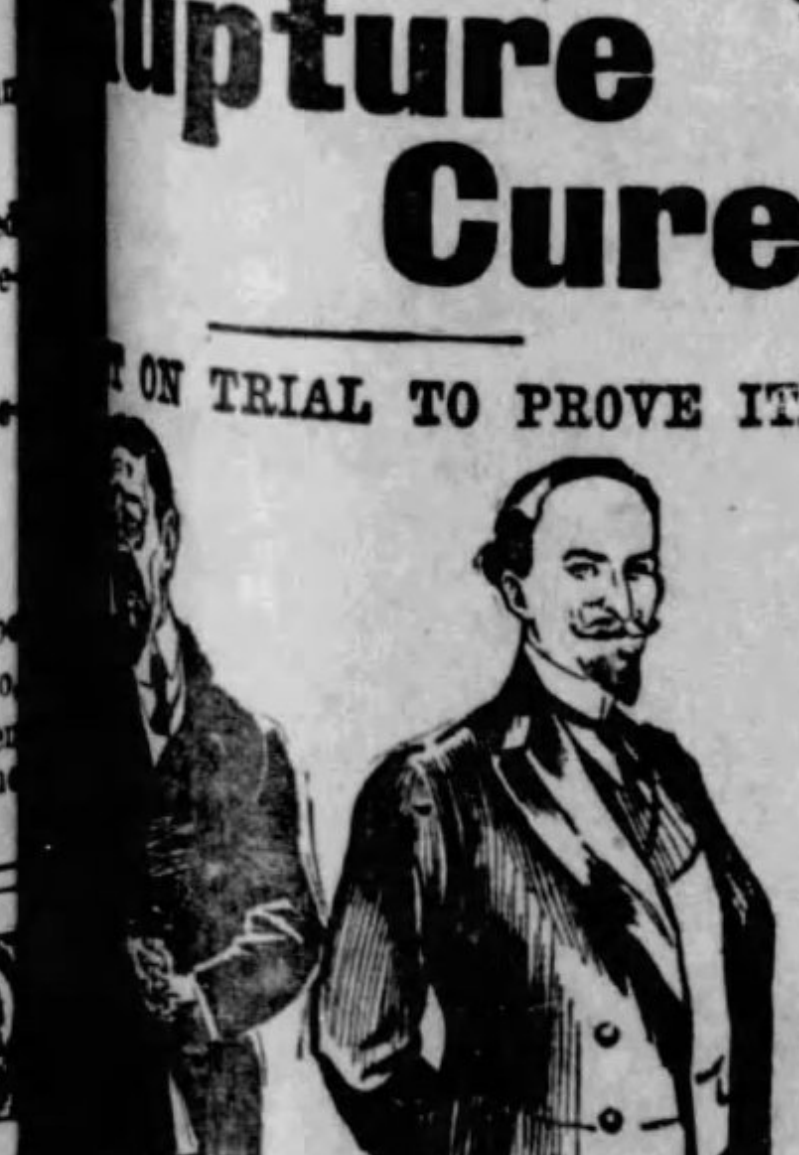
CONFESS KILLING

yers of Squatter and His aughter Plead Guilty.

t Falls, Mont., Nov. 19.—Fourteen
charged with murder in Valley
y yesterday pleaded guilty to
aughter and were sentenced to
s terms in prison. The crime
hich these fourteen men pleaded
y was an attack on the cabin
hn Hayes and his family, which
ted in the death of Hayes and his
ter. Hayes had "jumped" a claim.

upture
Cure

ON TRIAL TO PROVE IT.



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BOGUS BILLS BAFFLING

Bad $5 Silver Certificates Flood Chicago and Sleuths Are Puzzled.

Chicago, Nov. 20.—Baffled at every turn in their efforts to stop the circulation of a counterfeit $5 bill which has deceived merchants, cashiers and business men generally in Chicago for the last three weeks, the "green goods" squad of United States secret service men have descended upon St. Louis in another organized hunt for the maker of spurious notes. Reports from St. Louis that the bogus $5 bill had made its appearance in large numbers in that city caused the transfer of the sleuths from Chicago, on short notice from secret service headquarters at Washington.

Diminishing Rapidly.

Between $20,000 and $30,000 of false currency is believed to be in circulation in Chicago. The bill is the despair of the small shopkeeper and the untrained cashier. The bank tellers, however, are able to detect the imitation without difficulty. During the last three or four days, according to Captain Thomas I. Porter, of the secret service, the circulation of the notes in Chicago has been diminishing rapidly, a fact which leads him to believe that the counterfeiters have shifted their scene of operation.

Chicago never before has had such an invasion of government secret service men as that which followed the discovery that the city was being flooded with counterfeit $5 bills. They came from all parts of the country, the majority sent here from the headquarters at Washington. They trampled upon one another's heels in their eagerness to watch suspicious persons who displayed quantities of greenbacks in hotels and barrooms. While the government sleuths were on the alert the bank cashiers were daily engaged in sorting out the bad bills from the deposits of customers and retiring them from circulation with the branding stamp.

"We have recovered about one hundred of the counterfeit bills," said Captain Porter. "I do not believe the amount in circulation is as large as has been reported. The counterfeit is one of the best imitations that has been circulated for years, but it is not the best which was ever made. It is printed from plates that are well made, but it nevertheless contains defects which a careful observer could not fail to see."

The counterfeit bill easily can be detected if any care is exercised. The number gives the first hint. The counterfeit bears the number D 47963872.

Imitation 1899 Series.

The counterfeit is an imitation of the silver certificate of the series of 1899, of which an Indian head is the central figure on the face design.

The paper on which the imitation is printed is another means of detection. It is easily torn, and the counterfeit soon wears out. It has none of the crackle, or life, or toughness of the government paper on which the genuine bill is printed.

In an attempt to imitate the silk threads which are imbedded in the government paper fine lines have been drawn on the surfaces of the counterfeit with a sharp-pointed pen in red and blue ink in irregular curves in imitation of the silk threads. An attempt to pick them out with a pin will immediately reveal their true nature.

SPIDER CAUSES DEATH

Medicine and Surgery Fail to Save Life of New York Man.

New York, Nov. 20.—William P. Frazee, 39, of No. 1678 Bathgate avenue, Bronx, is dead of blood poisoning, which resulted from a spider bite he received four weeks ago.

Mr. Frazee had for some time been the manager of the J. C. Green Storage Warehouse in Westchester. It frequently became necessary for him to inspect goods long in storage, and it was while he was at his duties in one of the rooms that he was bitten.

The room had not been opened for some time, and when the manager entered he found cobwebs hanging from the ceiling and furniture. He noticed several spiders, but thought nothing of them until one of the insects bit him between the first and second fingers of the right hand. A slight swelling developed, but this soon disappeared and the wound apparently healed.

Two days later, however, the hand again began to swell rapidly, and Mr. Frazee called in Dr. C. E. O'Grady, of Commonwealth avenue. Dr. O'Grady saw that blood poisoning had developed, but he had hopes of controlling it. In this he was unsuccessful and a few days ago he was forced to apply the knife.

Even this heroic measure was unavailing, and it was then feared that it would be necessary to amputate Mr. Frazee's arm. By this time, however, the man was in such a serious condition that the operation could not be performed.

The coroner's office was notified and Dr. Keicheiman performed an autopsy, which verified Dr. O'Grady's diagnosis.

SIX DIE IN A MINE

Sixty-five Others Are Entombed and Have Slim Chance to Escape Flames.

Butte, Mont., Nov. 21.—Fire in the Northwestern Improvement company's mine at Red Lodge has caused the death of six miners and entombed about 65 others, who have a slim chance to escape.

Members of the fire department and fifty volunteers have taken out of the mine more than 150 men, many of them completely exhausted. Those rescued declared that there is little hope for the men entombed, but this belief is not shared by the mine owners.

The fire is terrific, judging from the volume of smoke and flame emitted from one entry. Coal cars and lumber are ablaze, and the damage to property will be heavy.

An iron pipe line was laid into the mine, and there is now a flow of water playing on the flames. The fire itself is said to be confined to a small area but the gas and smoke has spread to the various workings. The company operating the Red Lodge mines is controlled by the Northern Pacific railroad. Most of the miners employed are foreigners. A similar disaster at this property in 1906 cost the lives of eight miners.

TAFTS GOING SOUTH

Will Take Cottage at Augusta, Ga.

Augusta, Ga., Nov. 21.—Mr. and Mrs. Landon A. Thomas, residing on Sandy Hills, a suburb of Augusta, have received a telegram from President-elect Taft, accepting an invitation to become their guests. Mr. Taft and family will arrive in Augusta December 18. For the first few days they will be entertaied at the Thomas' home. Mr. Taft personally will select one of the cottages that has been offered him.

He and his family will take their meals at the winter resort hotel on the hills, near the cottages.

William H. Taft, Jr., and Miss Helen Taft will join the family during the holidays.

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LOOT IS $2,000,000

Receiver Says 100 Persons Were Duped in the Van Vlissingen Swindles.

Chicago, Nov. 20.—It was declared after an investigation last night that the outstanding forgeries of Peter Van Vlissingen, the real estate dealer, who, on his own confession, was arrested and sentenced to the penitentiary, will go far above $700,000, and will probably reach $2,000,000.

Instead of twenty-five, about one hundred persons will be losers. The exact number of outstanding forgeries is 458.

It is said that the rushing of Van Vlissingen to the penitentiary was made to get him there before the full extent of his forgeries became known.

Receiver Dumfounded.

Receiver William C. Niblack said yesterday that the total of the bogus mortgages now outstanding will reach $1,800,000, and possibly more.

Receiver Niblack was dumfounded, and President Harrison B. Riley, of the Chicago Title & Trust company, also was stunned. With every minute of his time occupied in explaining matters to protesting victims, Mr. Niblack had no opportunity until yesterday to ascertain the number of forged mortgages.

A count of the cards in the index which Van Vlissingen kept to show the number of spurious mortgages he issued and the purchasers thereof revealed that he issued 458 of these fake securities that are still held by innocent purchasers, a number of whom have been robbed of a life's savings.

Figuring the amount of each mortgage at $4,000—and those in touch with the situation say this is a conservative estimate—the total of fictitious securities floated by the high chief of the forgery fraternity would be $1,832,000. There are many who say that the last analysis of Van Vlissingen's colossal swindling will show the maximum amount to be more than $2,000,000.

Deeds Forged Daily.

It would take a long flight of imagination, it is declared, to guess the ultimate sum of all his forgery deals. In his criminal career of eighteen years, with the forging of trust deeds and notes an almost daily occupation, it is regarded as certain that the total of bogus securities Van Vlissingen palmed off on the public will reach high in the millions. The estimated $1,832,000 of mortgages are those which remain still unpaid and are being held by those whom he has cheated.

In addition it is known that he sold many hundreds of other fictitious securities which he paid when due, in order to hide his thieving operations.

A substantial majority of the mortgages, either bogus or genuine, issued by Van Vlissingen were for a few thousand dollars each. Practically all of the purchasers were either residents of Chicago or persons who regularly transact business in the city.

CHINESE FOR OUTBREAK

Prepare to Resist Claims of Portugal With Armed Forces.

Hong Kong, Nov. 19.—Late advices from Macao say that the Chinese continue to insist that Portugal has practically made a renunciation of sovereignty and have raised the Chinese flag over the colony and are levying taxes. The authorities are preparing to resist the Portuguese claim by force.

A report from Lisbon that the Portuguese government had decided to send a number of warships to Macao is not given credence by the Chinese, who claim that only the gunboat Patria is coming.

The natives are ready for an outbreak against the Portuguese, and they are supported by the Chinese officials.

When the Japanese steamer Tatsu Maru was seized some months ago off Macao by the Chinese viceroy on the charge of conveying arms to the Chinese rebels, Portugal, in order to avoid the responsibility of intervening, claimed the seizure was made in Chinese waters. This, according to the Chinese government, amounted to a renunciation of Portugal's sovereignty in Macao.

BOY ADMITS MURDER

He Tells How Companions Killed His Grandfather.

Vineland, N. J., Nov. 18.—Walter Zeller, 18, last night confessed to the authorities that William Read, his aged grandfather, was murdered while Cline Wheeler, Herbert Griggs and himself were attempting to rob his house.

Zeller was taken to headquarters and cross-questioned and under the severe examination broke down and said that with Wheeler and Griggs he went to the house and that he stood guard outside while the others entered.

Wheeler, he declared, beat Mr. Read, and then fearing that he would be recognized, shot him. After the shooting the boys fled without robbing the house. Wheeler was arrested, but Griggs could not be found.

Read was murdered Friday night at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. W. Cooper. Zeller is a son of Mrs. Cooper by a former husband.

WHO SAYS
EPILEPSY
CANNOT BE CURED?

Read the following letter from one of the most eminent statesmen in this country. We will send you scores of such letters:
Committee on Judiciary, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.
Dear Sir—I regard Dr. Town's cure of my brother and Congressman Dahle of Wisconsin as wonderful. Neither had any relief until Dr. Towns treated them. Very truly
[Signed] JOHN J. JENKINS.
Let us send you our booklet on Epilepsy. IT'S FREE. Address
DR. W. TOWNS MEDICAL CO.
FOND DU LAC. WIS., U. S. A.

TRACE PLAGUE TO MICH.

Officials Investigate While Pennsylvania and New York Are Under Quarantine.

Washington, Nov. 20.—Vigorous efforts are being made by the department of agriculture to stamp out the dreaded contagious and communicable ailment among cattle known as foot and mouth disease, which has been discovered among livestock in Pennsylvania and New York states, and as a result of which Secretary Wilson yesterday issued an order quarantining these two states.

During the quarantine, interstate or foreign transportation, movement, trailing or driving of cattle, sheep and swine from the two states is prohibited.

Quarantine Is Rigid.

The order became effective immediately and makes the quarantine exceedingly rigid. Shipments of dressed carcasses of calves, sheep and other ruminants, interstate or to foreign countries, are prohibited unless the hides or skins and hoofs are removed. By these and other vigorous measures the department hopes to prevent the disease from spreading widely.

Michigan the Source?

The disease was first discovered in a load of eighty yearlings shipped from the East Buffalo stock yards to a point in western Pennsylvania. Dr. B. P. Wende, of the bureau of animal industry, has gone to Michigan to investigate a suspected source of the infection. It is announced that more than 200 men will start today to disinfect the East Buffalo yards.

The disease first appeared in the United States in the winter of 1902 and 1903, when it affected portions of Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, but by prompt action on the part of the department and the state authorities, the infection was stamped out.

Ban on Buffalo Market.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 20.—Because two carloads of cattle delivered in Western Pennsylvania were found to be infected with foot and mouth disease and were traced back to East Buffalo, the authorities have placed a ban on this market.

Commissioner Pearson, of the department of agriculture of this state, last night ordered that a strict quarantine be placed on five counties in western New York, Erie, Niagara, Orleans, Wyoming and Genesee.

Inspectors at Work.

Animals infected with the foot and mouth disease have been discovered in each of these counties by government inspectors who have been quietly at work for over a week. Practically all the cases, it is said, have been traced back to Buffalo.

More than 200 men will be put to work today on the East Buffalo yards disinfecting every inch of ground. This work will take at least three weeks.

There were 80 animals in the two carloads of yearlings which caused the trouble. They came from the west, but the exact points have not been learned. Dr. B. P. Wende, chief inspector in the Buffalo branch of the federal bureau of animal industry, has a clue that they came from Michigan.

Commissioner Pearson says the measures taken by the state and national governments in this district are largely precautionary.

Pittsburg Optimistic.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 20.—Managers of yards say the quarantine, so far as Pittsburg yards are concerned, will be lifted today.

Ten government inspectors are on duty and, according to the management of the yards, no diseased cattle have been received, nor have there been any that even aroused suspicion.

CREEK BURNS FIERCELY

Flooded With 15,000 Barrels of Whisky.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 19.—Two warehouses of the Tom Moore Distilling company at Bardstown, in which were stored 15,000 barrels of whisky, were burned last evening, entailing damage of about $400,000, fully insured. The loss of prospective revenue tax to the government is $750,000.

A creek which runs past the plant was flooded by the burning liquor, and the surface of the creek was burning all night, lighting up the country for miles around.

ONLY $25,000 A YEAR

Alimony Allowed Mrs. Howard Gould.

New York, Nov. 19.—Supreme Court Justice Bischoff, in a decision handed down yesterday, allows alimony of $25,000 a year, payable monthly, to Katherine Clemmons Gould pending the adjudication of her suit for separation from Howard Gould.

This is the same allowance that Mr. Gould has been voluntarily allowing his wife pending the determination of her suit. She asked for $120,000 a year. The decision also allows counsel fees of $5,000.

FOX HAS WHITE FEET

Animal Is Rarer Than White Blackbirds.

Winsted, Conn., Nov. 19.—A big red fox with four white feet was trapped by John Hall, of Sherman, yesterday. Hall, an experienced trapper, says a fox with white feet is rarer than a white blackbird, and that he will get a good price for this, one of the biggest foxes ever seen in these parts. He has it in an iron cage with three other live foxes and four raccoons.

Hall has been very lucky this season. While hunting last week he shot two raccoons, together weighing fifty pounds, in one tree. He has trapped twenty-two foxes, besides other animals. He has fourteen live skunks in a cage. He can handle the skunks without worse result than if they were chickens.

CONTRIBUTIONS LIBERAL

Republicans All Over Country Gave $1,655,518.27 to Conduct the National Campaign.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 23.—George R. Sheldon, treasurer of the Republican national committee, today filed the list of contributions for the recent national campaign.

It shows 12,330 contributors, many of them covering a number of lesser contributions. The total amount contributed was $1,655,518.27.

The net amount received and disbursed at New York and Chicago headquarters was $1,035,368.27. In addition to this there was collected by the national committee's finance committees in the several states and turned over to the Republican state committees for use in their own states $620,150.

One Toledo Man.

The list shows but one Toledo resident, Noah H. Swayne, who contributed $500.

Those who gave more than $500 follow:

$110,000: C. P. Taft, Cincinnati.
$84,777: Union league, New York.
$22,500: Union league, Philadelphia.
$25,000: Larz Anderson, Boston; G. A. Garretson, treasurer.
$20,000: Andrew Carnegie, New York City; J. P. Morgan, New York City.
$15,000: Alex Smith Cochran, New York, J. N. Bagley, chairman, Michigan; William Nelson Cromwll, New York.
$10,000: M. C. D. Borden, New York; Whitelaw Reid, New York; Frank A. Munsey, New York; Jacob H. Schiff, New York; Fred P. Smith, Michigan; Edyth Agnes Corbin, Washington; W. J. Behan, treasurer, Washington.
$9,000: S. Vail and associates, Washington; H. N. Coe, chairman.
$7,500: Mark T. Cox, New York.
$7,000: R. C. Kerens, St. Louis.
$6,000: William Barbour, Paterson.

The $5,000 List.

$5,000: J. C. Schidlapp, Cincinnati; Simon Guggenheim, Denver; Kountze Brothers, New York; William P. Clyde, New York; J. M. W. Seligman & Co., New York; A. D. Julliard & Co., New York; Norman B. Ream, New York; Robert Bacon, New York; A. M. Huntington, New York; George Lauder, New York; Mrs. A. A. Anderson, New York; James Speyer, New York; D. O. Mills, New York; G. F. Baker, New York; E. C. Converse, New York; F. H. Smith, chairman; A. M. Huntington, New York; C. Sidney Sheppard, Buffalo; D. R. Hanna, Washington; G. Pinchot, Washington; T. H. Shevlin, Minneapolis; A. Busch, St. Louis; Ferdinand Sulzberger, Kansas City; W. S. Dickey, Kansas City; J. Bromley, Kansas City; F. C. Dumaine, chairman.
$4,000: George Blumenthal, New York; C. N. Bliss, New York; J. B. Brady, New York; J. C. Wharton, chairman, New York; L. S. Brice, New York; F. W. Henderson, Pittsburg; George A. Draper, Massachusetts; Seth M. Carter, chairman.
$3,500: William D. Snyder, Pittsburg; E. A. Edmonds, Pittsburg.
$3,000: Joseph Milbank, New York; Edwin V. Morgan, New York; Felix N. Wardurg, New York; Mortimer L. Schiff, New York; T. N. Vail, New York; W. Bayard Cutting, L. A. Heinsheimer, New York; Otto H. Kahn, New York; W. M. Crane, Dalton, Mass.; Frank W. Cheney, New Britain; R. D. Evans, New York.

These Gave $2,500 Each.

$2,500: Paul N. Warburg, New York; J. R. Delmar, New York; Charles M. Schwab, New York; Elihu Root, New York; H. L. Higginson, Boston; E. C. Brice, Boston; R. A. C. Smith, New York; Samuel Mather, New York; William A. Marburg, Baltimore; William Cooper, Proctor, Mass.; Robert Knight, Rhode Island; C. H. Washburn, Boston; H. K. Cochran, chairman.
$2,000: W. J. Curtis, New York; H. G. Squiers, New York; Frederick Potter, New York; John Jacob Astor, New York; Charles E. Steele, New York; Charles Miller, New York; John C. Laflin, New York; David J. Hill, Berlin; R. B. Mellen, Pittsburg; A. W. Mellen, Pittsburg; J. M. Hansen, Pittsburg; J. Laughlin, Pittsburg; George N. Laughlin, Pittsburg; George N. Laughlin, Pittsburg; B. F. Jones, jr., Pittsburg; Dallas C. Byers, Pittsburg; G. Von L. Meyer, Washington; J. Metcalf, Boston; L. W. Brice, Boston; James and John Dobson, Boston.
$1,500: Henry F. Lippett, Rhode Island; Joseph E. Fletcher, Rhode Island; F. A. Sayles, Rhode Island; S. M. Nicholson, Rhode Island; J. W. Weeks, Boston; Alfred Lewisohn, New York; J. G. White, New York; D. S. Rollins, New York; Louis Stern, New York; W. C. Robinson, Pittsburg; W. W. Willock, Pittsburg; H. R. Rea, Pittsburg; A. H. Martin, Pittsburg; George T. Oliver, Pittsburg; Herbert Dupuy, Pittsburg; W. S. G. Lidden, Cleveland; C. G. Dawes, Chicago; F. E. Grimes, Chicago; Z. Crane, Dalton, Mass.; Fred G. Crane, Dalton, Mass.; P. Corbin, New Britain; Ethan Allen, New York; J. G. Battelle, Detroit.
$1,300: W. B. Ridgeley, Chicago.
$1,250: Clarence H. Mackay, New York; H. E. Huntington, San Francisco; H. Schaewind, Jr.; O. H. Cutler.

$1,000 Contributors.

$1,000: S. Insull, Chicago; C. P. Bryan, Chicago; M. Pam, Chicago; N. Hughitt, Chicago; J. Morton, Chicago; J. A. Patten, Chicago; A. S. Littlefield, Chicago; F. T. Fraser, Chicago, J. G. Shedd, Chicago; J. T. Pierce, Chicago; R. T. Lincoln, Chicago; W. H. Bartlett, Chicago; N. W. Harris, Chicago; C. R. Crane, Chicago; H. H. Hewitt, Chicago; F. A. W. Kircheffer, Milwaukee; F. Disston, Philadelphia; W. Disston, Philadelphia; J. S. Disston, Philadelphia; G. C. Hetzel, Philadelphia; J. A. Brown, Jr., Philadelphia; H. G. Dalton, Cleveland; Howard P. Eells, Cleveand; W. P. Murray, Cleveland; W. J. Boardman, Cleveland; C. McKnight, Pittsburg; W. L. King, Pittsburg; W. S. Miller, Pittsburg; George B. Moore, Pittsburg; J. R. McGinley, Pittsburg; E. Pitcairn, Pittsburg; J. E. Patton, Pittsburg; William L. Clause, Pittsburg; W. H. Hartupee, Pittsburg; Charles W. Brown, Pittsburg; William L. Jones, Pittsburg; J. B. Laughlin, Pittsburg; W. H. Rowe, Pittsburg; John Bindley, Pittsburg; Ed H. Bindley, Pittsburg; Willis F. McCook, Pittsburg; Emile Winter, Pittsburg; J. F. Byers, Pittsburg; Eben M. Byers, Pittsburg; David B. Oliver, Pittsburg; Henry White, Paris; John Stoughton Newberry, New York; James B. Ford, New York; W. H. Woodin, New York; M. Olivia Sage, New York; E. R. Stettinus, New York; Seth Low, New York; Horace Russell, New York; Oscar Strauss, New York; W. Emlen Roosevelt, New York; William D. Sloane, New York; Clarence Whitman, New York; John S. Kennedy, New York; E. H. Wells, New York; Harry Bate, New York; E. H. Vaningen, New York; Henry W. Taft, New York; Heidelback, Ickelheimer & Co New York; I. B. Dudley, New York; Maxwell Bros., New York; A. A. Forbes and partners, New York; estate of Fred Billings, New York; W. A. Read, New York; Alfred G. Vanderbilt, New York; Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York; J. L. Cadwalader, New York; Charles S. Francis, New York; Estabrook & Co., New York; Henry Clews, New York; S. S. Palmen, New York; Rutherford Stuyvesant, New York; W. H. Sage, New York; C. D. Barney & Co., New York; L. S. Thompson, New York; C. L. Boir, New York; Levi P. Morton, New York; G. P. Wetmore, Newport; T. L. Coolidge, Boston; William Whitman, Boston; William A. Paine, Boston; Frank B. Kellogg, St. Paul; C. A. Severance, St. Paul; E. N. Saunders, St. Paul; Thomas F. Cole, Duluth; Charles G. Glover, Washington; Theodore Roosevelt, Washington; Charles E. Magoon, Havana; Theo. Marburg, Baltimore; Charles F. Brooker, Ansonia, Conn.; George Tod, Youngstown, O.; Franklin Murphy, Newark, N. J.; G. A. Hobart, Newark, N. J.; R. C. McKinney, Connecticut; J. H. Whittemore, Connecticut; H. H. Peck, Connecticut; A. B. Voorhees, Cincinnati; Julius Fleischmann, Cincinnati; William Worthington, Ohio; B. S. Cunningham, Ohio; R. J. Gammell, Providence; Steven O. Metcalf, Providence; Lyman Goff, Providence; F. V. Nedringhaus, St. Louis; William Miller Collier, Madrid; G. M. Bowkers, West Virginia; J. A. Jeffrey, West Virginia; J. R. Grundy, W. Hardee, Fred H. Eaton, H. Whitin, W. H. Bent, M. J. Dolphinson, W. P. Jackson Morris Bachman, C. F. Atkins.
$900: J. F. Dryden, Washington.
$750: H. B. Joy, Detroit; R. P. Joy, Detroit; F. M. Alger, Detroit; R. A. Alger, Detroit; T. H. Newberry, Detroit; J. W. Packard, Detroit; P. H. McMillan, Detroit; Edward Kneeland, Detroit; W. H. Dunworthy, Detroit.

Among the Ohioans who contributed to the fund, these gave $500 each:

D. B. Gamble, J. W. Warrington, William Loeb, jr., Luke E. Wright, W. H. Cowles, Arthur Fuller, Mary E. Pinchot, Gist Blair, C. H. Graves, Vespasian Warner, Cincinnati; Mrs. John Hay, C. A. Grasselli, W. G. Mather, Squiere, Saunders & Dempsey, Cleveland; J. H. Stout, Menominee; J. G. Butler, jr., Youngstown; estate of L. B. Harrison, Clifford B. Wright, W. H. Alms, Ohio.

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OUR OFFER Send us $5.00 and we will send you a case of EXTRA SPECIAL DISTILLATION WHISKEY in 12 large full 16 ounce bottles, all charges prepaid to your nearest express station, without marks to betray contents. The whiskey is the finest blend of straight whiskies (no spirits, no compound, no imitation whiskey—nothing but a blend of straight whiskies.)

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STORY OF STANDARD

John D. Rockefeller Again on the Witness Stand in the Oil Trust Hearing.

New York, Nov. 19.—To continue his story of the formation and growth of the Standard Oil company, which was begun yesterday afternoon, John D. Rockefeller again went on the witness stand this morning. He is testifying in behalf of the defendant in the suit of the government to dissolve the oil trust.

It was announced that after Mr. Rockefeller's cross-examination, John D. Archbold, vice president of the Standard, will take the stand.

The hearing was transferred today to a larger room in order to accommodate numerous counsel and reporters. The policemen were stationed in the corridors, and only those having friends connected with the proceedings were permitted to enter. Mr. Rockefeller was smiling as he took the witness stand and resumed his testimony.

Uncertainties of Business.

Mr. Rockefeller's counsel again called his attention to the uncertainties of the oil business in the early '70's, and asked him what bearing the supply of raw material had thereon.

"It had an important bearing and must always have such importance, as we never know when the supply may give out, rendering the properties for the refining of oil comparatively valueless," replied Mr. Rockefeller. He added that in the early oil business the supply of crude oil was limited to a small area, coming principally from Venango county, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Rockefeller said that the oil business was made a hazardous proposition because of the apprehension that the supply of crude oil would be exhausted. Some of the oil wells were very short lived.

Told of Early Days.

Although Mr. Rockefeller was on the witness stand more than two hours yesterday, it appears from the progress that he had made at adjournment, that he had only fairly started in his narrative. He had told only of the early days, when as a pioneer in the refining of petroleum he had started on almost nothing and soon outstripped all his rivals.

He declared that it was true the introduction of economies, by taking advantage of every favorable legitimate opportunity to extend his business, by borrowing and intelligent investment of large sums of money, and by close, intelligent, constant application to the oil business alone, that the great corporation of which he is the head, was built up.

The development of Mr. Rockefeller's testimony yesterday which carried him to the organization of the Standard Oil company, of Ohio, indicated that one of the lines of defense will be that the Standard company is not the result of an aggressive policy to obtain a mastery of the oil trade as charged, but rather the natural outcome of an economical development which the exigencies of the oil industry demanded.

Borrowed Money.

In telling of his start in life, Mr. Rockefeller said: "How well I remember that day in Cleveland when I went into the bank of T. P. Handy, who afterward became one of my dearest friends. I wanted to borrow money, but I didn't have any collateral nor any one to indorse my note. I told him what I wanted to do with it and then he asked me how much I wanted. 'I need $2,000,' I said, and I got it. To that loan I attribute whatever success I have had in life since."

Mr. Rockefeller's counsel then asked him if he recalled that a producers' union was formed at the time of the agitation regarding the South Improvement company.

"Yes," replied Mr. Rockefeller, "it was formed a little later and was composed of a large portion of the oil producers."

That led to an association of oil refiners.

Made Agreement.

In December, 1872, Mr. Rockefeller said, the producers' union and the refiners' association entered into an agreement, the purpose of which was "to secure as high a price for the crude oil as possible."

In order to secure dockage facilities and to make shipments to develop the Standard Oil company in 1873 purchased the plant of the Long Island Refining company in Long Island City, and began to refine oil at the seaboard.

To further extend its markets the Standard Oil company purchased the Devoe company, and in 1873 bought about one-half of the Chess, Charley & Company, of Louisville, which had a large domestic business in the southwest.

Mr. Rockefeller then told of the Standard Oil company's purchase of the business of the firm of Charles M. Pratt & Co., of Brooklyn, oil refiners, and others. The aggregate value of the property purchased from Chas. Pratt & Co., and from Warden, Frew & Co., Mr. Rockefeller estimated at $3,000,000.

MONKEYS AS DENTISTS

Fill Each Other's Teeth, Says Lecturer.

Chicago, Nov. 20.—Monkeys and the large gray squirrels that overrun the jungles of Africa are their own dentists. They fill each other's teeth with consummate skill and often kill an aching nerve. At least this is what Dr. L. Frank Derby Pierce, of West Roxbury, Mass., says, and he is going to lecture before Chicago dentists on the subjects.

Dr. Pierce, who spent several years in the jungles of Africa, says that monkeys and squirrels have discovered a blue clay, much the same in color as that which covers the diamond fields, and in this clay is a large percentage of creosote. When the animals have the toothache they plaster this clay into the cavity as a remedy.

The creosote often kills the offending nerve.

KAISER WANTS WAR

Amazing Jeremiad, According to New York Daily, Is Given American Magazine.

VON BUELOW GETS SPEECHES PRINTED.

Berlin, Nov. 21.—Emperor William made a public speech in this city this morning on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the formation of the city council of Berlin. Instead of speaking extemporaneously, as is his usual custom, he read his address from a printed form that was handed to him by Chancellor von Buelow. His majesty said:

"The municipality was created in the midst of fires of the wars liberty, but since that time it has been developed by the devotion of the citizens of the capital. This gives me the hope that the municipality of the future also will retain the spirit of true citizenship, and that nothing will force itself between the prince and the people."

New York, Nov. 21.—What purports to be an "absolutely accurate and authentic synopsis" of the interview obtained from Emperor William, of Germany, by Dr. William Bayard Hale and subsequently withdrawn just as it was about to appear in the Century magazine, is printed by the World today. The World declares the article as originally written was submitted to Dr. Hale and that it appears today "as changed by Dr. Hale."

The interview is said to have taken place on the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, off Bergen, Norway, while Dr. Hale was the emperor's guest. The World summarizes the main points from the emperor's interview as follows:

Kaiser Humiliated!

King Edward, of Great Britain, had been humiliating him for more than two years and he was exasperated; Germany was the paramount power in all Europe, and England was trying to neutralize that power.

He held France in the hollow of his hand and Russia was of no account since the disastrous war she had waged with Japan.

If the Pan-European war which had been so much talked about was inevitable, the sooner it came the better it would be for him, because he was ready and was tired of the suspense.

"Great Britain had been a decadent nation ever since her victory over the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, because hers was unrighteous, ungodly cause, and divine judgment was bound to overtake the power of the nation that waged such a war.

Iniquitous Alliance.

The Anglo-Japanese alliance was an iniquitious alliance against all the white races, England proving absolutely her faithlessness as a Christian nation; Japan was honeycombing India with sedition and flooding it with spies, while professing openly to be England's friend and ally.

"The only way to counteract this alliance was for Germany and America to act together at an early date, or America would have to fight the Japanese in ten months.

"In the event of a great war, England would lose many of her large colonies, especially those in the Pacific and all he would take for Germany would be Egypt, though he would liberate the Holy Land from the yoke of the infidel, presumably meaning the sultan.

The World declares that Emperor William knew when he made these statements that Dr. Hale was an American newspaper man and magazine writer.

Emperor Irresponsible.

High German officials forbade him to publish it, the World's story continues, and told Dr. Hale that the emperor was irresponsible when he gave way to "such fits of temper."

Later, when the manuscript was submitted to the high German officials, they are said to have so butchered it that little which was worth while was left.

It was in this final form, according to the World, that the article was accepted by the Century. It was practically ready for publication when the request came from Berlin that even the interview in its revised form be suppressed.

MILLIONAIRES SWINDLED

Pittsburg Men Alleged Victims of J. Montefiore Myers, of Australia.

Pittsburg, Nov. 23.—The police authorities here have made two more arrests in the case of J. Montefiore Meyers, said to be from Australia, who was taken into custody Saturday and held for the New York police on an alleged charge of grand larceny. Shortly after Meyers left this city yesterday for the east, the local police arrested W. A. Fitzpatrick in a bank building, where he was talking over an oil deal with a business man. Last evening John A. Fitzpatrick, a brother, was also arrested.

The police arrested the Fitzpatricks on information furnished by R. B. Sheridan, a wealthy coal operator of Wilkesbarre, Pa., and John A. Garman, of the same place, chief counsel for Col. J. M. Guffey, the millionaire oil operator of Pittsburg.

According to the police, T. N. Barnsdall, also a millionaire oil operator of this city, had been interested in the several deals by Meyers.

Meyers and the Fitzpatricks are alleged to have been promoting a deal to buy options on coal and oil lands. Meyers, it is said, represented that he controlled several million dollars of the Rothschilds. Meyers, who has an engaging personality, had little trouble in interesting Mr. Sheridan, Col. Guffey and Mr. Barnsdall. Just how many more wealthy Pittsburgers were interested the police refuse to say.

TAX THE RICH ONLY

Steel King Almost in Favor of Free Trade, but U. S. Needs Revenues.

New York, Nov. 23.—A notable article from Andrew Carnegie, dealing with the tariff, will appear in the forthcoming December number of the Century Magazine, in which the ironmaster takes the position that "infant industries" no longer need protection; that the steel and other industries have now grown beyond the need of tariff protection; that duties on luxuries used by the rich should be maintained, but that those on manufactured articles should be greatly reduced, or abolished entirely when no longer needed.

Revenue Still Needed.

"While the tariff as a whole even today has ceased to be primarily beneficial as a measure of protection," says Mr. Carnegie, "it has become of vast importance from the standpoint of revenue. Duties upon imports, not for protection, but for needed revenue, should not become a party question. Reasonable men of all parties may be expected to approve this plan of obtaining revenue."

Mr. Carnegie says of future tariff legislation: "The next congress should maintain present duties, and even in some cases increase them, upon all articles used almost exclusively by the rich, and this not for protection, but for revenue, not drawn from the workers, but from the rich. That is the first and prime duty of congress. We should not forget that government expenditures increased enormously in recent years and that additional revenue is required."

A Radical Revision.

In the writer's opinion, the revision of the tariff could today safely and advantageously be made a radical one upon the lines suggested; but if congress, in deference to the timid manufacturer, "whom we have always with us," think it prudent not to disturb his dreams unduly, and only halves present duties on some articles, and abolishes them entirely upon others, the writer will be thankful and philosophic as usual, because one step in the right direction will have been taken, and he knows that the final step must come before long, the sooner the better.

WOODRUFF ENDORSED

To Succeed Thomas Platt in Senate.

New York, Nov. 21.—State Chairman Timothy Woodruff was formally endorsed as candidate for the United States senate at a meeting of the Queen's county Republican committee, held in Long Island City last night.

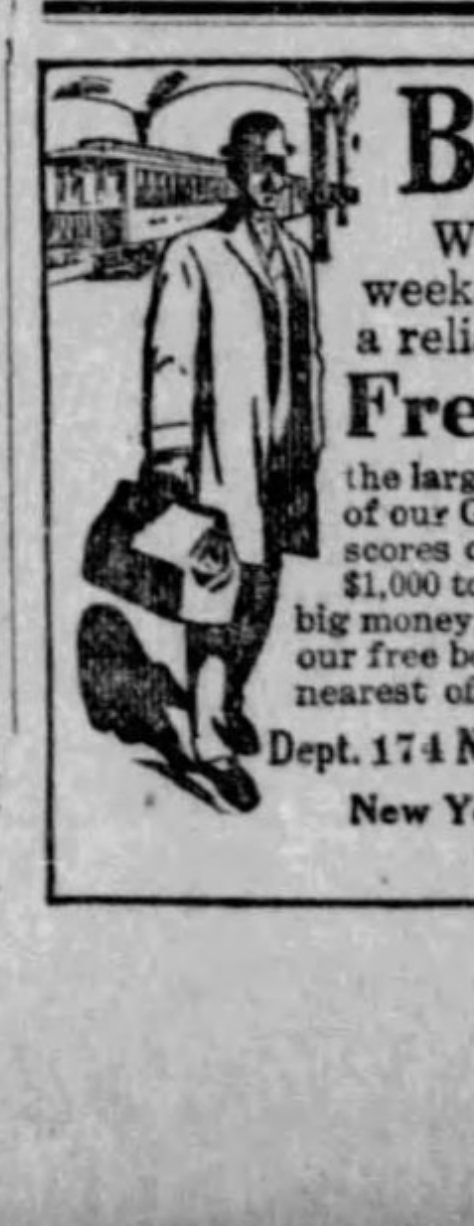
MRS. GUNNESS ALIVE SAYS LETTER WRITER

Laorte, Ind., Nov. 23.—Attorney Worden, who is defending Ray Lamphere, now on trial for the murder of Mrs. Belle Gunness and her three children, made public a letter which was received from Chicago Sunday by his law partner, Mayor Lemuel Darrow. The writer, whose full name and address are withheld by Mr. Worden, says he knows that Mrs. Gunness is alive, as he had a letter from her five days ago, and says that he was the man who accompanied her to the Gunness farm on July 9, the date on which D. M. Hutson and his daughters say they saw Mrs. Gurness and a man drive away in a buggy.

The letter says that Mrs. Gunness set fire to the house with a slow match after the house was saturated with coal oil. She poisoned the children beforehand, the writer says.

Mr. Worden said that he had tried to reach the writer by telephone, in order to have him come to Laporte to testify; but so far he has failed to find him.

Dr. Walter S. Haines, of Chicago, is expected to go on the stand to testify to the finding of strychnine and arsenic in the stomachs of Andrew Helgelein, "Mrs. Gunness" and two of the Gunness children. From present indications the case will go to the jury by Wednesday.



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QUEEN BALKED AT ELKINS MILLIONS MARRYING TITLE

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 24.—Interesting and authentic details of the stand taken by Queen Margharita of Italy in connection with the many times confirmed and denied engagement of the duke of the Abruzzi to Miss Katherine Elkins, were received in this city yesterday.

They came in the form of a letter from Signora Josephina Huzzi, widow of the late governor of the royal castle of Spupinagi, to her son, Signor Pietro Buzzi, of this city.

"My mother wrote that Queen Margharita and the young duke were staying at the castle," said Puzzi.

"She said the affair was the gossip of the hour before the arrival of the queen, but that her announcements soon allayed all fear that there would be any alliance between royal blood and the Elkins family.

"The queen made no attempt to conceal her feelings against any proposed engagement between the duke and Miss Elkins, and denied that such an engagement already existed.

"When the people were assured that the rumors were false, they gave vent to exclamations of satisfaction over what they termed the excellent judgment of the duke."

RICH "VAGRANT" DEALT IN MILLIONS, SAY POLICE

New York, Nov. 23.—William Abbot Foster, who was arrested Saturday on complaint of the mendicancy department of the charity organization, is held on the technical charge of vagrancy. Foster's family lives at the Clarendon hotel, occupying what is known as the "royal suite." Foster supported them, it is charged, by obtaining money from rich men.

Some of the men whom he is charged with approaching or trying to approach were John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie and Charles M. Schwab. The police say that in the last nine years Foster has obtained at least $100,000 from men who became interested in his mining schemes.

In letters which it is alleged Foster sent to John D. Rockefeller, the writer asks Mr. Rockefeller to give him the use of $5,000,000.

KILLS HIS DAUGHTER

Then Man Turns Gun on Others of Family.

New York, Nov. 24.—Returning to his home in the upper east side early today after an all-night absence, Carl Loose, a baker, 57 years old, opened fire with a revolver upon members of his family who were at breakfast, instantly killed his 17-year-old daughter, Meta, and probably fatally wounded his 24-year-old son, Frederick, a Lutheran minister. He was disarmed by his son John, 19, before a third shot could be fired. Loose was arrested charged with murder.

He stolidly refused to give any reason for his act. Frederick, the wounded son, has a bullet in his abdomen. He had recently received a call from a church at Yale, S. D. He married an Illinois girl after receiving the call and was preparing to leave for the west with his bride.

The tragedy was due to the fact that the family circle was about to be broken because of Loose's actions. The mother and children were to have gone to Yale, S. D., with the elder son.

SHY 178,516 VOTES

Official Vote on Tax Amendment Is Announced.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Columbus, Nov. 24.—The canvassing board, composed of the governor and other state officials, went over the vote cast for the proposed constitutional amendments and announced the vote. All three propositions were defeated. On the taxation amendment the vote was 95,867 against and 389,747 for, while the total vote cast was 1,136,525, making 568,263 to pass the bill.

WAR ON IN THE BALKANS

First Serious Clash in Near East Occurs on the Bosnia Frontier.

Paris, Nov. 28.—The first serious clash between Servian and Austrian troops has occurred near Zvornik, according to dispatches received from Vienna.

A band of Servian soldiers, large numbers of whom have been assembling, attempted to cross the Bosnian frontier and were met by Austrian troops.

A battle ensued and the Servians were repulsed with a loss of 17 killed and scores wounded. The Austrian loss was slight. More Servian troops are rushing to scene of battle and more trouble is expected.

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Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures, may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this:

Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3396 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich.
Send me, without charge or obligation on my part, the Free prescription for men described above.

Name...

Address.....................................

DEFENSE NEARING END

Lamphere Will Not Testify in Own Behalf.

Laporte, Ind., Nov. 24.—The trial of Ray Lamphere for the murder of Mrs. Belle Gunness and her three children is drawing to a close. Today will see the evidence all in, unless something unforseen happens.

As the case now stands the defense has introduced evidence to show that Mrs. Gunness was alive on July 9, more than two months after the fire of April 28, in which the state contends she perished at the hand of Lamphere. The defense has also offered evidence to show that Mrs. Gunness was so harassed by Lamphere, Helgelein and others that she likely committed suicide after setting fire to the house herself.

Lamphere, according to statements of the defendant's attorneys, will not go on the stand.

After finding that no persons of the name signed to the letter received by Mayor Darrow from Chicago with reference to the writer's having accompanied Mrs. Gunness to Laporte on July 9, was registered at the hotel named in the letter, the attorneys for the defense gave up that clue.

A letter received from Michigan City saying that Mrs. Gunness would be found at 327 Walker street if Attorney Worden would call for Mrs. McConnell, brought out the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Lewis McConnell live at that number. Mrs. McConnell acknowledged knowing about the letter, but denied having written it and refused to tell who had.

No session of court was held this morning. The trial was adjourned yesterday till this afternoon, in order to allow Dr. W. S. Haines, of Chicago, one of the chief witnesses for the defense to be present. Dr. Haines was summoned to testify to the finding of arsenic and strychnine in the stomach of the bodies taken from the ruins of the Gunness home.

FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, head Noises and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1251 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

CONVICTS BURN

Daring Coup of Alabama Prisoners Is Foiled by the Guards.

Birmingham, Ala., Nov. 18.—Fifty state convicts employed in the mines at Pratt City formed a conspiracy to set No. 3 mine on fire and escape during the confusion, and as a result eight are burned to death, one is missing and the other forty-one locked in the stockade.

The coup was cunningly planned and daringly executed. A lot of timber was ignited. The convicts had hoped to be able to make their way along the mine ahead of the smoke and fumes from the fire. In this way they miscalculated, for at least eight were suffocated.

The others appeared to be meeting with success when the mine officials suspected something. One overseer saw the flames, and guards were at once placed at the shaft. Then men were caught as they came from the main entry.

Rescue work was then begun, for, in addition to the convicts there were a number of free laborers in the mines. All appear to have got out safely except the convicts who were near the source of the flames.

HOSPITAL SHIP RELIEF MISSING

Manila, Nov. 24.—Some concern is felt here regarding the safety of the American ship Relief. This vessel left here Nov. 15 for Guam and was due there the 20th. She has not yet arrived. Orders have been given that the supply ship Supply leave Guam in search of the Relief.

PLAIN TALK FOR KING

Rome, Nov. 20.—Foreign Minister Tittoni called upon King George, of Greece, here today and remained with him for half an hour. It is reported that the king expressed gratification with the cordiality shown by King Victor Emmanuel at the recent meeting between the two monarchs, as well as with the sympathy of the Italian king for the Greek cause.

Signor Tittoni assured King George that the feelings of King Victor Emmanuel were shared by the Italian government and the people, but at the same time he explained to his majesty the standing of Italy in the present international situation.

BODS WARNS BRITAIN

Declares England's Army Is Inadequate for Defense Against an Invasion.

London, Nov. 24.—That England's army is utterly inadequate for her defense was the startling statement made last night in the house of lords by Field Marshal Roberts.

England's foremost soldier, "Little Bobs," the hero of India and South Africa, declared Germany could successfully invade the British Isles despite the great navy.

The British public has been given many warnings recently, but none has given so great a shock as this, coming from a man of such great military reputation as Lord Roberts.

May Widen Breach.

Following so close upon the recent criticisms of England by Emperor William, it is feared the speech by General Roberts will still further inflame the people of both countries and widen a breach that already is formidable.

He disclaimed all hostility to or fear of Germany; but he declared that the defense of the islands required immediate attention. There should be an army so strong in numbers and efficient in quality that the most formidable of foreign nations would hesitate to make a landing in England. He had ascertained, the speaker continued, that vessels capable of accommodating 200,000 men always were available in the northern ports of Germany, and that as a result of the new German service law 200,000 men could be collected in the districts of the nearest port without any trouble. The great German steamship lines were in constant practice in embarking and disembarking, and as the railroads were owned by the state all preliminaries up to the actual dispatch of troops could be carried out with the utmost secrecy. Germany was perfectly aware, the field marshal went on, that it would be essential for her transports to evade the British fleet, and she could easily distract attention by small raids while the main disembarkation was proceeding undisturbed.

Sounds Warning.

"It would be folly," declared Lord Roberts, "to shut our eyes to these possibilities, however much peace is desired. The startling events in the near east have brought home to the most careless observer that nothing could save that country which is not prepared to protect itself. If Great Britain continues to neglect the most ordinary precautions she may some day find herself in the hands of the invader and forced to submit to the most humiliating conditions. This danger is daily becoming more threatening."

Lord Roberts' speech caused a sensation in the house. The Earl of Crewe remarked on the seriousness of such statements in the present high-strung condition of Europe's nerves, saying he feared there might be regrettable consequences.

CRANK CALLS ON ROOSEVELT

Washington, D. C., Nov. 24.—"Acting President Roosevelt," alias Boleslar Bonkovski, late of Poland, Russia or Australia and Detroit, presented himself at the White House this morning and demanded admittance in order to assist the President in running the government.

Instead he was admitted to the house of detention.

He had been summoned here by long distance telephone, he said, the President having communicated with him while in Philadelphia. He had hastened on to Washington.

Bonkovski said that he lived at 63 Adelaide street, Detroit, and that he was 25 years of age. Later he said that he came from Poland, then Australia. He appears to be harmless and was armed with nothing more deadly than a purse, his calling cards, and a stick of licorice.

WHITE HOUSE TURKEY GIVES LIFE FOR HONOR.

Westerly, R. I., Nov. 23.—The Rhode Island turkey which Horace Vose will send to the President, according to his custom, went on the execution block yesterday, and will be shipped to Washington. It is the best of a lot of chestnut fed which have been specially selected as candidates for the distinction. The bird weighs twenty-six pounds. President Grant was the first occupant of the White House to receive a turkey from the Vose flocks, and each year the gift has been made.

NEW BOGUS BILLS OUT

Clever Counterfeit Is Found in Providence.

Washington, Nov. 23.—Chief Wilkie, of the secret service, yesterday announced that a new counterfeit silver certificate (Indian head) has been detected in circulation, having first made its appearance in Providence, R. I. It purports to be one of those authorized by act August 4, 1886, series of 1899, check letter D, face plate No. 2, back plate No. 666, with portrait of Onepapa. A defect in the plate gives the Indian chief a cross-eyed expression. Otherwise it is a clever counterfeit A new counterfeit $5 United States note has also been discovered. It purports to be one authorized by the act of March 3, 1863, series of 1907, with a portrait of Jackson, check letter D, No. A5,247,176. The note is by no means cleverly disguised and should not deceive persons familiar with money.

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D. Needham's Sons Red Clover **is not a patent medicine.** It is simply a pure extract of clover blossoms. If you are a sufferer from any of the above troubles, don't fail to give it a trial at once. It is for sale by druggists at $1.00 a jar, or will be sent direct, prepaid, on receipt of $1.15.

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Don't suffer another day. Simple send this notice with your name and address (no letter is necessary) to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, 6869 Miller Building, Kokomo, Indiana, and by return mail you will receive a free 50c box, all charges prepaid.

20 DIE IN EXPLOSION

Gas Mains Break and Workmen in Trench Are Caught in a Fiery Pit.

New York, Nov. 20.—At least 20 persons are believed to have lost their lives as a result of the explosion of a gas main at Gold and Front streets, Brooklyn, today.

Fifty tenement houses in the block are in such danger of falling into the trench that the occupants have been ordered out by the police.

The most intense excitement prevails for blocks around the scene of the accident, and the streets are filled with wailing women and children who have been unable to get any word from their relatives who were known to be in the vicinity when the explosion came.

At least one woman and three little girls are said by the police to have been swallowed by the cave-in which followed the explosion.

The explosion tore the street to pieces for rods on either side, and the thirty men who were working in an excavation for a big sewer pipe were buried by the debris which fell in upon them and are believed to have been smothered or burned in the fire that followed the explosion. Samuel Trout, who lived near the scene lost his life in attempting to save a woman who was passing through Gold street at the time of the explosion and fell into the trench. Trout was caught by the flames from the blazing gas main and roasted alive. The woman was dragged out of the trench and saved by a boy.

Were Digging Trench.

The workmen were digging a trench through Gold street for the installation of a 36-inch sewer pipe. The excavation was to be nearly 40 feet deep, and as the laborers removed the earth the walls had been shored up by large timbers.

With Charles Schiffmeyer, a city inspector of sewers, overseeing the work this forenoon, the men were working at the bottom of the trench when an accumulation of gas from a main which had been accidentally broken, exploded with tremendous force. The supporting timbers were ripped away and the high dirt walls toppled over on Schiffmeyer and his men.

A large water main also was broken by the force of the explosion and a perfect torrent of water began to spurt up through the mass of wreckage. Almost side by side with these geysers roared the flames from the gas escaping from the broken main.

Firemen and workmen from the city water deaprtment and the gas company worked desperately together in an effort to check the flow of gas and water and to relieve the men who had been imprisoned.

Under Tons of Earth.

Nearly half an hour's work was required to reach the body of Trout, who had been burned to death on the surface of the street. The bodies of the other men are believed to be buried under tons of earth.

The explosion was followed by scenes of the most intense excitement. Every building for blocks around was severely shaken and it was at first feared that serious damage had been sustained by some of them. Among the buildings in the vicinity which received nearly the full force of the shock are a large Roman Catholic church and a parochial school. In the immense crowd which flocked to the scene were mothers who feared that their little ones in the school building were in danger.

VANDERBILT'S PASTOR PLACED IN ASYLUM.

Lacrosse, Wis., Nov. 20.—Alleging he had become a dipsomaniac while pastor of a fashionable church at Newport, R. I., where the Vanderbilts were members of his congregation, friends of Rev. S. W. Moran, an Episcopal clergyman, 56 years old, had him committed to the Mendota hospital for the insane yesterday.

Mr. Moran was arrested last spring on charge of obtaining money on false pretenses from a wealthy member of his church. The affair was adjusted.

WARNED BY WIRELESS

New York Artist Says She Got Death Message.

New York, Nov. 20.—Declaring that she had received a wireless message from Detroit informing her that her mother and sister died last night and that she must die today, Gene Ogden, a woman artist, was found wandering about lower Fifth avenue today, and was taken to Bellevue hospital. She insisted she was about to die and that help would be of no avail. She said her name was Gene Ogden.

JOHN D.'S HOLDINGS

Says He Owned 256,854 Shares in N. J. Company When It Was Formed.

New York, Nov. 24.—John D. Rockefeller testified in the government's suit against the Standard Oil company today that at the time of the organization of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, in 1899, he owned 256,854 shares of its stock, out of a total stock issue of 983,383.

Mr. Rockefeller said that frequently holders of certificates of Standard Oil trust exchanged them for stock in the Standard Oil company of New Jersey rather than accept shares of the various subsidiary companies.

"I turned over my trust certificates to the liquidating trustees," said Mr. Rockefeller, "and obtained a paper on which I secured shares in the constituent companies, which I turned into the Standard Oil company of New Jersey."

Never as Attorney.

Mr. Rockefeller declared that he never acted as an attorney for anyone in this process of liquidation.

Mr. Kellogg stated that Henry M. Flagler at first received 28,000 shares and later 79,430 shares additional. Mr. Rockefeller said he thought Mr. Flagler did not own any such amount of stock, but he could not say whether he accepted it for purposes of distribution.

Suit in Ohio.

"Did the Standard bring a suit in Ohio in 1880 against Schofield, Schurmer & Teagle to prevent its refining over 85,000 barrels of crude oil a year, and to prevent its acquiring an interest in a Buffalo refinery?" Mr. Rockefeller was asked.

"There was some litigation about the refining of oil. I recall nothing about the Buffalo refinery."

"Did you not personally make an application for an order restraining them from exceeding their production limit and to prevent them building a refinery in Buffalo?"

"As president of the Standard, it was proper for me to sign such an affidavit about the production of oil being exceeded by the company."

The witness said a contract was made with the Pioneer Oil company.

"You were trying to give the impression at that time that the large number of companies you had acquired an interest in were not controlled by the Standard Oil company of Ohio?"

"I tried to give the status at that time?"

Mr. Rockefeller was asked if he had not made an affidavit that the Standard had made contracts with railroads whereby the Standard had obtained rebates for guaranteeing a certain volume of oil. He did not recall.

"Didn't the officers and agents of the Standard Oil company of Ohio at that time control a majority of the stocks of the subsidiary companies with the idea of concealing their real ownership?"

"It may have been that the properties were owned by individuals who were stockholders in the Standard Oil company of Ohio?"

Mr. Rockefeller's long and trying ordeal on the witness stand may end today. It is nearly a week since the president of the Standard Oil company voluntarily went on the stand as a witness for the defense in the government's suit to dissolve the corporation. For two days his task was comparatively easy and, apparently, not an unpleasant one.

Attitude Changed.

Then came the cross examiner, Frank R. Kellogg, and with him came a change in the demeanor of the witness.

Mr. Kellogg has been engaged almost constantly for more than a year on the present suit, and his familiarity with the great business has been known to be equal almost to that of Mr. Rockefeller. Under the galling cross fire of questions, Mr. Rockefeller handled himself with the most extreme caution, and when in doubt as to whether he should answer a question, invariably has awaited the advice of his counsel before making reply.

Documents Missing.

Cleveland, Nov. 24.—County Clerk Charles P. Salen, subpoenaed to produce at the Standard Oil hearing in New York valuable legal papers wanted by Attorney Kellogg, has found that the documents have mysteriously disappeared.

Among the missing files are a dozen affidavits made by Standard Oil chiefs, including one by John D. Rockefeller, president, and others by Oliver H. Payne, then with the company, and the remainder by men who were prominent in the Standard Oil in the eighties, many of whom are still big factors in the oil company.

A petition filed here in 1880 by which Standard Oil sought to "eliminate" William Schofield, a Cleveland refiner, is also gone. It is wanted by the prosecution in the government's present case.

Mr. Salen and a corps of deputies searched yesterday for the missing papers, but are no nearer the knowledge of their wherabouts than before. Salen called Mr. Kellogg by long-distance phone and told him of the unexplained disappearance.

To remove papers from public records is an indictable offense under Ohio statute, punishable by heavy penalty.

Only at rare intervals are legal papers allowed to be taken from the courthouse, and then only with the written sanction of a judge.

Levi Meachem, as county clerk, certified to the presence of the papers in 1892.

A rigid investigation was started by County Clerk Salen today to learn, if possible, what became of the records missing from the files at the county clerk's office. These records related largely to court proceedings in connection with a suit filed by the Standard company, asking that the firm of Schofield, Schurmer & Teagle be restrained from violating an agreement to limit production to 85,000 barrels a year. The business was later purchased by the Standard.

DIG TO RESCUE BABY

Fell Into Well Feet First and Stuck.

Guthrie, Okla., Nov. 20.—James Williamson, who is homesteading a claim on Hackberry creek, dug a well twenty-two feet deep and eight inches square, then left it open.

His eighteen-months-old baby backed into the hole and shot to the bottom, feet first.

The people of the community were holding religious services, when, rushing into the building, Williamson halted the preacher and told him of the accident.

Every man in the congregation went to the Williamson home, and with shovels and spades they worked in relays for nearly nine hours until a hole was dug big enough to permit the child to be rescued.

Baby Williamson was not at all hurt, but very hungry.

T. R. TO TELL OF HUNT

Will Speak Before Royal Geographical Society.

London, Nov. 24.—President Roosevelt has accepted the invitation of the president of the Royal Geographical Society to deliver an address before the society on his visit to London about April, 1910. The subject of the address has not been decided upon, but it probably will deal with his impressions of his African tour.

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50 KILLED IN TORNADO

Two Storms Cut Two-Mile Swath Through West-Part of the State of Arkansas.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 24.—Two tornadoes, in which about fifty lives are believed to have been lost, and in which homes, timber, barns and fences were blown to bits, swept over west Arkansas yesterday afternoon.

The tornadoes were north and southbound and of such force that in many places nothing was left standing in their paths. The property loss will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars. The town of Craven is reported completely destroyed.

North and South.

One tornado started in the extreme southwestern part of the state and went north from the western boundary line. The other started in the northwestern corner of the state and went south, following the third tier of counties. The counties through which the tornado passed are Lafayette, Columbia, Miller, Pike, Howard, Hempstead, Montgomery, Yell, Pope, Johnson and Franklin.

The storm was at its height when it swept through Piney, a German settlement on the Iron Mountain railroad between Knoxville and London.

Late reports from Russellville are that between twelve and twenty persons were killed and about thirty injured at that place.

Five lives are reported to have been lost ten miles from Mulbury, where one of the tornadoes did great damage.

Many Reported Killed.

The storm also visited Ozark, where nothing definite has been heard, although it is reported many were killed. At Lodi, near Texarkana, Louisville, Berryville and Palmos great damage, loss of lives and injuries to many persons are reported.

The tornado also struck Walla Walla and Dyer, small towns, doing great damage. Strips from two miles to a half mile wide were swept clean through the towns, forests and open country.

LOVE REALLY KILLS

Railway Man Also Warns Against Liquor and Gambling.

New York, Nov. 18.—Love, liquor, gambling and faulty safety devices and signals were some of the things held responsible for many fatal railroad accidents by speakers at the eighteenth annual meeting of the New York and New England Association of Railway Surgeons yesterday.

Dr. R. W. Corwin, of Pueblo, Col., told of a young engineer who, because of jealousy, neglected his work, with the result that his train was wrecked, and of another engineer who, while worrying over the loss of his pay check by gambling, backed his train into an excursion train. The speaker denied that railroads overwork their men by deliberate choice, and said that it would be decidedly false economy for them to do so.

Change in Signals.

Change of the signal system now in use by railways was advocated in a paper by Professor George M. Stratton, of the University of California. "One hundred persons may be killed in an accident due to color blindness on the part of the engineer," said the professor, "and it is time a change for greater safety be made. The examination of all employes should be mercilessly conducted."

Warns Against Passes.

Dr. A. F. Stillings, president of the association, advised medical men connected with railways not to ride on passes given in payment for their services. He said that surgeons should avoid contract service with railways unless they received enough salary to devote all their time to the work.

Dr. J. M. Wainwright, Scranton, Pa., was elected president.

CASTRO CLOSES PORT

Rebels Said to Be Hiding in Eastern Section.

Willemsted, Nov. 19.—A Venezuelan sailing boat has arrived here from the Venezuelan coast, bringing the statement, as yet unconfirmed, that the government has closed the port of Maraicabo. She reports also that a band of revoltionists is in hiding in the eastern section of Venezuela.

FOUND DEAD IN BED

Inventor Dies When About to Realize Fortune.

Cincinnati, Nov. 19.—Patrick J. Creedon, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., an inventor, was found dead in his bed at the Burnet house yesterday. Death was due to natural causes. Creedon came to the city one week ago to dispose of a patent bit and yesterday a contract had been drawn up for the sale of his invention for $31,000 to a newly organized company.

HOGS DIE RAPIDLY

Diphtheria Germs in Swill Causes an Epidemic.

Lorain, Nov. 24.—There is an alarming epidemic among hogs in this vicinity and local men believe the disease is diphtheria. An investigation is being made by the health authorities.

At stop 6½ on the Cleveland, Southwestern & Columbus railway 150 hogs were being raised by the Friedelstein Dairy company, of Elyria. Recently the animals became ill and seventy-five of them died within two days. The other animals are infected and are expected to die. Just a short distance away on the Smith farm sixty hogs died just recently.

These animals were fed upon swill from Elyria's garbage and the owners claim the swill was infected with diphtheria from the Elyria hospital.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Nov. 21.—Bradstreet's says: Enlargement and expansion are still the dominating influences in trade and industry, and the volume of sales and of orders booked by wholesalers and manufacturers continues to show gains, particularly in the commercial and manufacturing centers of the north, east and west. Still certain evidences of irregularity are found in the reports that mild weather is restricting sales of winter goods at retail in the above sections, and southern advices are that improvement in that section is rather slower than expected, and that low cotton prices and holding of that product by producers are checking trade and collections. Idle cars are reported growing fewer in number rapidly. Prices are higher. There is more doing in leather, and shoes are in better inquiry from manufacturers, though affected by mild weather at retail. Leather is higher all around. Crude rubber this week sold at the highest price ever known, but speculation is claimed partially responsible for this. Clothing trade reports are irregular because of weather conditions. The beginning of the tariff hearings at Washington brings to the attention of the business community the fact that revision of some kind is promised, and that congress, early in 1909, will have this matter to digest.

Business failures in the United States for the week ended November 19 number 273 against 267 last week, 265 in the like week of 1907, 212 in 1906, 224 in 1905 and 193 in 1904.

Business failures in Canada for the week number 33, which compares with 22 last week and 35 in this week a year ago.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Nov. 24.—Under the pressure of rain in the Ohio valley, lower cables and generally heavy receipts, wheat broke rather sharply this morning, cash opening ½c off at $1.05¾ and dropping to $1.05½ before the middle of the forenoon. At the opening, Liverpool was ¼d to ⅜d lower and at 1:30 p. m. from ⅜d to ⅝d off. Weakness in this market was due largely to heavy Laplata offerings. One of the dominant bearish factors is the prospects of continued rains in the drought afflicted areas. While receipts in the northwest were heavy, arrivals did not equal the volume of the corresponding day of last year. December showed a loss of ⅝c in opening at $1.05¾ and another decline of ¼c in the first half hour. May at $1.08⅞, opened ½c lower, later in the morning receding ⅛c. July opened ¼c off at $1.03½.

Springing up near the close, a strong export demand caused a substantial rally, which carried prices to the plane of yesterday's finals. Liverpool closed ⅝d to ¾d off.

Cash closed unchanged at $1.06¼, December ⅛c off at $1.06¼, May unchanged at $1.09⅜ and July ¼c up at $1.04.

In corn, a slight weakness developing at the outset was followed by a stronger feeling of strength, which brought the options level with yesterday's close before 10 a. m. Advices from the country indicated that the expected increase in receipts had not started. Liverpool opened unchanged, weakening to a considerable extent towards the noon hour. December opened at 63¾c, May at 64⅛c and July at 64⅜c. All the options were ⅛c off at the outset.

Cash closed at 63½c, December at 63⅝c, May at 64⅛c and July at 64¼. Liverpool closed ¼d to ⅜d lower.

Oats prices were about ⅛c higher, December openin gat 51½c, May at 53c and July at 47⅝c. The market advanced a shade in the forenoon. Cash demand was slow and stocks apparently on the increase.

Closing oats prices: Cash 51c, December 51½, May 52¾c, July 47⅝c.

Clover seed receipts were 470 bags, compared with 400 bags shipped. For the same day a year ago receipts were 150 bags and shipments nil. The market was about 2½c lower up till 10 a. m., November opening at $5.55, December at $5.57½ and March at $5.67½.

Cash clover seed closed 5c off at $5.52½, December 7½c off at $5.52½ and March 7½c at $5.62½.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Nov.24.	Close Nov.23.
TOLEDO.					
Wheat—					
Cash	1.05¾	....	1.05½	1.06¼	1.06¼
Dec.	1.05¾	....	1.05½	1.06¼	1.06⅜
May	1.08⅞	1.09¼	1.08⅜	1.09⅜	1.09⅜
July	1.03½	1.03⅞	1.03¼	1.04	1.03¾
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	63½	63½
Dec.	63¾	63⅞	....	63⅝	63⅞
May	64⅛	64¼	....	64⅛	64¼
July	64⅜	64½	....	64¼	64½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	51	51
Dec.	51½	....	51¼	51½	51½
May	53	....	52¾	52¾	52¾
July	47⅝	47@	47½	47⅝	47⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.55	5.57½
Nov	5.55	....	....	5.52½	5.57½
Dec	5.57½	....	....	5.52½	5.60
March	5.67½	....	....	5.62½	5.70
No. 2	....	....	....	5.40	5.40
No. 3	....	....	....	5.25	5.27½
Rejected	....	....	....	5.15	5.17½
Neg.	....	....	....	4.90	4.90
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	77½	77½
No. 2	....	....	....	77	77
No. 3	....	....	....	75	75
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.72½	1.70
Alsike—					
Prime	8.80	....	....	8.75	8.80
CHICAGO.					
Wheat—					
Dec.	1.03⅛	....	1.02⅝	1.03¼	1.03½
May	1.07⅛	....	1.06⅝	1.07¼	1.07½
July	1.00¾	1.01½	1.00⅝	1.01⅜	1.01¼
Corn—					
Dec.	64⅛	64¼	62½	63⅜	64
May	63½	63¼	62⅞	63	63½
July	62⅜	....	62¼	62½	62⅝
Sept.	....	....	....	62⅜	62½
Oats—					
Dec.	49⅛	....	49¼	49⅜	49½
May	51⅛	....	51⅛	51¼	51¼
July	46¾	....	46½	46⅝	46⅝
NEW YORK.					
Wheat—					
Dec.	1.12⅜	....	1.12	1.12⅝	1.12⅞
May	1.13½	....	....	1.14⅛	1.14
Corn—					
Dec.	....	....	....	72¼	72⅝
May	71⅛	....	....	71⅜	71⅝
ST. LOUIS.					
Wheat—					
Dec.	1.03⅛	....	....	1.03¼	1.03¼
May	1.01¼	....	....	1.07½	1.07⅝
CHICAGO PROVISIONS.					
Pork—					
Dec	14.60	....	....	14.60	14.67
Jan	16.30	16.37	16.17	16.20	16.45
May	16.42	16.52	....	16.32	16.55
Lard—					
Nov	....	....	....	9.27	9.37
Jan	9.37	....	....	9.32	9.42
May	9.47	9.52	....	9.45	9.57
Ribs—					
Jan	8.50	8.55	....	8.47	8.60
May	8.72	....	....	8.65	8.75

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Nov. 24.—Receipts continued liberal and the market held about steady. The close was weak. About twenty cars were received. Prices were identical with yesterday's.

Trade in cattle was slow and rather featureless. Sheep and lambs ruled weak and veal calves steady.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $5.90@5.95; mediums, $5.80@5.90; Yorkers, $5.55@5.65; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $5.15@5.50; good pigs, $4.50@4.75; stags and roughs, $3.50@5.40; mixed, $5.70@5.85; bulk of sales, $5.60@5.85.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $5.00@5.75; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $4.50@5.00; fair to medium, $4.00@4.50; plain light steers, $3.50@4.00; extra heifers, $3.50@4.00; fair to medium, $3.00@3.50; light, $2.50@3.00; cows, $3.00@3.50; good butcher cows, $2.50@3.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; milkers and stringers, $25.00@50.00; choice butcher bulls, $3.75@4.00; common to good bulls, $3.00@3.50; stockers and feeders, $3.00@4.25.

Sheep and lambs—Wethers, $3.00@3.50; mixed sheep, $2.75@3.25; culls and common, $2.00@2.75; best lambs, $5.00@5.25; ewes, $2.25@2.75.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.00@7.50; fair to good, $6.50@7.00; common, $4.00@6.00; heavy and pail fed, $2.50@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Nov. 24.—Cattle, receipts about 7,500; market steady to shade lower; beeves, $3.30@7.75; Texans, $3.50@4.50; westerners, $3.20@5.75; stockers and feeders, $2.70@4.80; cows and heifers, $1.60@5.15; calves, $5.25@7.00. Hogs, receipts about 40,000; market mostly 10c lower; light, $5.10@5.85; mixed, $5.30@6.10; heavy, $5.40@6.10; rough, $5.40@5.60; good to choice heavy, $5.60@6.10; pigs, $3.75@5.10; bulk of sales, $5.65@5.95. Sheep, receipts about 20,000; market, steady; natives, $2.50@4.75; western, $2.50@4.60; yearlings, $4.00@4.90; lambs, $3.75@6.10; western, $3.75@6.10.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Nov. 24.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hog receipts, 50 cars; market steady to ten cents higher; medium, $6.00@6.10; Yorkers, $5.65; pigs and lights, $4.75@5.25. Best calves, $8.00. Best lambs, $6.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 24.—(By Brinkman, Wood & Beck.)—Hogs—Receipts, 10 loads; good weights steady; no market for pigs and lights; heavies, $6.00@6.10; mediums, $5.85@5.90; heavy Yorkers, $5.70@5.80. Sheep, $3.00@4.25; lambs, $4.50@5.75. Calves, $5.00@8.25.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 24.—(By Pittsburg Daily Live Stock Journal). Cattle, receipts small, market quiet. Hogs, receipts, 10 car loads; weighty hogs, steady; lights and pigs, extremely dull; heavies, $6.00@6.10; mediums, $5.80@5.90; Yorkers, $5.50@5.80; others unquotable. Sheep, receipts light; market steady but slow; good to choice lambs, $5.50@5.75. Calves, receipts, 800 head, westerns; market steady on natives at $8.00@8.25, slow on others.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Nov. 24.—(Wall street.)—The opening dealings in stocks today were small and the tone was quiet. Gains were general, but slight, except for a rise of 1⅛ in New York Central and of ⅝ in Baltimore & Ohio and Amalgamated Copper. Tennessee Copper ran off 2⅛, but immediately recovered, and the United States Steel stocks were a shade lower.

Business expanded and took in a number of stocks which advanced substantially. The high class dividend-paying stocks made a better showing of strength than for some time, a number of minor specialties also prominent. Purchases slackened there had been a pretty generall erage rise of a point. Another of 2⅜ to 42⅜ in Tennessee Copper ignored. B. & O. gained 1¼, New Central 1½; Southern Pacific, 1¾ Paul and American Cotton Oil 1¼ Union Pacific, Reading, Atchison, dian Pacific, Northern Pacific, Mi ri Pacific, Amalgamated Copper Anaconda 1.

The application of the Southern cific to list additional common sto the exchange for exchange of pref stock caused a rise in Southern P of 2⅛. Union Pacific 2⅝, St. P and the list generally a point or Prices reacted a fraction when th mand decreased.

Bonds were firm.

Heavy buying commenced again i Harriman stocks, but the effect o general market was not so widespr before. A jump in Consolidated was reflected in a better market number of other specialties. Federal ing advanced 8 points, Consolidated and Brooklyn Union Gas 3¼, Unio cific 3⅛, Southern Pacific, Sloss-She Steel and General Electric 2¼, New Central 2, Amalgamated Copper 1 Northern Pacific and Westinghouse tric 1½.

New York Stocks.

New York, Nov. 24.

Stocks—	Open.	High.
Am. Loco. com	55¼	55¾
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	133	133¼
Atchison	95⅝	97⅛
Am. Car & F. Co.	46	46
Anaconda	49¼	50¼
Amal. Copper	83⅛	84⅝
Am. Smelters	92⅞	95
Alton com	41	42
Allis Chal. pfd	48¼	49
Am. Ice Sec	26	26
Balt. & Ohio	106¼	107¼
Brooklyn R. T.	53½	54¼
Chicago & G. W.	12¼	12½
Canadian Pacific	175⅞	176⅞
Clover Leaf	37¼	37¼
Clover Leaf pfd	60	60
Colorado Fuel	37⅜	39
Ches. & Ohio	47½	48
Central Leather	28	28¼
Consolidated Gas	154	157⅞
Can pfd	73⅞	76
Del. & Hudson	*173⅞	174¼
Distillers' Sec	33⅜	34
Erie com	33	34
Erie 1st pfd	47	48
Gt. Northern pfd	137⅞	139¼
Ill. Central	145¼	146¼
Interborough com	13¾	14
Interborough pfd	34¼	35⅛
K. C. Sou. com	29⅝	30
K. C. Sou. pfd	63½	64
Louis. & Nash	118⅞	119⅛
Missouri Pacific	61⅞	63
M., K. & T. com	34⅛	35⅛
M., K. & T. pfd	68½	69
Nor. Pacific	141	142⅞
Nat'l Lead	83½	84⅝
N. Y. Air Brake	91	91
Northwestern	173½	174
North Am. Co.	72⅞	72⅞
N. Y. Central	117	117¾
Nickel Plate com	50½	51
N. & W. com	83	83
Ont. & Western	43¼	43⅝
Penn. Ry	129	129¾
Pacific Mail	31	31
People's Gas Co.	99⅞	100
Reading com	136⅝	137⅞
Rock Island	21⅞	22⅛
Rock Island pfd	48⅛	49⅛
Rep. I. & S. Co.	27⅞	27⅞
Rep. pfd	86½	88
South. Ry.	24	25
South. Ry. pfd	57⅞	58¼
St. Paul	146⅛	148⅛
South. Pacific	118⅞	118⅞
Tol. Ry's & Lt.	9½	9⅞
Texas Pacific	31½	32
Tenn. Copper	44½	45
Union Pacific	179⅞	183¼
U. S. Steel	54⅝	55⅝
U. S. Steel pfd	112½	112⅞
Virginia Chem.	42⅛	42⅞
Wabash com	14⅝	15
Wabash pfd	35	36
Western Union	65	66¼
Wis. Central com	30⅝	31
Wis. Central pfd	63	63

* Exdiv., 2¼%.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, prints, 31½c; solid pack, 31c; s 30½c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 27c; dairy butter, 27c.

Butterine—Standard grades, un ed, 80-lb. tub basis, 12½c; 2-lb. ro sisi, 13c; 1-lb. roll basis, 13½c; grade butterine, uncolored, 60-lb basis, 17½c; 2-lb. roll basis, 18c; roll basis, 18½c; low grades, 10

Eggs—Country run, 24c; candle fresh country, 30c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 14½c; York state, 15c; Longhorn, 16c; 15c; Swiss, 16c.

Onions—Spanish, double case, home-grown, yellow, 60c; white, garlic, 7c.

Celery—25c.

Lettuce—8@10c; head lettuce, ton, $1.00 a dozen.

Endive Lettuce—Doz., 25@35c.

Spinach, 50c bu.

Potatoes—Bushel, 75@80c.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey, bbl., kiln-dried California, bbl., $3.50.

Florida wax beans, $2.50 hamper

Beans—Hand picked navy bean $2.75; red kidney, bu., $2.00.

New Cabbage—Home grown, lb., ton, $30.

Squash—Hubbard, doz., $1.00@

Cauliflower—$1.50.

Turnips—Bu., 40@50c.

Pie Plant—Doz. bunches, 10c.

Cranberries—Late Howe, bbl., @12.00; home grown, bu., $2.85.

Cucumbers—Boston hothouse, $1.50.

Pumpkins—Doz., 75c.

Beets—New, bu., 60c.

Round radishes, 25c doz.; parsley doz. bunches; vegetable oysters, 30c; carrots, bu., 40c; rutabagas, 25c; parsnips, bu., 60c.

Water Cress—Doz. bunches, 40

California tomatoes, 4-basket $2.00.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@2.00.

Apples—Baldwins, $3.25@3.50; Flower, King and Northern Spy, @4.25; Ben Davis, $2.00@2.50; G ings, $2.75@3.25; Jonathan, bu., Russets, bbl., $3.50.

Malaga Grapes—$4.00@5.00.

Lemons—$4.25@4.50.

Pineapples—Florida, doz., $1.75

Oranges—Florida, $2.50; Calif navels, $2.90@3.00; grape fruit, $4.00@4.50; tangerines, half box, kumquats, qt., 25c.

Dates—Persian, 30 lbs., $2; Ha dates, lb., 6c; Farrd, 8c.

Figs—Pulled, 10-lb. box, $1.20; figs, lb., 14c; Turkish, 14c.

Poultry—Alive—Hens, 9@10c; 10c; ducks, 9@10c; turkeys, 14 young chickens, 9@10c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 7@7½c; and rough, 6@6½c; calves, prime, fair, 8@9c; spring lambs, 10c; yea sheep, 8@9c.

Sheep—6@7c.

Cow Beef—3@6c.

Steers—6½@8c.

Heifers—6@7½c.

Rabbits—Doz., $2.00.

New York Produce.

New York, Nov. 24.—Butter firm unchanged; receipts, 7,822. Cheese and unchanged; receipts, 3,570. steady and unchanged; receipts, Poultry—Alive easier; spring chic 11½c; fowls, 11½c; turkeys, 10@14c; dr unsettled; western spring chickens, 18c; fowls, 11@14c; spring turkeys,

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Nov. 24.—Cheese, st daisies, 13½@14¾c. Butter, st creameries, 22@30c; dairies, 19½ Eggs, steady; firsts, 26c.

Cotton.

New York, Nov. 24.—The cotton ket opened barely steady at a d of 1@5 points, and sold 5 to 7 p net lower during the early sessio a result of disappointing cables pre-holiday liquidation or reali Business was fairly active and offe were well taken at the decline prices rallied 2 or 3 points from lowest after the first half hour, the undertone steady.

The market showed continuous n ousness during the late forenoon prices at midday were within a poi so of the lowest, or about 6 to 7 p under the closing figures of last n Spot, quiet; middling uplands, 9 middling gulf, 9.80c. Estimated reipts at the ports today 102,000 b against 90,413 last week, and 6 last year. For the week 400,000 b against 405,493 last week, and 33 last year. Today's receipts at New leans, 29,381 bales, against 18,736 year, and at Houston 29,119 b against 14,565 lase year.

Wool.

Boston, Nov. 24.—In spite of creasing transactions, business in local wool market remains above average for this time of year, prices are firm. Fine staple Mont is active at 21@22c; fine clothing strongly held at 18@19c, and a sa half blood Montana is reported at 24c. Some unwashed No. 1 Ohio laine has been transferred at 35c, w three-eighths blood is quoted at 28c

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